

May 29, 1963

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The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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LORRAE
DESMOND'S
WEDDING

See page 8



Beginning

SORAYA TELLS

**Ex-Queen's
own story**





du MAURIER

The pleasure of
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in clothes, in
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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 29, 1963

Vol. 30, No. 52

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Princess Soraya, whose life story, "Soraya Tells," begins on the opposite page, spent part of her childhood in Berlin (her mother is German-born).

HERE are some of her childhood memories:

"A picture that remains with me is of a children's party outside Berlin. There was a little open-air theatre where I played the part of Sleeping Beauty.

"My part consisted solely in being awakened by the kiss of the young prince.

"In the summer we went regularly to the Baltic.

"Press photographers used to follow me about even then, and would ask me to jump into the sea for them.

"But there was a little pool that was much more to my taste, and I would say: 'No, I won't go into the big Baltic, I'll only go into the little one.'"

★ ★ ★
MRS. EMILY RHODES, of Kurri Kurri, N.S.W., wrote to tell us she was interested to know that one reader had sent us a knitting pattern we had published 20 years ago; another a cook-book published many years ago.

"My contribution is in another way," she wrote. "My daughter was named Marie because I read the life story of Marie Curie in your paper 28 years ago last January.

"Not having decided on a name for my baby, and very much impressed with the great character of Marie Curie, I chose her name for my daughter."

Our Cover

● Newly wed Australian TV star Lorrac Desmond and her husband, Dr. Alex Gorshenin, photographed just before they left on their honeymoon. Lorrac is wearing her going-away coat, a spectacular combination of white fox fur and pink velvet. (See story and another color picture, page 8.) Both pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

WE'VE had several letters from mothers saying they breathed sighs of relief when they read Lucile Vaughan Payne's short story, "The Alien," in our May 15 issue.

They realised they were not alone in having problems with teenage daughters, and found consolation in the knowledge.

From the story they learnt that practically every difficulty they met is faced by most mothers with daughters of this age.

One mother told us that, like the mother in the story, she has to have an afternoon nap before she feels capable of facing the evening.

● Ross Campbell is on holidays. His column will resume in our June 12 issue.

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● The beautiful young woman who became Empress of Iran breaks her long silence



SORAYA TELLS

SHORTLY after my divorce from the Shah, when I was living in my parents' home in Cologne, West Germany, I decided one day to drive into town, for the first time, and go shopping.

As I was simply dressed no one took any notice of me, but in the main street I suddenly discovered that I no longer knew how to walk properly.

I kept bumping into people, and had to apologise again and again. My eyesight was good and my legs were all right. But as Empress I had simply forgotten how to move in a crowd.

For wherever an Empress may go, she comes to expect that others will humbly make way for her. Of course, during my years of royalty I had frequently walked along the Via Veneto in Rome or down the Champs-Élysées in Paris. Yet on such occasions I had been accompanied by courtiers who had seen to it that the way was cleared for me.

Now I was quite alone, and when it came to crossing the street I really panicked. I no longer knew how to reach the other side without being run over by the streams of cars. I felt as a person might who had long been locked up and had forgotten how to behave when at liberty.

Driving was even worse. Whenever I had driven myself in Teheran I had always been preceded by outriders who stopped the traffic for me. I had no need to bother about the red or green lights, and at that time there were no other road signs in Persia.

Now I found myself in a maze of signs telling me that this was prohibited and that was dangerous. One morning I drove with my secretary into town in a small Opel. As I was trying to park a policeman came up and said crossly:

"Can't you see the notice? You're not allowed to stop here."

"The lady is a stranger," my secretary explained. "She's the former Empress of Persia."

"Nonsense," the man said gruffly. "Your driving licence, please!"

When he saw who I was he suddenly sprang to attention, his jaw dropped, and he went away.

In fact I had no idea how to park a car, how to drive into a service station, how much petrol to ask for, or how often the oil should be changed. I had no choice but to engage a driving instructor and learn it all again from the beginning.

For seven years my life at the Court of Teheran had been lived, as it were, in cotton-wool. I was literally not allowed to do anything. For example, it would have been regarded as beneath my dignity for me to pour out a cup of tea for a guest. There was always a lady-in-waiting present, ready to carry out such little tasks.

Any step that was likely to bring me into contact with the outside world had first of all to be approved by some authority or other. Sometimes it seemed to me that I was nothing but a marionette.

Nor had I the slightest financial freedom. Since as Empress I was not supposed to carry money, any purchases I might make were paid for by an equerry. I never saw a hotel bill, and I did not know how to order a meal, nor what to tip. For a long time after my divorce I felt so unsure of myself in such matters that I always left them to my mother.

Ordinary people may smile at such embarrassments, but then my life has not been ordinary. When at the age of 18 I married the Shah, my natural progress toward independence and self-sufficiency was rudely interrupted. In many respects

I remained half a child, and when I returned to the normal world this caused me all sorts of difficulties.

I suddenly felt utterly useless. In Teheran I had had my round of duties, and I had done a great deal of social work of which I am still proud. Now I was all of a sudden confronted by a huge void.

For a while I seriously considered whether I should not attempt to find salvation by working for Dr. Albert Schweitzer. If my parents, who were worried about the state of my health, had not objected I should probably have gone off then to Lam-barene.

It may be that I found the change in my situation particularly difficult to take, because court life had altered my entire character. As a young girl I had been a light-hearted creature who liked to laugh and did so frequently, and who did not rack her brains about the future of the world. I was talkative, a chatterbox even, and I trusted my parents and my school-friends completely.

As a result of my marriage I found myself living in surroundings which scarcely permitted genuine human relationships.

I was shut up in a sort of golden cage. Most of the people to whom I gave audience were intent on promoting their own interests. Nobody ever tells the honest, unvarnished truth to a woman in the position that had been mine. I thus gradually lost touch with reality.

While I attempted to pierce the courtiers' masks I was myself constantly under observation. My every gesture and my every word were regarded as important. My closest friends would repeat in the town what I had said in private, and I dared not even relax in front of the servants. I soon learned to weigh every word.



● Princess Soraya is now 30. She was the Persian Empress from 18 to 25, when the Shah divorced her because she had not produced an heir. He then gave her the title of Princess.

The life story of Princess Soraya Esfandiary — first of four parts

As a result of his whole education the Shah was far better trained at this than I was. I never saw him completely open and relaxed if there was a third person present. I was later to observe the same with Queen Elizabeth of England.

In her case, after so many generations of monarchy, it is presumably inborn. She received us at Buckingham Palace in the most friendly fashion, yet I was conscious of an inner reserve which I never managed to penetrate. It was as though she were separated from her surroundings by an invisible wall.

If one has so exceptional a position in life it is impossible to remain natural. As time went on I, too, quite unwittingly, became a sort of actress. From morning to night I played a part, and since it was always the same part it gradually became second nature to me.

That was why I felt lost when the red carpet was suddenly pulled away from under me. After my divorce I would have liked to hide in a corner. I had no wish to mix with society and I wanted to see only my closest and most trusted friends.

MANY people thought that this was pride on my part. Since they had never lived in a court, they could not imagine the nature of the psychological crisis through which I was passing.

My change was all the more drastic for me in that, unlike the Shah's first wife—Princess Fawzia, from Egypt—I did not come of a princely family. The Shah tried to secure my social position by giving me the rank of an Imperial Princess when we parted. But the only people who really stood by me at that time were my parents, and I had no refuge other than their home and the circle from which I had first come.

All the same I believe I should have overcome this feeling of panic if only I had been left in peace. But the public is pitiless.

To page 29



● Mr. and Mrs. Allan Scarfe with their two little adopted Indian children, Vidya Miranda and David Julian.

Aussies adopt Indian babies

● "Yes, I think we are the first Australians to adopt Indian children," said Mr. Allan Scarfe as he and his wife cuddled David Julian, 3 months, and Vidya Miranda, 20 months, whom they have brought home to Victoria.

THEY adopted David when he was a month old and Vidya—a Sanskrit word meaning knowledge—when she was three months.

They wanted to give the children a good home and a chance to grow up in a healthy environment.

And after 2½ years as teachers and social workers with the Sarvodaya Movement, Allan and Wendy Scarfe know how rare these two things are for many Indian children.

Initiated by Gandhi for the social and welfare improvement of Indian village life, the movement is a voluntary one, with some Government help.

It has about 5000 workers. Allan was fired with enthusiasm for its activities when he spent six months in India five years ago. He, in turn, inspired his wife.

So the couple—both secondary-school teachers, both Arts graduates of Melbourne University—gave up their jobs to set up a school to teach hygiene among the largely illiterate Indians in the small village of Sokho Deora, in Behar State, 100 miles from Patna, the capital.

When they arrived they didn't even know the language.

They soon taught themselves Hindu—"a matter of sheer necessity," said Wendy—and high-heartedly started their work.

"Behar is a very backward area," explained Allan. "Of its 60,000 people about 1500 families live on less than £5

per head per year, the man to land ratio is half an acre per head, and the literacy rate among women is one per cent.

"Malnutrition was terrible and the lack of hygiene frightening," said Wendy.

First they concentrated on improving health and hygiene.

With the first they were helped by gifts of powdered milk and multi-purpose food—made from peanuts and Bengal grain with vitamins added—from the American organisation CARE.

By
FRED A IRVING

To introduce doubting villagers to this food they organised a party.

They made it into popular native dishes, serving 100 children and 80 adults from great steaming cauldrons.

With hygiene it was never-ending explaining and teaching, and one of their greatest triumphs was the building of the village's first latrines.

At the same time they set up a kindergarten and a school, teaching up to seventh grade.

Eventually they had an average of 15 to 30 children in the kindergarten (each had to be bathed, given cod-liver oil, and have his hair combed daily) and 80 to 100 in the school.

They also conducted two adult literacy night classes. For one class they erected a building with 500 days' free labor from the Harijans, the untouchables.

The Scarfes made this building into a village centre with wireless and books.

They also installed a slide projector, worked with a kerosene lantern.

To help with their work and to continue it after they left, Allan and Wendy trained four Indian teachers, including a kindergarten teacher, who had never been to school herself.

"I chose her because she was kind, clean, energetic, and had initiative, all important attributes for a kindergarten," said Wendy. "I thought she could learn, and she did."

The Scarfes lived in a three-roomed cottage with concrete floors and thatch-and-tile roof, cooked on a primus stove, and read by lanterns at night.

They each received a weekly allowance of £5. "And we ate it all," said Allan.

"Allan slaughtered goats for meat and I baked bread," said Wendy.

"But there was never anything over. European-type food was very expensive."

Living in the Scarfes' home were scorpions, centipedes, snakes.

"Name a venomous pest and we had it," they said.

Black bears came from the jungle for the sugarcane grown by the villagers. Occasionally a tiger made a foray.

For three months of each year, when the temperature soared to 127 degrees, the Scarfes left their village.

But not to holiday. They taught English at schools in the Himalayan foothills.

Keeping



SYDNEY-BOUND dachshunds inspected the sights of Melbourne from Nowshera's boat deck. Seven-year-old Mitzie (in "upper berth") is a long-haired dachshund, and Sugar is a wire-haired dachshund.



ZARA, a six-year-old black Labrador, will have a Vice-Regal home. Zara belongs to Sir Rohan and Lady Delacombe and will live at Government House after the 60-day quarantine period.

● Help for the world's hungry

EVERY family is asked to have one austerity meal during the week ending May 26 and put the money saved in the folder provided by the Freedom From Hunger Campaign.

Folders, which will be delivered to every home in Australia, will be collected on or near May 26 (Vanquish Hunger Day). They have pockets for coins and notes.

dog-watch

By SCARTH FLETT

● Fourteen dogs — and a cat — reached Melbourne this month after a 28-day cruise from England on the British India cargo liner *Nowshera*.

BELIEVED to be the largest consignment ever taken on such a long trip, the dogs all occupied single, first-class kennels on the boat deck of the 8600-ton ship.

They included one Vice-Regal pet, Zara, a large, friendly Labrador belonging to Victoria's new Governor and his wife, Sir Rohan and Lady Delacombe.

Then there was a cocker spaniel, a Scottish terrier, two German shepherd dogs, two poodles (one miniature), two Jack Russell terriers, a boxer, two dachshunds, a miniature schnauzer, a Staffordshire bull terrier, and Tam, a white-and-orange cat.

Some disembarked in Melbourne, others were bound for Sydney and Brisbane, where, after 60 days' quarantine, they will be reunited with their owners.

The job of looking after animals on board ship always falls to the cadet deck officer, and on this voyage 19-year-old Yorkshireman Peter Kitchen had little time for other duties.

Each morning the canine passengers set up a dawn chorus, demanding their breakfast of dog-biscuits and meat.

Then Peter, whose only pet is a goldfish, walked each of them around the deck for exercise.

For the rest of the day the dogs were put on chain leads looped on to taut ropes suspended from the deckhead, which gave them plenty of room to run up and down.

Meat and biscuits were on the menu again for dinner, and at sunset the dogs retired to their private "suites."

Catering supplies for the voyage included such delicacies as 196lb. of dog-biscuits, 280 tins of meat (a mixture of beef, tripe, and veal), as well as tonic powders and vitamin pills.

For Tam, the cat, there were also two packets of puss powders.



THIRD - OFFICER
Chris Petty farewells a Staffordshire bull terrier belonging to Major P. Jeffreys, comptroller to the new Governor of Victoria, Sir Rohan Delacombe.



TRIXIE, a two-year-old Jack Russell terrier, curled up for a rest on the ship's rope ladder. Another Jack Russell terrier, Toby, earned a reputation with the crew as the noisiest of *Nowshera*'s canine passengers.



TAM, the only cat among 14 dogs on the *Nowshera*, is four years old. Tam is pictured with Cadet Deck Officer Peter Kitchen, who was in charge of the animals during the 28-day voyage from England.



PENNY, a miniature schnauzer, was the smallest dog on board the floating menagerie. Only 3½ months old, Penny learned to stand on her hind legs and beg. She disembarked from *Nowshera* in Melbourne.

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rinoney rice for four

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□ 1½ oz. butter □ ½ lb. tomatoes □ 4 sheep's
kidneys □ 2 oz. chopped bacon □ cheese.

method in five easy steps

melt butter in pan, add rice mix, and
brown lightly.

add contents of spice sachet, chopped
tomatoes, 1 pt. boiling water, and cover pan.

simmer gently 15-20 minutes.

fry lightly the chopped kidneys and bacon
and fold them in when Rice-A-Riso is ready.

transfer to serving dish, garnish with
chopped parsley and grated cheese.

serve to four delighted people



other exciting recipes on every Rice-A-Riso pack. 5
varieties, Spanish, Chicken, Mushroom, Curry, Beef

Oil-camp wife



MRS. FISCHER, a Canadian, lives with her husband and three children in a caravan on the well site.

By
ALTON FRAZER



OIL CAMP at Moonie houses 60 men and the Fischer family. The Fischers' 50ft. caravan is at the top left of picture.



BEN FISCHER, foreman in charge of a rig at Moonie oil field, near Tara, Queensland.

● A young Canadian housewife is the only woman at the Union-Kern oil camp of 60 men at the well site at Moonie, 200 miles west of Brisbane, Queensland.

SHE is Mrs. Ben Fischer, wife of the foreman in charge of one of the oil rigs, who lives in a \$2500, 50ft. metal caravan with her three children, Byron, 5, Lana, 3, and Kevin, 17 months.

Mrs. Fischer, a happy woman in her twenties, was hanging out clothes on a line strung between two pieces of machinery when I met her.

What is it like living in a camp with only men for company?

"I'm used to it," she said. "Where my husband lives, I live."

"This is the third caravan home I've had in the seven years I've been married. I had two caravan homes in Canada before coming to Australia five months ago."

Picking up the empty clothes basket, we walked through the long grass toward the caravan.

"Watch where you are walking," she warned. "There are a lot of snakes and death adders about the place."

As I walked cautiously beside her, she told me: "If I was not living at the camp, my husband, who sometimes has to remain on duty for up to 48 hours at a time, would stay at the rig and snatch a few hours sleep in a truck."

"With me living here, he

can at least come home to a bath, a meal, and a change of clothes."

Outside the caravan her husband, Ben, was putting the finishing touches to a lawn fenced in with wire mesh, where the children will have a clean, safe place to play.

The fence keeps the children from wandering on to the nearby road, which is always busy with large trucks moving back and forwards to the oil wells, and Ben hopes it will be some protection from snakes.

The lawn, which was trucked in 115 miles from Toowoomba, helps keep the eternal mud and dust out of the house.

"The trouble is," Ben said with a grin, "I'll have to invest in a lawn-mower now."

The three children came out of the caravan to play in the portable canvas pool on the lawn.

Carpet, too

Inside the caravan was spotless, quite a feat of housekeeping for Mrs. Fischer, with three youngsters darting in and out all day and a husband who usually comes home with clothes and boots caked with drilling mud.

There are two bedrooms, a lounge-room, dining-room, modern kitchen, bathroom with a shower recess, a flushing toilet, and a laundry with a washing-machine.

The bedrooms and the lounge-room have wall-to-wall carpet, and the whole caravan is tastefully decorated and furnished.

As we sat down to tea and scones, I asked Mrs. Fischer what she thought of Australia, and was she ever homesick for Canada.

Those flies

"The thing I miss most of all," she said without hesitation, "is a white Christmas. I come from Edmonton, in Alberta, where at Christmas everything is covered in snow. Here it's so different."

"I love being here, but I did not think it was possible for there to be so many flies. When it is fine it's hot and dusty, and the flies—they get in your eyes and ears, and they bite, too."

Inquisitive emus and kangaroos are quite often seen in the scrub near the camp.

"One of the men has a pet baby kangaroo, and the children sometimes feed it," Mrs. Fischer said.

"One man caught some wild pigs over near No. 5 well recently."

Mrs. Fischer said the men in the camp worked long hours.

"When they are not work-

ing they sleep, and only get up for meals or to do some washing," she said.

"They have their own kitchen and Denny, the cook, turns out wonderful meals, which are served in their own messroom. Their recreation room is a large caravan which has television and a bar, and the men off duty are allowed three cans of beer each, between 5 and 6 p.m."

"They have their own shower rooms and a laundry with an electric washing-machine."

Mrs. Fischer said that when the men had a day off they usually went to Tara, the nearest town, 52 miles away, or Toowoomba.

"My presence does not interfere with them in any way," she said. "In fact, when the men come back from town they often bring presents for the children and me."

Dine out

"How do you manage for shopping, clothes, groceries, and fresh vegetables?" I asked.

She buys most of her groceries and vegetables from a new motel, six miles back along the highway.

"It is a beautiful modern motel, and has a store with a good selection of food-stuff," she said. "They serve good meals, and we sometimes dine there for a change."

"I have a chance to have a chat with other women there, and the children like to swim in their pool."

"When Ben has a day off we sometimes drive to Tara and do some shopping."

"If I want any clothes or material, I write to the stores in Toowoomba, and it is sent out in one of the oil company's charter planes, which land on the well site airstrip every few days."

Having lived in oil camps ever since she married, Mrs. Fischer does not find life at Moonie very different from Canada.

"Here, as in Canada, the oil camp is like a small United Nations," she said.

"We have Australians, Americans, Canadians, French-Canadians, Englishmen, Germans, Dutch, and Frenchmen, with a few other nationalities thrown in. An oil camp is the same wherever you are."

"When we arrived in Brisbane I was impressed with the figures and smart dressing of Australian girls. I liked the beaches, and thought the city was not unlike ours."

"I was delighted with the fruit, especially tropical fruit, and was amazed at the quantity and cheapness of it."

"I have met a few of the local station owners and they seem to talk and live in a similar way to our ranch people."

"Apart from the accents, and pounds instead of dollars, we have much the same way of life."

When the children start school, Mrs. Fischer will probably drive them each day to the small one-teacher school near the motel at Moonie.

"The roads here can certainly be tricky," she said.

"When it is fine, the cars throw up so much dust that it is impossible to see. When it is wet, the windscreen gets covered with mud and you have to stop and clean it. In the wet it is easy to skid off the road and get bogged."

"But I wouldn't miss all this for the world," she said. "I'm happy here with my husband and children, and the caravan is as comfortable and modern as the average home."



PADDLE-POOL is a favorite spot for Byron, 5, Lana, 3, and Kevin Fischer, 17 months.



LORRAE DESMOND'S WEDDING

A FORMER cigarette girl married a doctor last week—and their wedding made newspaper headlines.

For the cigarette girl has become one of the brightest singing stars on Australian television. She changed her name in the process; Beryl Hunt became Lorraine Desmond.

Now she is also Mrs. Alex Gorshenin, wife of a Macquarie Street specialist.

When Lorraine starred as a bride last week at St. Mark's Church of England, Darling Point, she was, traditionally, all in white.

Her short dress combined lace and chiffon: the long-waisted lace bodice was moulded, with a low sweetheart neckline and long sleeves; the chiffon skirt fell into smooth folds. The tulle veil, held by a sparkling tiara, frothed to the hips.

The young bridesmaid — Lorraine's 13-year-old niece Lynette Williams — was in white chiffon, too, with her hair caught into a pony-tail by a circlet of pink flowers matching her pink posy.

In the same car, Lorraine and Lynette arrived at St. Mark's almost ten minutes late for the ceremony.

And Lorraine was greeted by her father (Mr. D. E. Hunt, of Strathfield, who gave her away) and by "ooohs" from about 200 fans.

The bride was so happy that she hardly stopped smiling.

In the softly lit church, decorated with red and white gladioli, the choir sang "Oh, Perfect Love" as the couple knelt before the altar.

When they came out of St. Mark's it was almost 6 p.m. But the dark, cool night was lit by camera

JUST MARRIED. Dr. and Mrs. Alex Gorshenin walk down the aisle of St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their wedding. The ceremony was conducted by Archdeacon Goodwin.

flashbulbs so everyone could see the bride and bridegroom (and the silvery wedding ring) before they left for the small "family and close friends" reception at the Chevron Hilton Hotel.

There were speeches (and cheers when Dr. Gorshenin referred to "my wife"), the newlyweds cut a two-tiered wedding cake, and the best man, Dr. Len Lilley, read a sheaf of congratulatory telegrams.

These included one from Lake Eyre, S.A., where Tonia Campbell (one of Lorraine's best friends) is with her famous speedcar-driver husband, Donald.

"La vie en rose to you both forever," said the telegram.

He gasped

Almost two hours late (they were supposed to leave the reception at 8 p.m.), Lorraine and her husband set off on their honeymoon "up north" — with Lorraine wearing a spectacular white-fox trimmed pink velvet coat.

"I've always wanted a coat like this," said Lorraine, "and if I can't have one now..."

Her husband simply gasped, "Oh, baby!" as she walked into the room.

When they return to Sydney in about two weeks'

time, the Gorshenins will settle into a three-bedroom, two-bathroom apartment at Potts Point.

Lorraine was wistfully considering purple carpets and white furniture, but Alex says he would prefer a less striking color scheme.

In about two months' time they'll be married again in the Russian Orthodox Church.

Alex's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Gorshenin, are Russian. Mr. Gorshenin was a Cossack colonel, and they escaped from the Communists in Vladivostok in 1919.

After living in China for a while Mr. Gorshenin brought his family to Brisbane (where Alex was born), and now they live at Katoomba, N.S.W.

Dr. Gorshenin's present to his bride was a tape recorder. "I've always wanted one," said Lorraine.

She gave the groom a movie camera, with, he said, "all the trimmings—screen, projector, films..."

Reassuring note for all Lorraine Desmond's admirers: Mrs. Gorshenin will continue her career ("She has so much talent," says her husband).

—DAWN JAMES

SOCIAL ROUNDOABOUT

By ITA
BUTTROSE

MR. AND MRS. ROY MCKERIHAN and the retiring directors of the Women's Hospital (Crown Street), Mrs. W. R. Dovey and Mrs. Norman McDonald, will be guests-of-honor at a dinner party which members of the Hospital committee will give at the Australia Hotel on May 23.

It will be a "hello, goodbye again" party for the Mckerihans, who have been in Sydney for a brief stay before returning to their new home in Hong Kong. Mrs. Mckerihan tells me they have a wonderful apartment decorated with Danish furniture and overlooking picturesque Kowloon Bay.

A presentation will be made at the party and the gift will be kept secret until the night, but from what I hear I wouldn't be surprised if the Mckerihans have an enormous piece of luggage when they fly back to Hong Kong on May 31.

Guests at the party will include Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacRae, Dr. and Mrs. Falkner Blaxland, Mrs. J. E. Shartl, Dr. and Mrs. J. Bell-Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Crozier, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bunning.

DIANA ELAINE are the names Mr. and Mrs. Anton Coote, of Bellevue Hill, have chosen for their adorable two-week-old daughter. The baby will be christened at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, before Mrs. Coote's mother, Mrs. Gerald Rogers, of Oklahoma City, U.S.A., returns home in July after a few months' holiday here. Diana will have two godmothers, Mrs. Graham Noel, of Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. David Allsopp, of Edgecliff. Mrs. Coote's brother, Mr. David Rogers, of Oklahoma City, U.S.A., will be godfather.

I'M looking forward to hearing all the latest overseas news from Mrs. Jimmy Banks and her pretty daughter Sheena when they arrive home on June 14 after 18 months in Europe. Incidentally, June 14 is Sheena's nineteenth birthday. In a letter home Sheena writes that she celebrated the end of her studies at the Byam Shaw Art School in London—she completed the two-year course in a year—with a fascinating boat tour of the Greek Islands.

LOVELY week in the country ahead for Lois and John Barraclough, of Woollahra. With their three-year-old son, Michael, they will drive to Moree after visiting Armidale and Lightning Ridge on the way. Main reason of the trip is to attend the Moree Picnic Races on May 29 at the houseguests of Annette and Brian Jones, of "Kalva," Moree.

IT seems that as soon as you go abroad you start dreaming of Australia's sunshine, and former Sydneyite Mrs. Olita Table-Porter has spent the past 16 years thinking fondly of sunny Sydney. Now living just off fabled Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood with husband Mitch, Olita was so homesick she flew here two months ago to visit old friends and it has rained practically every day. Olita, who is secretary of an Australian Wives' Club in Hollywood, has been staying with Chips and Quentin Rafferty at their Vacluse home. She will sail for the States in Himalaya on June 12 to what, she hopes, will be less disappointing weather.

MAY is a busy month for Mrs. Robert Melville, of Bellevue Hill. At the moment she's in Lismore with her three children, Robert, Fiona, and Douglas, holidaying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Gainford. She'll return home in time to arrange a special family dinner for her husband, who celebrates his birthday on May 23. Two days later Mrs. Melville and her husband will drive to Melbourne, where Dr. Melville will attend the annual meeting of the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons. During their two-week stay there Mrs. Melville hopes to see many friends whom she knew when she lived in Melbourne several years ago.

IT should be lots of fun watching country and city guests take part in a Twist competition which will be a highlight of the sixteenth annual Sheep Show Ball at Prince on May 31. The judges, Mrs. Galfry Gatacre and Mr. Marcel Dekyvere, will award a special prize to the best couple. This year's ball is being organised by the Women's Auxiliary of the Medical Research Foundation, and its president, Mrs. L. F. Burton, says they're expecting a capacity crowd of 350 guests.

LOVELY Mrs. Eric Raddall, of Bayview, will leave the peace of Pittwater on June 12 and head off to New Guinea to ring herself into the crocodile-infested rapids of the Sepik River! Actually, it's not as bad as it sounds. Mrs. Raddall (better known as actress Janette Craig) will appear in a new Australian TV series which will be filmed in New Guinea. While she is ploughing through the jungle, husband Eric will be caring for their children, Bambi and Richard. "I should only be away nine days," said Janette gaily, "and I'm thrilled about the whole trip, except the Sepik River scene!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1963



BETWEEN RACES. Mr. Fred Williams, of "Methalibah," Trangie, Miss Penny Walker, of "Cobabla," Nevertire, Mr. John Hough, of "Dungallon," Narromine, Miss Maryan McGregor, of "Corrodgery," Dubbo, and Miss Sandy Croudace and her brother, Antony, of "Buddah Lake," Trangie, were among many young people at the Macquarie Picnic Race Club's two-day meeting at Dubbo racecourse.

DUBBO PICNIC RACES

● Dubbo turned on a warm welcome for country and city racing enthusiasts who attended the Macquarie Picnic Race Club's two-day meeting at Dubbo's racecourse. Fine sunshiny weather and friendly hospitality made it a meeting that will be remembered for a long time.



PRESIDENT of the Macquarie Picnic Race Club (Mr. R. G. Gavel) and Mrs. Gavel, of "Boothenda," Dubbo (couple on the right), with Mrs. Nelson Rytie, of "Weemabah," Trangie, at the races. Mr. and Mrs. Gavel entertained more than 200 guests to lunch in the president's marquee at the racecourse.



KEEN racing enthusiasts at Dubbo were Miss Jill Lugsdin, of "Cobbora Station," Cobbora, and Miss Mai Hough, of "Sheldons," Dubbo, pictured here with Alekia, one of the many entrants at the Macquarie Picnic Race Club's meeting. Alekia is owned by Mr. John Body, Mrs. George Mack, and Mr. Gavin Pike.



HAPPY COUPLE. Mr. Bob Beveridge, of "Wyuna," Gilgandra, escorted Miss Helen Perry, of "Bourbah," Gulargambone, to the Macquarie Picnic Race Club's annual ball which was held at the Royal Theatre, Dubbo, after the first day of the meeting. A beer tea and dance was held at the theatre at the end of the second day.



GAY FOURSOME. Mr. and Mrs. Len Waterford, of "Mimosa," Coonamble, with their niece Miss Margaret Burge, of Dubbo, and Mr. Stuart Gordon, of "Derouie," Cudal, were among more than 200 guests at the ball at the Royal Theatre, Dubbo. Colorful balloons, flowers, miniature cardboard horses and other race motifs decorated the ballroom.

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FATHER



"You laughed when I bought him a forty-foot leash."

MOTHER



"You'd think someone would have invented an EASIER way of getting up in the morning!"

It seems to me

WHEN Mrs. Betty Miller flew in from California last week, the first woman to make a solo flight from America to Australia, aviation writer Norman Ellison telephoned to remind me that the first woman to fly into Australia was also named Miller.

She was Mrs. Keith Miller, who, with Captain W. Lancaster, arrived at Mascot from England in March, 1928, in an Avro-Avian named the Red Rose.

They are remembered, among other things, for the fact that theirs was the second longest of the Australia-England flights of those pioneering years. The trip took them 158 days. (Parer and McIntosh, in 1920, had taken 206 days.)

Norman Ellison (author of "Flying Matilda") has been writing about aviation for the best part of 40 years and his reminiscences of those early days are vivid.

"Mrs. Keith Miller didn't make only aviation history," he told me. "She made sartorial history. She arrived wearing shorts. And she had legs to adorn them."

"A cheer went up at Mascot when a senior Aero Club official, a handsome six-footer, scooped her out of the cockpit and carried her to the clubhouse."

The twenties and thirties were the days of flying "firsts." Amy Johnson, in her Moth, was the first woman to fly solo from England to Australia (in 1930) and Mrs. H. B. Bonney, of Brisbane, flew from Australia to England (in 1933, also in a Moth).

Norman Ellison remembers that Amy Johnson was "a bundle of nerves" when she arrived. "But she became a first-class pilot later."

Of Elli Beinhorn, a German girl who flew from Berlin in 1931, he says: "She had the smallest ears and the smallest hands I've ever seen. She was very attractive. When I called on her at her hotel she said, 'A moment, please' and picked up a papier-mache glove from the dressing-table and held it out. Australian men, she explained, had such hearty handshakes that they hurt her hand."

Outstanding pilot of them all was Jean Batten, who flew to Australia in 1934, back to England in 1935, and made the first Australia-New Zealand flight in 1936. "A real flying machine," in Norman's words.

A NEW craze in New York, according to a fashion item I take with a grain of salt, is for hostess dresses to match tablecloths.

Some women are said to be buying two tablecloths and making one into a dress. I suppose if you use table-mats you wear a bikini.

By



Dorothy Drann

IN an issue featuring hairstyles (pages 23 to 26) it seems appropriate to mention a new one shown last week in London.

The hair is upswept, but instead of sweeping up on to the crown and lying down again, it stands on end to a height of about nine inches.

The caption-writer for the picture I saw was evidently a man. He described it as one of "some barely credible coiffures on show."

Note the "barely." He doesn't like to say "incredible" and I should think so.

Six or seven years ago the various head-fant styles, especially the now-defunct beehive, would have seemed impossible.

Only the other day a hairdresser said to me rather sadly that he couldn't think what next could happen to hair.

This standing-on-end style might be the solution. The one I saw pictured appeared to have some kind of decorative framework at the back, but you could tease your own hair into some very informal birch-broom-in-a-fit effects.

Time will tell whether these thoughts are frivolous or prophetic.

* * *

MAY in Sydney began wet, as did April, as did March . . .

"Some showers," the forecast says. It's quite absurd.

But how I wish they'd use another word.

There's something pretty in the sound of "showers."

Only, perhaps, because it rhymes with flowers.

Reason aside, it doesn't fit the case—Another wet, wild, murky day to face.

Such irritations as bedevil us,

The smell of mildew and the leaky tub. Are trivia of the city, set beside

The spreading rivers of the world outside.

Yet there's a link. All women everywhere,

Whether in town or bush, one grumble share.

Throughout the land incessantly they cry:

"If only I could get the towels dry!"

They'll be racing—for £50,000

• The gayest and most spectacular race meeting ever planned in Queensland—one to rival Randwick or Flemington—is scheduled for June 8 to June 15 to celebrate the Queensland Turf Club's 100th year.

AT this Centenary Carnival at Eagle Farm, Brisbane, the Brisbane Cup becomes one of the richest races in Australia, worth £20,000.

Total prizemoney over the meeting will exceed £50,000 and attract entries and visitors from all over Australia and New Zealand. Apart from the thrill of thundering hoofs as some of the best horses in Australasia race for the big money, spectators will be treated to a flash of pageantry.

There'll be special dress parades showing a century of fashions, prizes for ladies' dressing, one for the most elegant hat, and even a contest for the best-dressed man.

Mixed flowers and competitions for young people will add to the gala atmosphere.

It was in 1863 that the founders of the Q.T.C. obtained a grant of land at Eagle Farm, now a modern course with sweeping lawns and banks of flowers, and an established testing ground for the champions of the track. Among beauty spots on the

course is a lake on the Flat with fountains, black swans and white geese, and wild ducks.

The early days were different in many ways.

Racehorses then were big-boned and heavy—it was not uncommon for them to walk from Ipswich, 25 miles away, before racing at Eagle Farm—and they were stayers rather than the finer-boned sprinters of today.

Many of the jockeys were gentlemen riders. Others strapped their own mounts. All rode straight-backed, in contrast with the familiar crouch seat seen now.

Paid in gold

Bookmakers often wrote down bets on their white starched cuffs, and, up to about 50 years ago, betting was paid in gold.

Going to the races has always been a popular Australian pastime and the Q.T.C., now putting on its biggest-ever meeting, has prospered over the years.

The Club gave more than £100,000 for defence and patriotic purposes during the two world wars.



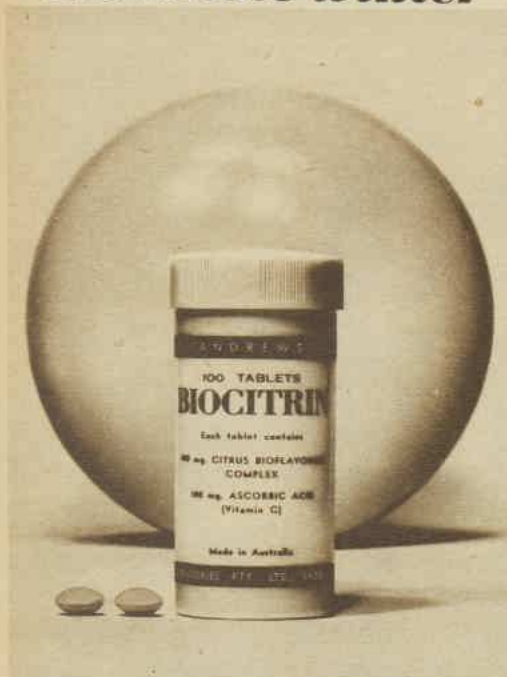
IN PERIOD CLOTHES: Sue Fihelly, of Ascot, and Mary Colwell, of Albion, model racegoing outfits of dashing periods of Queensland's history, in the bandstand at Eagle Farm. Mary (left), with a beplumed hat and a bustled dress in sleeping grey-and-white stripes, wears a style of 1898. Sue wears the appealing bonnet and ringlets and graceful silk-ruched tartan crinoline of 1860. The costumes were loaned by Twelfth Night Theatre, Wickham Terrace, Brisbane.



IN TODAY'S FASHIONS: Queensland winter sunshine on the lawns at Eagle Farm Racecourse is enjoyed by Sue Fihelly and Mary Colwell, while well-known trainer Mr. Fred Best leads out Southport Star, with jockey Arthur Lister up. Here, Sue wears a red trilby with two gay black fur pompons and a pure wool grey cape suit. Mary chose a whisky-and-black sombrero with a whisky wool suit. They are regular racegoers. (Clothes by Weedmans.)

Pictures by Bob Millar.

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Worth Reporting

IN 1936 Mrs. Vera Gibson decided it was time Emerald, a cattle-raising district in Central Queensland, had a newspaper again.

Six years earlier the town's paper had been burnt out.

So Mrs. Gibson bought a Linotype machine, employed some helpers, and set the presses rolling to produce the weekly 8-page "Central Queensland News."

The paper (circulation 1500, population 2000) goes to surrounding districts 70 miles away and as far afield as Perth and London.

Editor Mrs. Gibson plans to retire soon and let her daughter, Margaret, and son, Norman, take over.

Norman has always worked for the paper. He is staff superintendent, Linotype operator, and compositor, but Margaret in 1947 went to Melbourne.

She became an air hostess, and for the past five years was T.A.A.'s Australian air-hostess superintendent.

Margaret is leaving her job regretfully.

"But it will be fun starting a new life and career at home," she said.

As hostess superintendent, Margaret helped redesign the hostess' uniforms, reorganise the training course, and was responsible for the selection and training of 600 girls.

When she started as a hostess 16 years ago she flew in 21-passenger DC-3 aircraft. Today's hostesses work in 80-passenger prop-jets, but Margaret says the work is basically the same.

Modern aircraft — with higher cabins — also allow girls 5ft. 7in. tall to be accepted for training. Once the maximum was 5ft. 6in.

A MEMBER of our staff who is going overseas soon was somewhat needed by her smallpox vaccination. As she was leaving the Health Department building in Sydney (within minutes of being vaccinated) she felt a sharp, burning sensation on the OTHER side of her arm. She had been stung by a bee.

Expert help with house problems

• Everybody has problems in the home, whether it is new curtains, a new kitchen layout, or modernising the bathroom.

WHATEVER your problem, you can get expert help and advice in the Sunday Telegraph.

In Steven Kalmar's "You and Your Home" feature you can discover a thousand new facts about every aspect and type of maintenance, repair, and renovation, from fixing cracks in the foundations to modernising the roof, from redesigning the entrance to brightening up the backyard.

You can write to Steven Kalmar, too. Some 380,000 people already have this year, for free information to help them with their building, renovating, and decorating problems.

Remember, Steven Kalmar appears exclusively in the Sunday Telegraph.



• Margaret Gibson . . . a brand-new career.

Writing by telephone

PUCK, Shakespeare's impish fairy character, threatened to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." Modern science can do much better.

We've just read about a merchant banker in London who signed a share certificate, then slipped it into a machine on his desk.

When he took it out seven minutes later it had been countersigned by a banker in New York.

The secret? The machine was a new British electronic device which transmitted the document at the rate of 500 words a minute. All the English banker had to do was to dial the New York number, then turn a switch.

An identical electronic machine in the New York office reproduced the document on electro-sensitive paper. The American banker signed it and it was flashed back to London to complete a lightning deal.

At first only suitable for private lines, this electronic wizardry has been modified for use on any public telephone system in the world.

Teenager is a veteran

TEENAGERS are a hardy breed.

But when a Lindfield (N.S.W.) 17-year-old developed tick poisoning recently he was rushed for treatment and an anxious family stood by.

For the "youth" is a sawn-off bitser — he looks something like a corgi — who answers to the name of Smokey and clocks in at about 119 "human" years.

Playing in the bush, he picked up a tick, resulting in the poisoning which has killed so many puppies and young dogs. But not Smokey. Within three days he was back home with the Hains family.

"I bought Smokey from a pet shop in 1946," Mrs. Marjorie Hains told us. "Until six months ago he was still playing with the young dogs and puppies."

Lately, however, Smokey has become conscious of the dignity of his age and prefers to keep to himself.

We asked the R.S.P.C.A. for their comment:

"For Smokey to survive tick-poisoning and still be in good shape at 17 is remarkable," they said.

Mark of a kilt-maker

HOW does a boss know if he's employing a good kilt-maker?

"Just look at the index finger of the left hand; if it's red, rough, and scarred she's your girl," says Mr. Graeme Lack, who runs his family's 30-year-old kilt, costume, and suit-making firm in Melbourne.

Kilts are made entirely by hand. Even the fastenings—leather straps and buckles—are sewn by hand.

And a good kilt-maker never uses a finger shield; she must have her index finger bare so that she can feel if the needle is penetrating the material.

Mr. Lack's head kilt-maker, pretty, red-haired 20-year-old Theresa Connolly, considers her index finger an "occupational hazard."

She says, "It's the only thing I don't like about making kilts."

Theresa, who despite her Irish name is from Edinburgh, can make a kilt a day.

Graeme Lack says she is the best kilt-maker he has ever employed.

She learned her trade at an old-established kilt-making firm in Edinburgh, where at 14 she started a four-year apprenticeship.

During this time she made a regimental kilt for Prince Philip, two kilts for Prince Charles, and two kilt-skirts for Princess Anne.

Theresa has made kilts in every tartan—there are about 150 — and says the most popular tartans in Australia are the Royal Stewart and Black Watch.



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FIANCE'S DRIVING SCARES SPEED ACE

● World-famous car-rally drivers Pat Moss, 27, and Erik Carlsson, 32, will soon marry, but they say they'll never be a husband-and-wife rally team.

TM too nervous a passenger in a car—I simply have to drive," explained Pat, who is Stirling Moss' sister, three times winner of the women rally-drivers' European championship, and fourth last year in the men's championship.

"I'm even worried with Erik," she said, hugging her blond Swedish fiance, who had arrived in England from Sweden to spend the weekend with Pat and her parents at the prosperous Moss pig farm in Tring, Hertfordshire.

"Talk about back-seat driver!" Pat said with a laugh. "I mentally drive the whole journey for him—and if he doesn't brake when I would I worry myself sick. He drives too fast for my comfort, anyway."

Pat and Erik probably won't even drive together outside of rallies. She's not only a bad passenger but they disagree on left- and right-hand drives in cars.

Small wedding

"I always have a left-hand-drive car," said Erik (who recently won his second consecutive Monte Carlo Rally), "and Pat is happiest with a right-hand-drive."

Pat swung herself up on to the paddock rails and patted the nose of one of her horses. "We'll probably have about four cars between us and go our separate ways when driving," she said.

Crop-haired Erik, who is 6ft 4in. tall and 18 stone (Pat often calls him "Tubby"), leant on the rails beside Pat and spoke of their wedding plans.

"We want to get married soon, but rallies don't give us much time off."

"We're hoping to run off quietly and have a small wedding about June," Pat said happily, looking down at her engagement ring of three white diamonds in a line, which Erik gave her in February.

The pair met during rallies and have been constant companions for about a year.

"I don't know what I'll wear," Pat said. "It will be in a registry office, so some pretty pastel shade, probably."

One definite plan is to make their home in England, in the country.

"We'll probably build a new house—perhaps near here, so that I can be close to my horses and do some

show jumping every now and then," said Pat, who is one of Britain's best horsewomen, too.

She recently sold most of her horses so that she could devote more time to rally-driving.

"We can't afford a house like Stirling's," Pat said, referring to the ultra-modern, electronic-brain home recently completed in London for her famous brother.

Learn to cook

"I will have a very modern kitchen, though. I don't know much about cooking, but I'll enjoy learning, and Erik's awfully easy to look after."

Their honeymoon plan is undecided and will be a secret when they do make up their minds. They don't want to make the mistake two of their friends, also rally-drivers, made last year in Greece, when they took their honeymoon during a rally.

"When they went into their room a tiny car filled the room—their bed was up on the roof," said Pat.

"And Erik helped bring in the car! He's always chosen for that sort of task, he's so big and strong."

Pat had to drive to a factory to pick up a rally car for the weekend, so we continued the interview as we drove—almost flew—along the narrow, curving country roads toward London.

At 50 m.p.h. on icy roads, this could be hair-raising. But Pat would put even the most nervous passenger at ease by her skill at the wheel, which makes handling a skid seem easy.

"Stirling took me for driving lessons in a jeep when I was 12," Pat said.

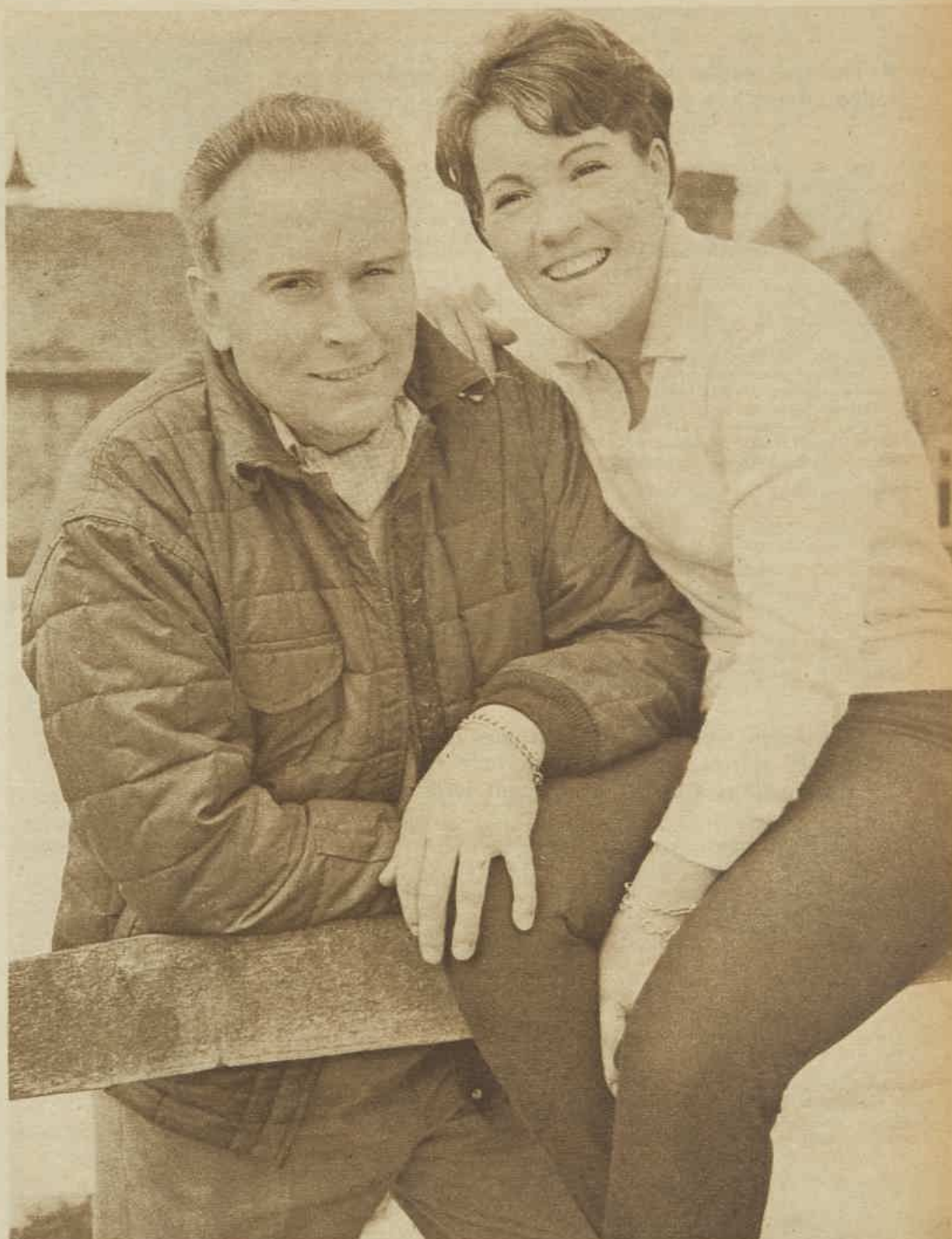
"I didn't care for it and after two or three goes he gave up the idea."

"Then when I was about 16 I took it up again, and used to tear all over the farm in one of the Land-Rovers."

It was not surprising that she should take up driving. Apart from Stirling, her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moss, were keen rally-drivers, and many of the trophies which practically fill the house belong to them.

"But for a long time I really hated driving. Horses were the only thing I could ever think about," said Pat, giving a friendly wave to a truck-driver who'd moved over to let her pale blue little car squeeze past.

"I could hardly wait to



WORLD-FAMOUS car-rally driver Pat Moss (ace racer Stirling Moss' sister) and her fiance, fellow rally-driver Erik Carlsson, at the English farm home of Pat's parents.

leave school to spend all my time riding," said the girl who has won more than 1000 horse-show championship trophies during the past eight years.

"It's hard to say whether all that horse-riding helped me in any way with driving cars," she continued, "but it

also have to anticipate what your own car will do."

We'd left the country road now and, zooming on to the straight, flat M1 highway, sped past four fast-moving cars in a row.

Pat said:

"I suppose entering for those horse-show champion-

"I'll be all out to beat him in the rallies," she said. "I'll be happy if he wins, and he'll be pleased if I do. We're not a bit jealous in our professional lives."

Pat thinks that rally-driving is wonderful for girls—as long as they've got nerve and don't mind looking unglamorous a lot of the time.

"That's why I wear my hair so short," she said, touching her brown curls. "I'd much prefer to have my hair long, but this way I can wash it or go swimming on a rally, and it's dry in ten minutes."

Her "uniform" during a rally—and Pat Moss spends most of her days inside a car—is a bright sweater, overalls (shorts in hot weather), and a sky-blue

crash helmet ("skid lid," as Pat calls it), which she hates wearing.

"I really don't know much about the mechanical side of cars, but I can cope with mild engine trouble," she said.

Pat had always had two ambitions in driving, and two years ago she fulfilled both.

"One was to get in the first ten places of the Liege Championships and the second was to win outright a championship rally," she said. "In 1960 I did both in the one rally."

Pat has a strong opinion about women drivers.

"They drive so slowly," she complained. "And they dither a lot. Still, they seem to be getting better each year."

From BARBARA LAWSON, in London

certainly helped to sharpen my reactions—which is, I suppose, the essence of good driving."

"Horses have such strong minds of their own that you have to anticipate their moves. It's much the same with driving. You have to anticipate what the driver next to you will do, and you

ships made me competitive-minded, too. I think that's the most important part of racing or rally-driving. You must have the will to win, otherwise you're wasting your time and money."

Pat will go on racing against Erik in the European championships after their marriage.

TV heroes of rodeo and war

● The spectacular modern world of life on America's rodeo circuit has galloped on to television in the new "Stoney Burke" series.

AS the action-adventure's hero, Stoney Burke, Jack Lord plays a man who is determined to become the world champion rodeo rider.

Jack Lord himself is a determined man. He wants to be a successful TV star and he wants that success to come quickly.

It has been a long time coming. In his time Lord has been an athlete (on a New York University football scholarship), a sailor, a construction worker (building roads and bridges in Iran), and a salesman (Cadillac cars).

He tried a career as a painter, and some of his works—under his real name, John Ryan—hang in the permanent collection of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Now he devotes all his time, literally,

to "Stoney Burke" and works an 18-hour day filming on location.

When he began acting about ten years ago (about the same time he married attractive dress-designer Marie Denadre), Lord scored progressively more important roles on TV and in the live theatre.

But they were not star-makers, and Jack Lord is driven by his ambition.

His idol is the late Gary Cooper. "I've got an image of Coop; it's a marvellous combination of great strength and great gentility. He was big, big."

"I'm going to make Stoney big, too."

Screening times for "Stoney Burke"—Sydney, TCN9, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.; Melbourne, GTV9 (starting date to be announced); Brisbane, QTQ9, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.; Adelaide, NWS9, Saturdays, 7.30 p.m. Other States not yet scheduled.

Television

● Rick Jason, who is Lieut. Gil Hanley in TV's wartime "Combat" stories, was a familiar face to many Australian viewers before his current series began.

HE starred as the freelance insurance investigator Robin Scott in "The Case of the Dangerous Robin" series before accepting the "Combat" role. Jason was all set to begin a career in Wall Street, hub of America's financial world, until World War II. He enlisted in the U.S. Air Force, and after the war became a student at the American Academy of Dramatic Art.

Rick Jason's acting career blossomed. He appeared in TV plays, on Broadway, and in a number of films.

These days he is kept pretty busy with "Combat"—the story of an American infantry unit which went into action in Normandy on D-Day and which is (on the screen) now battling its way across France.

Apart from his TV work, Jason has a formidable list of off-screen talents.

He is reported to be better than average at sculpting, painting, woodwork, plumbing, carpentry, upholstery, leathercraft, and cooking. So he's very handy round the house which he and his wife, actress-writer Aria Allen, bought recently in Beverly Hills.

And Jason is one of Hollywood's experts in karate, the deadly form of hand-to-hand combat. "Combat?" That's where we came in!

Screening times for "Combat"—Sydney, ATN7, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.; Melbourne, HSV7, Saturdays, 8.30 p.m.; Brisbane, BTQ7, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.; Adelaide, ADS7, Fridays, 7.30 p.m. Other States not yet scheduled.



ABOVE: Rodeo rider "Stoney Burke" (Jack Lord) is galloping on his way to a rodeo — and to a successful TV show.



LEFT: Rick Jason (6ft. 4in. tall and a lean 14 stone) looks his part as big, handsome Lieut. Hanley in "Combat."

JIM RULES THE JUNGLE

By DAWN JAMES

● There are times when a TV reviewer feels like Christopher Columbus — you know, when he first noticed America?

THE following example is not precisely comparable, perhaps. But I have just discovered (and in serious) an unexpectedly entertaining TV show.

A few weeks ago a friend asked, "Have you seen 'Jungle Jim' yet?" (It's screened by TCN9 on Saturdays at 4.30 p.m.) "WHAT?" I said. "Jungle Jim? Don't be silly. I have been careful to miss it."

He eyed me sternly and remarked, in measured tones, "Jungle Jim" has everything . . .

And it has. I've never seen so much action jammed into an hour.

Remember those wonderful and wildly improbable Sunday matinee movie serials that were shown years ago? Well, pack several instalments into one — and that's "Jungle Jim."

The film series, starring Jimmy Weissmuller and made around 1950, is also one of the most unintentionally funny programmes on TV.

Non-stop action

This is partly due to the non-stop action (no one rests for a minute) and partly to Mr. Weissmuller's squeaky voice and the acceptance of the most hair-raising adventures.

The one episode I've seen so far was about this legendary leopard woman, Jungle Jim was trying to track her down with the help of his intelligent friends: Skipper (a terrier), Tambo (a chimp), and Caw-Caw (a birdie).

On his way through the wildest terrain, Jungle Jim deals with everyday problems:

- An unfriendly tribe of natives who kept beating out tinny messages (with a gong beat) on their tom-toms. There were a lot of witch doctors, too, in remarkable headresses, combining Bruinhilde's horned helmet and a feather boa.
- A splashy argument in a river with a crocodile.
- Hand-to-paw combat with a tiger.

- Crossing a ravine — by swinging across on a vine rope (twice).
- Falling over a precipice.
- Rescuing the leopard woman from quicksand.
- Saving the lives of several "sacrificial" people who were chucked



DONALD CAMPBELL, his wife, Tonia, and the mighty jet-speed car Bluebird will all appear in the dramatic one-hour BP Super Show "Donald Campbell's Challenge." It will be screened by TCN9 this Wednesday, May 22, at 9 p.m.

into the Lagoon of the Dead by the witch doctor.

- Having an underwater fight with some unpleasant treasure hunters.
- Staying unpuffed by all the exertion.

I can hardly wait for this week's instalment: "Killer Ape."

Those tired old fillers

WOULD you like to be on TV? Then I suggest you lurk round some unexpected places like the Archibald Fountain in Hyde Park or the escalators at Wynyard.

You know the places I mean, naturally. You've seen them so often on ABN2. And since these astonishingly insipid "filler" films must be nearly worn out — and since they're obviously cherished by the A.B.C. — I expect they'll be rephotographed any day now.

Seriously, though, I cannot understand why ABN2 is unable to make better use of the odd two- or three-minute breaks between feature programmes.

Unless they want to continue losing maddened viewers who have endured, say, "Timber Is A Big Industry In W.A." for the umpteenth time? This I (refuse to) believe.

So — why? I realise money is a problem, and that producing even a short film (like ATN7's excellent ten-minute "Time Out" series) is a costly business.

But, for pete's sake, surely it doesn't have to be?

The A.B.C. has a large staff. Please, could just one or two people be drafted to the Department of Filling Awkward Programme Gaps With Something Interesting and Economical?

For example, she said, sticking her neck out: How about raiding the film library and re-screening (ONCE) some film clips — anything from Dawn Fraser's sensational swim in the Commonwealth Games relay to personal glimpses of the

world's leaders. Or some of the more interesting news films from "Weekend Magazine" on Sunday.

Or perhaps some short, sharp interviews with people in the news — there's a presentation announcer on duty who should be able to handle it, isn't there?

Or offer some of Sydney's amateur show-business talent a free go with three minutes and a TV camera (on second thoughts, this might need auditions).

Or . . . if you have some ideas, send them in. Then I hope the A.B.C. will burn their old fillers in a ceremonial bonfire — and we'll Watch What Happens Next.

Too many commercials

THE commercial channels do not, of course, have the A.B.C.'s problem of filling the odd few minutes here and there.

No, indeed. Their programmes are punctuated by short films advocating goods from toothpaste to TV sets.

It is obviously absurd to carp about commercials since everyone is well aware (but sometimes forgets) that advertisements PAY for commercial television.

When, however, commercials begin breaking out like measles and are screened so frequently that they seriously impair viewing enjoyment of a programme — well, then it's time to raise a protesting voice.

I am about to raise mine and direct an irritated shriek at ATN7. Gentlemen: I know you claim to be "the leading television station," and in one way you are. You are streets ahead as far as ill-timed commercial breaks are concerned.

Let's consider a case in point.

On Sunday, May 5, TCN9's Roger Climpson made one of his announcements about that channel's new policy. It gives longer

film segments between breaks and "less commercial content than you are perhaps used to . . . provides our advertisers with the exposure to which their products are entitled and yet keeps you, the viewer, happy."

This, I thought, gave ATN fair warning. So the next week I checked on the commercial content in — as an example — the Sunday movies.

On Sunday, May 12, ATN7 screened the old Jeanette MacDonald film "The Firefly."

Disregarding the brief commercials at the beginning and end of the film, ATN broke into their two-hour programme 10 times at average intervals of 13 minutes.

The commercial breaks totalled 11 minutes and included a curious interval half-way through (two commercials, sign saying "intermission," one more commercial — more than two minutes' total delay).

The same evening TCN showed a two-hour movie, "Cloak and Dagger," with six breaks at average 21-minute intervals. The total commercial time was seven and a half minutes.

Interesting statistics, aren't they? What's more, this is not an isolated case.

Grumbling about too many advertisements in the past, I used to lump ATN and TCN together — sourly deciding both channels were equally at fault.

Until I began assessing the comparative commercial content in all programmes.

TCN does, in fact, think of its audience as V.I.V. (Very Important Viewers). Personally, I'm flattered.

New Film

REVOLT OF THE SLAVES

An unlikely piece of Roman hocus-pocus that would test the credulity of a 10-year-old, Rhonda Fleming, a Roman patrician, falls for a slave (Lang Jeffries) who is really a Christian. "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em" is her motto, and the pair lead a slave revolt. They are, of course, successful, but not before slaves have been whipped, mutilated, and thrown to dogs and lions. The drama is phony and the dialogue's corny. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . WEAK.

Next week:

50 WAYS TO KEEP SLIM



One way to start to diet is to eat whatever you usually do — for just one day.

● Toni Lamond

This will enable you to establish an accurate list of foods to whittle down, if you want to lose weight.

There are 49 other invaluable tips to successful dieting in next week's fascinating feature.

Also, TV personality Toni Lamond writes "How I Beat the Battle of the Bulge."

● Soraya: "We fled a revolution"

In "Soraya Tells," the beautiful young woman who became Empress of Iran reveals how she had vivid proof of the old saying, "Uneasy rests the head that wears the crown."

In the second episode of her fascinating life story Soraya recalls how she and the Shah had to flee their country during a revolution.

● New mystery and romance serial

Begin "Window On The Square," an appealing romance, spiced with suspense, by American author Phyllis A. Whitney.

Set in a house which looks out on to New York's fashionable Washington Square in the 1870s, it's the story of Megan Kincaid, who comes to a wealthy family to care for a sensitive, unbalanced boy of nine.

There's the mystery of a locked room to be solved before the household can be released from tragedy.

● To knit and crochet for the young

A special feature gives a wonderful collection of easy-to-follow knitting and crochet patterns for babies and toddlers.

The patterns include a dress, overcoats, romper suit, bonnet, mittens, duffle coat, and booties.

● All about muffins

From our Leila Howard Test Kitchen are recipes for sweet and savory muffins — to serve hot from the oven, generously buttered — everybody's favorite for morning tea or supper specials on chilly days.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



fresh air fanatics...



Good food thrives on fresh air! Whether growing in its home ground or awaiting your pleasure in your refrigerator. Your pleasure in the taste and the texture, the look and the feel of good fresh food is met by a refrigerator that keeps air fresh as well as cold. And that's exactly what the Westinghouse FRESH-COLD system does, because it allows the air within a Westinghouse refrigerator to flow freely. Circulating air is fresh air, and fresh air means fresher food!

And one thing more! This season Westinghouse have perfected an exciting new concept... the refrigerator-home freezer. It's the Westinghouse 2-door Supreme Automatic 143. There's 100 lbs. of frozen food storage plus the most spacious and convenient FROST FREE refrigerator you can own. New styling too, and next summer's features.

Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own.

And there's superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it).

AND FRESH-COLD PRICES START WAY DOWN LOW. (below 150 gns.)

RAD 99	9 cu. ft.	149 gns
RGD 99	9 cu. ft. with pushbutton defrost	169 gns
RAD 111	11 cu. ft.	189 gns
RGD 121	12 cu. ft. with pushbutton defrost	209 gns
RCD 139	Combination refrigerator-freezer	249 gns
RED 143	2-Door Supreme Automatic refrigerator-freezer	279 gns

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

Illustrated is the Westinghouse 2-door Supreme Automatic 143

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S



Westinghouse

FRESH-COLD

DID YOU KNOW?

ONE of the top American television shows have 64 full-time playwrights keeping the weekly series fed with plots. With offices on the M.G.M. lot in Hollywood, 18 of the writers work on "The Eleventh Hour" alone. "Dr. Kildare" has 10 writers, and the other 36 are busy preparing scripts for M.G.M.'s new entries for next season: "The Lieutenant," starring Gary Lockwood; "Mr. Novak," with stars James Franciscus and Dean Jagger; and "The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters," with Dan O'Herlihy in the lead role.

JULIE LONDON is filming a 15-minute television series, "Sleepy Time Gal," for syndication as a late-night viewer sedative. She'll be accompanied by husband Bobby Troupe and his trio.

RICHARD BURTON is reported to have received an astronomical offer to host a series for television based on John Van Druten stories.

IN the flesh-creeping department of TV, the old hands and the newest technicians can get some spectacular results. Edgar Allan Poe's horror story, "The Pit And The Pendulum," has been made into a 25-minute film by England's regional Southern Television and sold to six European countries—Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg.

The film was made by technicians in their spare time over a two-year period for a cost of £650, supplied from an experimental fund given by the British Film Institute. Its terrifying, macabre atmosphere, which won huge praise from critics at the Edinburgh Festival, is achieved with camera-work, music, and sound effects—there is no dialogue. It was planned and directed by a young lighting supervisor, Ted Abraham, and made with one professional actor, Brian Peck, and a supporting cast of cameramen, electricians, and stage staff.

Television

BERT LAHR, who was in the "Wizard of Oz" when Judy Garland was a little girl, is returning to the M.G.M. Studios for a role in "The Eleventh Hour." This marks his first visit to M.G.M. since he made "Rose Marie" there. After the TV appearance he will take his current Broadway drama, "The Beauty Part," to London's West End.

"EMPIRE," known as a kind of "Bonanza" with bulldozers, is being filmed as an hour-long series but the network is retaining star Richard Egan in his role of Jim Redigo when it moves the show as a half-hour series. The title will be changed to "Redigo."

DENNIS WEAVER, who was supposed to limp off the "Gunsmoke" set for good, will be back next season for a further nine or eleven episodes. There is a chance the actor may have his own series as a network picks up a pilot film he made, "Giant Step," in which he would be cast as a high-school principal, opposite Jane Wyman. CBS is said to be seriously considering the series.

THE London company of the "Black and White Minstrels" is overflowing from TV screen to break records in all directions of show business. Their twice-weekly stage show in London has played to three-quarters of a million people already, and is now being booked solidly up to September.

Their Sunday live TV show is still a top pop, and their three L.P. records have sold around half a million.



TOMMY HANLON

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

● Momma once said to me (when I asked her "How will I know when I'm middle-aged?"), "Oh, you'll know all right. There are little things that you notice, like the stairs seem to be getting steeper, and longer. Like it gets a little harder to get out of bed in the morning. Like the newspapers and magazines seem to be using a smaller type, and doesn't it look fuzzy? And have you ever noticed how much older your old schoolmates look? A lot older than you do. But the most important clue you have that you're getting older is this . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Middle-age has REALLY arrived when the telephone rings on Saturday night and you hope it's not for you.



Husband's Choice

Father knows best (mechanically speaking) and with the little woman in mind, will choose a washer that knows what it's doing! An automatic washer without problems. Something you can rely on. Of course you'll love the way it takes work off your mind too! The Westinghouse automatically guards all kinds of clothes with a mother's kind of care (gentle yet thorough). Tumbling action lifts clothes clear of the water; sends suds surging through them as they tumble back; sieves out the freed

dirt through special escape holes. (Only this total rinse can give a totally clean wash!) It's a lot of washer, this Westinghouse Fully Automatic. A big functional washer; simple to use; good-looking and free of gadgetry. There are two Westinghouse Automatics: the Heater model for 219 gns. and the non-heat for 209 gns. Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer can make either one easy to own. Superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it).

Illustrated is the Westinghouse non-heat model fully automatic washer.

And washer prices start way down low (below 150 gns.)

Semi-Automatics	
Non heat model	149 gns
Heater model	159 gns
Fully Automatics	
Non heat model	209 gns
Heater model	219 gns

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S



Westinghouse

AUTOMATIC WASHING



Yes!



go as blonde as you like!

A fascinating streak... subtle tips... or the full excitement of a true blonde—all these degrees of blonde bewitchment are yours with Napro Blonding Emulsion. 7/11 at your chemist or store.

napro



there's nothing quite like



Emu
for
COLOUR
and
QUALITY

You'll want to start knitting straight away when you see the wonderful selection of Emu handknitting wools and patterns. You'll find patterns for the whole family and you'll enjoy knitting as never before when you prove for yourself how easily

Emu PATTERNS COME TRUE WITH EMU WOOLS

Trade Enquiries to:

Emu Wools (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 287-289 Arthur St., Fairfield, Vic.
Emu Wools (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 1st Floor, 184 Sussex St., Sydney
W. Brash MacArthur Ltd., Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne
Paterson, Laing and Bruce Ltd., Adelaide, Perth



HEDDA HOPPER SUMS UP



The whole truth and nothing but

● Dollar-worship is the cult of Hollywood. Hedda Hopper, who watched the town grow into the world's glamor capital, now sees it decline as realism replaces glamor.

HOLLYWOOD'S No. 1 citizen for charity is Bob Hope, and we're proud as peacocks of him. There isn't a place in the world he wouldn't fly to for charity and work without drawing a nickel.

He's ham enough to love the publicity it brings him, but he does a monumental amount of good. Bob has literally made the millions that everybody believes Bing Crosby has stashed away in the vaults.

Money is talked about in our town of Hollywood more than elsewhere, perhaps because there's more of it around.

Bob, who could safely be called thrifty, has splurged on a private three-hole golf course valued at more than £37,000.

Never a cuss

I've watched him put on a performance in a base hospital for patients who looked better than he did, after he'd been driven half blind with fatigue by Army wives who wouldn't let him rest because he helped their husbands' chances for another promotion. Bob can't say no to anybody.

He would rather entertain 500 G.I.s than be handed £25,000. He's looked after the money he's earned, too.

He can joke about his money, along with religion, politics, and the Kennedys.

"Since it was reported that I'm worth around £10,250,000," he told me recently, "busloads of relatives have arrived at the house. We have 'em standing in corners instead of floor lamps."

He's irreverent, but never a dirty word does he utter, nor does he take the Lord's name in vain. I've been

with him days on end, and I've yet to hear a cuss word out of him.

Dolores Hope—they were married 28 years ago—and their four adopted children haven't seen Bob at home for the past eight Christmases because of his charity tours.

I spent one wonderful Christmas with Bob and his troupe. It was at Thule Air Base in Greenland, where our servicemen hadn't

seen a woman, except in the form of a nurse, in two years.

Anita Ekberg was one of our party. For stark honesty you couldn't beat the look on those G.I. faces when she was told to cover up in a fur coat because her gown had a low-and-behold neckline.

Another Christmas covered the South Pacific. Jayne Mansfield was along, a girl it's impossible to dislike, who's kind, anxious to please, and willing to do anything but cover herself up. Mickey Hargitay came too.

In the plane I peered out at the two of them in the seat behind me. He was painting her toenails for house-red. "She'd do the same for me," he said.

Her fan letters followed her all through the Pacific. She'd read a fresh batch before she'd eat, then grin down a stone-cold meal perfectly happy—her fans had fed her.

On Guam 7000 G.I.s stood up, cheered, and took pictures of her when she walked on stage, parading her mental shape.

Then, at my suggestion, Bob introduced Mickey. Should have kept my mouth shut. All 7000 G.I.s boomed him to the echo.

Twelve thousand marines on Okinawa marched downhill in formation to sit

The bare facts

A MOVIE queen has to be a born show-off before she wants to act, and when she finds she can get paid for it, too, her joy is unconfined.

Most of the breed don't hesitate for a second if today's producers of sex on celluloid call on them to do a Bardot, without benefit of bath towel.

I'm sure Liza Taylor enjoyed doing her bathing sequence for "Cleopatra."

Jean Simmons didn't object to playing stripped to the waist in one "Spartacus" scene that Kirk Douglas ordered to be shot.

And those calendar poses didn't bother Marilyn Monroe.

Even Garbo had some odd quirks when the cameras stopped rolling.

She used to go regularly to the house of some friends who had a big, secluded pool. Before she arrived, all the servants would be dismissed and her host and hostess would take themselves off for an hour or so, too.

Then Garbo undressed and, naked as a jay bird except for a floppy hat, swam gravely round and round in the water.

Katharine Hepburn is another home nudist, presumably finding it better than air-conditioning for keeping cool in summer.

After all, it's nature's way. Didn't we all come into the world stripped to the pelt?

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BATTLING BUILDERS



WHO, ME? Harry Dickens (John Astin) brandishes a reproachful hammer at his buddy Arch Fenster (Marty Ingels). Arch scrambles in and out of trouble in ABC-TV's new American comedy "I'm Dickens, He's Fenster."

● "I'm Dickens, He's Fenster" — and they're funny! In a half-hour series about two construction workers, John Astin and Marty Ingels construct comedy ranging from pure slapstick to gentle humor.

AS Harry Dickens, John Astin is serious and hard-working.

When he's given the chance, that is, Dickens' partner, Arch Fenster (Marty Ingels), is a waffle-brain with a talent for trouble.

The show is based on the ups and downs of their everyday lives.

Off-screen, John Astin and Marty Ingels have vastly different personalities. They must enjoy a "friendly" rivalry, and they make a point of getting on well with one another.

Astin says confidently, "We argue on the set about the way a scene should work, but underneath there is a firm base of solid friendship."

This is a credit to both men, for their backgrounds, training, and interests are worlds apart.

John Astin, whose father is director of the National Bureau of Standards in Washington, is a college graduate. He is married, with two young sons.

From the beginning he took show business seriously, and progressed from "little theatre" roles to Broadway. He has also appeared in a few movies, including "West Side Story" and "A Touch of Mink."

On the other hand, Marty Ingels comes from Brooklyn, and that neighborhood's traditional toughness shows in his determination to stay on top now he's there.

When he left school he lost job after job — barber's haircut model, wharf laborer, bookkeeper, delivery boy — because of the

laughter that followed him (he says) and "most of the answer was in my face."

Philosophically he adds, "All my life I've been saying 'good morning' and it's funny."

"People think I got no teeth. What I got is more lip than other people. Nothing wrong with my teeth — you just can't see 'em."

So he decided to be a clown.

Before landing his role in "I'm Dickens, He's Fenster," Ingels led a travelling life like the old-time vaudevillians.

Still a bachelor, he's now settled into a house in Hollywood, where he lives "if not hilariously, then in high good humor."

Considering all the differences between the

two men, the possibility of a flare-up between them is understandable.

And sometimes the sparks do fly — but Astin and Ingels always remember that a serious break would kill their show.

So they're careful.

Astin, for example, says, "I was looking for a comic actor and found myself faced with this pop-eyed clown who apparently didn't know the first thing about the basic seriousness of doing comedy . . ."

Then he adds, "I learned later he understands it instinctively without really knowing it."

"I'm Dickens, He's Fenster" is shown on Sydney's ABN2, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m. ABC-TV say it will be screened as soon as possible in other States.

Television

only from Heinz!
11 different
chicken dishes
just for baby



Chicken is one of the really important foods that help baby grow up . . . up . . . up . . . strong, straight and sturdy. And a balanced diet is just as important.

That's why Heinz makes as many as 11 different chicken dishes. Some for tiny babies, some for older babies ready to practise their chewing. With so many varieties, Heinz makes it easy for you to give your baby the body-building nourishment of chicken in a well-balanced diet.

And not only chicken of course. For Heinz makes more than 90 different Baby Foods in all. Only Heinz gives you this kind of variety. The variety that ensures a complete diet of balanced nutrition — the secret of thriving babies.

And isn't it nice to know all these Heinz Baby Foods are never further away than your nearest grocer or supermarket — all ready to heat and serve, straight from the can!

Trust Heinz to know what baby likes — and needs!

HEINZ BABY FOODS

every meal — every day 57

The
finest quality
sheets ever woven
in Australia

Bradmill

the SHEETS with
the linen-finish

Bradmill sheets are stronger and longer-lasting because they have more threads to the square inch. Bradmill sheets are guaranteed for six years. The next time you buy sheets or pillow cases, buy Bradmill.



63" x 100", 69/6 pr.
72" x 100", 78/- pr.
80" x 100", 84/3 pr.
90" x 100", 95/- pr.
Pillow cases, 7/3 each.

Prices vary slightly in South Australia.

B.165

ESOTÉRICA

fades weathered
brown spots



AGE SPOTS
BLEMISHES
ON
HANDS
FACE
NECK

* Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old — perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTÉRICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, makes hands look clear and young again. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin — not just on it. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating the skin as it clears those blemishes. If you have these age-revealing brown spots, blemishes, use ESOTÉRICA.

INTRODUCTORY SIZE 14/6 STANDARD SIZE 22/6
SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY

How to bring



● Right in fashion, the new-again charm of fur near the face. Luxurious fake fur available by the yard can replace the real thing. Note: Togetherness is a fresh word in fur fashions, like the wide-brimmed mushroom-shaped fur hat worn with a matching cravat (above).

● 1963 can be listed as the year to bring charm back into fashion. By charm, I mean attractive, easy-to-wear no-problem clothes.

Unless you count the shift, which is a dominant dress shape, it's a fashion season of infinite variety. As always there are lots of gimmicky clothes, but, with such a wide choice of design, they can be ignored.

The charm look can be interpreted by a feminine hat, anything "Chanelish," a graceful floor-length formal, fur, or a waisted dress in a flowery material. All these are in fashion.

Find your own charm look. It could change your fashion life — maybe your whole life. What's becoming and charming is good fashion for every woman.

—BETTY KEEP



● Chanel can be truly called the designer of the century. In her long life of fashion, she has produced more elegant charm clothes than any of her Parisian rivals. Typically Chanel is a slender, pink tweed coat with a printed silk bow-tie scarf, at left.

● A heady look in charm is seen in veil-trimmed spring hats. The one above, by Paris milliner Albouy, is made in navy and - white - spotted tulle. Bow-trimmed and worn with a navy veil, the hat is designed to flatter the new deflated hairstyle.

charm to your fashion life



● Flowery, bouffant, and waisted, a certain charm combination is seen above in a Jean Patou late-day dress. The colors, candy-pink and lilac on a flame-red background, are new and flattering. To complete the picture is a matching bandanna turban. Turbans are in.



● The neat-as-a-pin look can have great appeal and charm, especially when it includes a wide-brimmed tailored hat. At left, the look is portrayed in a double-breasted white wool gabardine coat. Accessories to note: Chic black-and-white fur cravat, black velour hat, and shiny black gloves and shoes.

● Shooting out into fashion's front line is the long evening dress, which gives every woman a chance to look her most charming. The one at right, by Jacques Heim, is made in pale pink linen and embroidered in shells. Note: Sleeves are again back in fashion.



Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The two-piece maternity ensemble illustrated below was chosen for a young mother-to-be who requested a suitable fashion for a late-afternoon party.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, and my reply:

"Would you design me a pretty maternity top and skirt for a party I have to attend? I want to make the top from 2½yds. of printed silk I

already have. I want the skirt to be black wool."

The design I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated below. The top is finished with a pretty ruffled sleeve; the skirt is slim in cut.

Please order according to bust size before pregnancy, as all our maternity patterns are drafted to allow room for expansion. Under

the illustration are details and how to order.

"What color shoes should I wear with a navy wool suit? A friend told me navy, but I can't match the shade."

Black shoes with navy are smarter than navy with navy. Black patent looks particularly new.

"Please plan me a basic year-round wardrobe."

Rather tall order! To give you this information I would need to know your occupation (this includes wife and mother), your social activities, and what comes your type. I suggest you list your activities and plan one appropriate outfit for each occasion. Buy what you can afford and start saving and planning for the others.

"I have a very straight-up-and-down figure and waisted dresses make me look rather square. What do you advise?"

I advise one of the new fashions that bypass the waist. Fashions in this category include the shift, the suit with an easy-fit jacket, and a low-belted dress which misses the waist altogether.



DS521. — Maternity top and slim skirt in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Top, 2½yds. 36in. material or 1½yds. 54in. material; skirt, 1½yds. 36in. material or 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney.

"What color jacket could I wear with a navy-blue dress?"

Rose-pink is new and becoming with navy.

"What type of hat do you consider suitable for a girl aged 15?"

A gamin hat like a peaked schoolboy cap or a tam-o'-shanter pulled down over one ear.

DO YOU?...



PAINT YOUR NAILS



PUT ON A FACE



HAVE A COLD



FEEL SAD AT TIMES



LOVE FRUIT



EAT HAMBURGERS



GO TO THE BEACH



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36 NEW HAIRSTYLES

● In this four-page collection of 36 hairstyles are in-the-news shapes and designs (some of them up-to-date versions of constant favorites) by top international stylists. The newest of all—the rounded, small-head look—is shown on this page.

Continued overleaf



STUNNING classic look (above) of smooth hair, round as a tennis-ball, with back "kick."



RIGHT: Eye-catching, much-talked-about Oliver hairdo. Both are top-fashion silhouettes.



BRAIDED effect of heavy chignon style for evening, topped with a narrow bow placed above and near the front hairline.



PEKING LOOK, another way to wear this year's hair. Soft waves over both ears; back hair is bow-tied, perhaps plaited.



LOOK of fashion in a curvy, ungimmicked hairdo that flows backwards in a controlled fall of hair on the nape of the neck.



SLEEK, round, slightly lifted version of the new paint-brush cut, with hair spreading on one youthful cheek from eye level.

Continuing THIRTY-SIX NEW WINGED WINNERS



EAGLE hairstyle (Paris calls it "Aiglon '63"), above, achieves its special look with short hair, whisker-like locks over cheeks, silky curls at nape.

PARTY hairdo (left), slightly high and narrow on top, brings lock of hair forward over one eye. For balance, there's a narrow ribbon bow on opposite side.



PRETTY pair of brush-cut (left) features off-to-one-side winged effect and hair covering the forehead in a sweeping movement.

SOFT, simple, and sprightly hairdo (right) that's not exactly smooth, is exactly curly, moves up on top and forward in front of the prettiest you could imagine.



DIFFERENT version of the eagle line (left) with lovelocks over cheeks and a forehead veiled with a brush of wayward bangs.



BRIEF, tip-of-ear-length style (right), with a tidy set of bangs, follows the shape of the head nicely. Short, flip-up ends are still top fashion news.

CAPS: SLEEK AND CURVED



LONGER, almost straight haircut with side quiff (above), transformed for evening with domed bun crisscrossed with several long Japanese hairpins.



CLOSE, curved gamin hairdo by Alexandre of Paris appears in three versions, above and at right. The daytime comb-out is simple and practical, with cheek and nape interest. For cocktails Alexandre scatters fake violets across the arc of the head, and for formal evenings there's a "mane" of lacquered hair and flowers that is a newsy item.



SMOOTH, natural lines (above) springing from a centre part and with deep reverse waves on both sides at ear level.



HIGH, wide, smooth-as-cream helmet shape (right) with a bumper bang and deep forward cheek curves.



CASUAL roundness (above) is accentuated ever so slightly for evening by raising the crown a trifle and brushing width into side sweeps that hide the ears.

HAIRSTYLES



TWO shapely views of elegant coin-head coiffure by Claude of Elizabeth Arden, Paris. Picture at right shows the deep, smooth flounce of hair on the "heavy" side of head, ABOVE, in profile, is the opposite (or thin) side showing hair pulled back and upwards into soft, rose petal curls.



FULL-BLOWN side puffs are essence of new coiffure at left, achieved with medium-short hair. The puffs frame the face artfully, draw attention to pretty eyes. Hair ends curve on to cheeks and touch the temples.



NEW UPSWEEPS

CLEAR, uncluttered effect of smooth, backswept locks (right) that bare the brow, show off a pretty neck, and spring into a rush of curls anchored below the crown.



TWO-WAY coiffure by Luc Traineau (above) shows a smooth, curved border of hair below clustering crown curls. Paris likes this line.



SKY - HIGH evening glamor of looped chignon (above), centre-parted bangs, and side ornament designed by Jacques of Helena Rubinstein, Paris.



NEW evening up-do (right) has pretty fake topknot, adapts to many face shapes and all sorts of hair lengths.



DUSK heralds the arrival of the full-dress spiral (above). Designed by Jacques Dessange of Paris, this is a truly high-fashion hairdo to wear with chic.



COVER GIRL up-sweep (right) goes high, wide, and feminine in a skillful weaving of wide curves, soft curls, and cheek swirls. Top hair is a matching pin-up.

SOPHISTICATED upswing (above) with a climbing chignon and bangs that sweep the forehead heavily.

SCULPTURED chignon (right) with hair flowing into bun, by Richard of Helena Rubinstein, Paris.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Concluding . . .

36 NEW HAIRSTYLES



ABOVE are two attractive adaptations of the new Galaxy Line for 1963 created by the Hair Fashion Council of the Master Hairdressers' Association of Victoria. This new look has been developed in line with latest overseas hair trends. For the Galaxy Line, hair should be between 3 and 3½ in. long at the crown and ½ in. on the nape of the neck. The daytime setting (above, left), called "Jupiter," is by stylist Barbara Walton. Points of interest are the smooth, flat front section brushed sideways, the fan of wisps at the temple. Back hair kicks up and forward to impart height. "Pluto," stylist Arthur McCabe's version of the new line (above, right), shows front hair pinned on the side, with a jewelled clip keeping it flat and smooth. Your hairdresser will copy these new styles for you.



STYLE-LEADER (right) that goes anywhere, anytime, curls softly round the face, lifts on the crown, has brush-bangs.



ABOVE: Styled in Paris, these two versions of the 1963-64 L'Opera hairline for day and evening wear are from the Syndicat de la Haute Coiffure Française. This is the world organisation accepted as the authority which creates and names new hair-dressing styles each season in harmony with high fashion. The "Opera" look is short, feminine, and high-rising; it sweeps off the forehead and breaks into wisps on the temples. The neckline is soft and very French looking. A young-looking style, it stays in place well and is just as suited to the older woman who is hair-conscious and able to wear the new shape attractively.



ALL SHAPE and hidden curl, this youthful hairstyle with back fullness is designed for longish hair that tapers into the neckline and flips into saucy points just below the cheekbones.



CASUAL, short hairstyle (left) features the popular long fringe springing from a central point on top; off-the-face sides. Back hair shapes into nape of neck.



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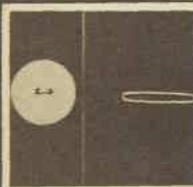
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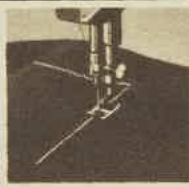
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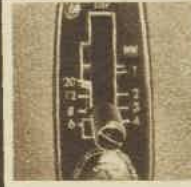
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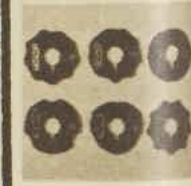
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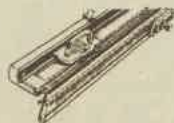


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SORAYA TELLS

From page 3

Wherever I went I found myself the victim of the crowd's curiosity. I had lost the protection of my Imperial Guards, but I was apparently not allowed the right to lead a normal private life.

I still shudder when I think of what happened in Genoa shortly after my divorce.

My mother had suggested that we go to Bermuda together, in order to get away from the immediate past. Since she does not enjoy flying, we had booked cabins on a liner. When we arrived at the station in Genoa a sea of human beings was waiting on the platform, for somehow the Italians had learned that we were on that train.

At first my mother did not wish to leave the train at all. But three carabinieri came into our compartment and said that they would escort us in safety to the exit. They had overestimated their powers. Before we knew what was happening the crowd broke over us like a tidal wave.

We were jostled and squashed by all these people until we feared we would be suffocated. Many of them were climbing on to the others in order to get a glimpse of us. The policemen had no idea what to do, and I shouted to my mother:

"Take care, don't fall, or you'll be trampled to death!"

A few seconds later she had vanished. I had no idea where she was, and now I became seriously worried. A carabinieri near or yelled at the top of his voice: "La mamma! La mamma!" Unfortunately this proved quite useless.

Meanwhile, the "mamma's" hat had been knocked off her head, and one of the Italians had picked her up in his arms. She kicked and fought, for nothing like that had ever happened to her before. "Let me go!" she shouted. "Let me go!" But the man took no notice and carried her to the exit.

Only when he had put her down, quite gently, in a waiting car did she realise that he was an official in civilian clothes.

The photographers pursued us all the way to our hotel. As if this were a Hollywood film of the silent days, our driver cut corners, zig-zagged, and shot down side streets in an attempt to shake them off.

We clung to our seats, and when at last we reached our destination both my mother and I were near to breaking point. And this was only the overture to a systematic persecution which for years on end was to poison my existence.

The four-room bungalow which we rented at the Newstead Guest House in Bermuda was right beside the ocean. We had no neighbors and for many weeks we saw no one save the guest-house's staff.

This was an ideal refuge for a woman in my mental state. I can say without exaggeration that I felt at that time as if I were a widow. I mourned the man whom I had loved.

WHEN I went back to Germany from Bermuda I was still afraid to meet people.

Luckily there are a few country clubs near Cologne which are not open to the public and where I could ride and swim without being disturbed. And on the occasions when I could not avoid going into town I disguised myself as best I could.

Once I wore a red wig with a fringe and long hair at the back to which I added a pair of spectacles. Thus disguised I went to the Domplatz, hoping that I would be taken for a student. Unfortunately it did not work. I had scarcely set foot in a shop before I heard one woman say to another: "Do you think that red hair suits Soraya?"

However, I began slowly to recover; I was accepting invitations once again and I was dancing. Even though my heart was often not in what I was doing, I tried my best to master my complexes. By so doing I now really aroused the Press.

It seemed to be expected that I should remain in mourning, and from the very first evening when I appeared once again in public with a male escort I became game for all the journalists.

The Shah and I had counted many journalists among our personal friends. But as an ex-Empress I now made the acquaintance of a type of newspaperman I had never met before.

So far as I can judge, these consist of scandal-mongers of both sexes. For these people my private life was a sort of serialised

novel in which something new must happen with each week's instalment. And when they had nothing new to report they fell back on their imaginations.

They invented quarrels between my parents and myself. They alleged that I could only re-marry with the Shah's permission. They made up love affairs for me, such as with a certain South American millionaire, "Baby" Pignatari, whom I had only met once in my life.

A mass-circulation Paris weekly created the special job of "Soraya reporter" for a member of its staff. A young man was employed the whole time to follow me about. Wherever I went, be it Rome, Athens, or Manhattan, I could rely on finding him in my hotel foyer.

His employers might well have saved themselves his travel expenses, for his articles were always nonsense.

The photographers liked to surprise me when dancing or when seated at a table with a gentleman. The impression was thus created that I spent almost every evening in a different nightclub. In fact I frequently did not go out at all for weeks on end, but this, of course, the public could not know, since when I stayed at home I was not photographed.

Many of the pictures were not taken in nightclubs but at private parties or in a hotel restaurant. We were usually 16 or 20 who sat down to dinner, and of course each lady had her male escort. But on my photographs the other people were always cut out, so that it looked as though I had been dining alone with whatever man was seated next to me.

OF course there were, from time to time, men who were genuinely interested in me and of them I shall have more to say later. This, incidentally, seems to me quite normal for a young woman of my age, and it is surely the opposite that would have been unnatural. Yet if I so much as danced a few times with the same man the papers spoke at once of a forthcoming engagement.

If the truth be told I do not particularly care for nightclubs, and if I had my way I would scarcely ever go to them. But when one is dining out, and after the meal the others suggest going on, it is hard to be a spoilsport. Even if one would rather go home, out of simple good manners one goes to a club, at least for a little while.

Meanwhile ever crazier reports about my private life were being published. Whole lists were printed of the men with whom I was supposed to flirt. To judge by these, I had surely beaten even Catherine the Great's world record.

What I now felt was no longer the panic terror of the first few months but a feeling of the deepest hopelessness.

I began to doubt my own identity. Who was I, when all was said and done? Would they ever let me find my own true self once again, or was I condemned to be forever the idol of the masses' dream world?

I settled in Munich in early 1961 and it was in the spring of that year that my parents made the acquaintance of a lawyer by the name of Dr. Erich Lichtenstein. They were worried about the state I was in and they asked him if he could help to save me from my persecutors. Although he was a corporation lawyer he promised to see what he could do.

In the course of the next ten months Dr. Lichtenstein systematically dealt with all the periodicals which published lies about me. Dozens of German, French, Italian, and other periodicals — known collectively in the trade as the "Soraya Press" — were told to deny or to correct false statements that they had made about me. In the worst cases damages were asked.

The results were astounding. Scarcely a single publisher was prepared to go to court. A few paid damages without even being asked. Others published lengthy admissions of error. All promised to stop persecuting me from now on. So I was at least given the chance to draw breath.

But many people still had fixed ideas about me which it would be extremely difficult to put right. Talking to some Californian friends, I told them about my problem. They suggested, in my interest:

"Why don't you write a book and get the record put straight once and for all?"

Queen Scheherazade, my legendary predecessor, beguiled her listeners into the magical world of the thousand and one



ENGAGED. Soraya was 12 years younger than the Shah, who had long since divorced his first wife, Princess Fawzia of Egypt.



WEDDING DAY. Soraya had just recovered from a severe illness. Her Dior gown of tulle and silver brocade weighed 40lb.



THE ROYAL IN-LAWS. The Shah sits between his bride and his mother at a movie show at the palace at Teheran. Behind them are his sisters: from right, Princesses Ashraf, Shams, Fatima; and in third row Soraya's handsome German mother.

nights. As a modern young Persian woman I have no caves filled with treasures nor magic lanterns nor flying carpets to offer. Yet my marriage gave me the possibility of observing Iran's history from the highest vantage point, and, as would any other woman, I saw much that men habitually ignore.

So I, too, have a tale to tell. And I am convinced that the simple truth will prove far more interesting than all the fairy stories that have hitherto been woven about me and my life.

LIKE all Persians I have a deep love of my country and even when abroad I am attached to my native land with all my heart. I think in Persian, write my letters in Persian. Although I am half-German, my awareness that I am by nationality a Persian woman is beyond dispute.

On the other hand I would probably still be the Empress of Iran if I had been able to accept unconditionally certain traditions. Many Persian women in my position would have agreed that the Shah should take a second wife, and would then have accepted unhappiness for the rest of their lives rather than lose their position.

It was my European education that saved me from this fate. I had other views on a woman's status, other ideas of love and marriage, the essence of which, in my

opinion, is the union of two human individuals.

I have my parents to thank that my mind should work in this way.

They are very different in character. My mother is by nature warm-hearted and impulsive. My father is more practical. He does not see the world in black and white, and when confronted by a problem he almost always discovers a sensible compromise. I think that I am a mixture of them both.

A romantic destiny brought my father and mother together.

In south-west Persia there had lived for centuries a nomadic race known as the Bakhtiari, or "Friends of Happiness." Most of them lived in tents, supported by their herds. They followed the sun. In the winter they drove their cattle southwards until they found grass, and in the summer they returned to the neighborhood of Isfahan.

The southernmost parts of the Bakhtiari country lie beyond several mountain ranges which can only be crossed with the help of mules. In Persia this wild country is regarded as a sort of Shangri-la, filled with valleys and oak forests whose inhabitants to this day make their bread from acorns.

The Bakhtiari country had been ruled by my family for 12 generations.

To page 56



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Page 30

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1963



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

No more psychology

My husband and I, being very keen on child psychology when we first married, decided to treat our children with respect and endeavor to reason with their tantrums, and explain the "dos" and "don'ts". After seven years of this we became weary of indulging them, and we also decided we weren't getting anywhere in turning out "ideal" children. Now we have changed our tune. We remain very firm when we strike stubbornness, we do not explain why we use discipline—and to our surprise the children respect us more for being so sure and determined and are much happier.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. J. Moore, Floreat Park, W.A.

Public hair-combers

WHY do some hatless women—and men—comb their hair in shops, buses, cafes, and lifts? Hair and dandruff everywhere. Besides being a grave breach of good manners, this is a particularly unhealthy habit!

£1/1/- to "A Victim" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

Her whistling baby

MY 12-month-old daughter has been whistling merrily for the past two months. The tempo increases and decreases according to the speed of her crawl. Have other mothers got whistling babes?

£1/1/- to "Whistler's Mother" (name supplied), Watson, Canberra.

A wedding-ring problem solved

MY mother, my sister, and I live in different parts of the State and at one of our rare meetings we found ourselves discussing individual wedding-ring problems. My ring and my sister's had lost their designs and worn thin, while mother's plain heavy ring caused her so much discomfort it was only worn on outings for conventional reasons. At this stage of the discussion we decided to have our three wedding rings melted down and made into evenly weighted bands, which please us all immensely.

£1/1/- to "Pleased Participant" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

Bunny moves up the scale

REMEMBER how housewives used to pride themselves on making rabbit taste like chicken? Has anyone noticed lately that chickens are not as expensive as they were, and that rabbits are becoming dearer? Maybe there will come a time when the housewife will use her culinary skill to make chicken taste like rabbit.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Thomas, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Why not "Smokers Anonymous"?

JUDGING by the good work done by Alcoholics Anonymous, I wonder if something on the same lines could be done to help heavy smokers and those wishing to rid themselves of the habit.

£1/1/- to "Smoker's Wife" (name supplied), Salmon Gums, W.A.

The lettuce got laundered

MY sister-in-law on a recent visit here after living in Suva said that one day she paid 10/- for a crisp lettuce flown in from New Zealand. Handing it to the housegirl, she asked her to wash it. The housegirl did just that—in water and soapflakes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Jackson, East Brighton, Vic.

Children and poker machines

DO other parents have trouble with their children using poker machines? Last month I took my children to a fete where we found the machines. My son put in 2/- and won 5/-. Gradually his winnings increased until he had £2. This was all very well, until he started "investing" it again and lost the lot. I feel this taught him a lesson.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Drexler, Waverley, N.S.W.

Reading really absorbs her

EVERY time my wife is reading a book or a magazine she cuts herself off from the rest of the world, and when someone attempts to talk to her she lets them rattle on for half an hour, undisturbed. But when she is asked something she looks up, quite amazed, and says, "Oh! I wasn't listening." Have other readers any suggestions how to cure this habit?

£1/1/- to "Discommunicated" (name supplied), Nuri-noppa, S.A.

Odd honeymoons

LIKE "Dee Dee" (Tas.), who had an unusual honeymoon touring Tasmania in a horse and cart, we also travelled round, but in a different way. We undertook to take some circus equipment from Bomaderry, South Coast, N.S.W., to Orbost, in Victoria, by motor-truck. We carried the lion cage and the lions on our truck, which we had hired for the honeymoon. We spent three weeks with the circus and thoroughly enjoyed it. Each night we would stay in a boarding-house or hotel, and after each show the truck would be loaded up with its cargo of lions to take off again. Over the years since we have met many members of the troupe and talked over the happy time we spent with them and the circus.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Veronica Webber, Scarborough, Qld.

HOW I envy "Dee Dee" and her peaceful, ambling honeymoon. I was married in India in 1941. Originally we were going to laze on a houseboat in Kashmir for our honeymoon, but, because my husband was a witness at a court martial, we had to go to Peshawar instead. We arrived at the hotel late at night and—unknown to us—anti-Jap invasion exercises had been scheduled for that week. At 3 a.m. land-mines exploded, machine-guns chattered, all electricity was turned off—and we were emptied out of our room into the nearest air-raid shelter, falling into slit-trenches en route. A year later we had a second honeymoon, which was much more peaceful.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Margaret Smith, Dandenong, Vic.

WE, too, had a horse-and-cart honeymoon. My man was then a bullock-driver. We spent our honeymoon on Barrington Tops, N.S.W.

£1/1/- to "Old Timer" (name supplied), Gresford, N.S.W.

THREE couples, all friends, married on the same day.

Two of them had expensive honeymoons—but ours was most inexpensive. We went opal-mining at Coober Pedy, in northern South Australia. Living underground, we felt we were in another country. It was great fun. We saved our money for our home instead of spending it on a luxury honeymoon.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Ross, Henley Beach, S.A.

"DEE DEE'S" honeymoon calls to mind a New Zealand couple we met on the Ninety-Mile Desert near Keith, South Australia. They were travelling all over Australia in a horse-and-buggy contraption. Their main luggage was the pony's bag of chaff, which monopolised most of the room in the vehicle.

£1/1/- to T.M.S. (name supplied), Brighton, Vic.

WHEN I married, my husband said: "We'll have a honeymoon when the fruit crop is marketed." Now, 30 years later, I have had neither honeymoon nor holiday. Can one ever hope for a change of scene?

£1/1/- to "Y Wurrrie" (name supplied), Dural, N.S.W.

MARRIED in Armidale, N.S.W., 58 years ago, we spent our honeymoon travelling in a little hooded buggy with a little chestnut pony. As we left Armidale and drove up the rugged track on the Guyra Pinch it began to snow. You could scarcely believe that the view could be so beautiful. On top of the Pinch the pony seemed tired, so we stopped to have a look round and found a big rock, which opened into a cave. It was about 6ft. high and we could easily stand up in it. We made a fire, had a meal, and fed the pony, and, as the snow was very thick, we got the rug, seat, and cushions out of the buggy and stayed the night in the cave, the opening of which was just large enough to squeeze the pony in. The next day on our journey we discovered that we had stayed in "Thunderbolt's Cave." Many years later, when our children had grown up, we set out to find the cave and show them. Alas we could not find it. With the building of a new road it had been blasted away.

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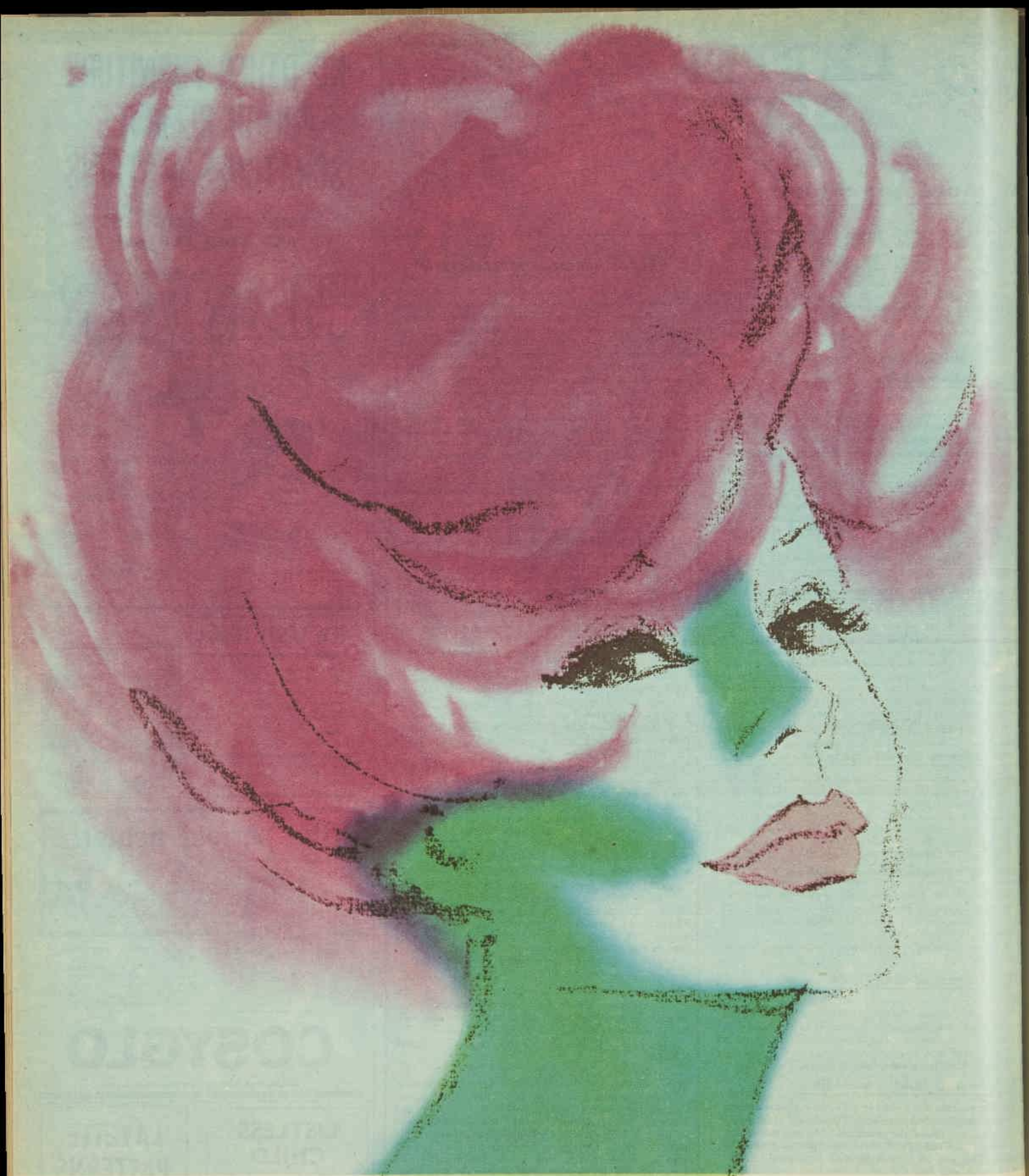
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Ross Campbell is on holidays. His column will be resumed on his return.



THE YUM-YUM GIRL

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT ROBERTS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1963

She was beautiful, so delectable, and as soon as he saw her he knew she was exactly the girl he needed to launch the most spectacular campaign...

LET us open on a pleasant note — say, a girl in a shower. She is startlingly pretty, this girl, and she is also startlingly tall—five feet eleven without shoes. Her name is Henrietta Harmony; she is twenty-three; and at the moment she is ducking her head to keep the water away from her hair. She is humming a plaintive little song, and her face is set in the most serious lines, for Henrietta is a serious soul.

We now move three blocks north and one block west to the dishevelled Grammercy Park apartment of one Peter Finn, rising young account executive for the advertising agency of Poindexter, Poindexter, and Grunch. Mr. Finn is thirty, hung-over, and harried, for as far as he knows on this lovely Sunday morning in May he may well be a falling young account executive. The Yum-Yum account is the problem. "Problem" is an understatement.

[We have not forgotten Henrietta, as you shall see; but as she still has three dreary choruses to go, we will do much better to look in on Mr. Finn for a while. His feet are up on the window seat; he has his second cup of coffee in his hand, and he is talking to his photographer friend, Jim O'Rourke.]

"I tell you, James, it was like D-Day. There we were, all sitting around the office waiting for Old Man Bolingbroke to come in with the very first samples of Yum-Yum that the world had ever seen. It was a historic moment. There was an electric hush. You never saw such serious people."

"What the devil is Yum-Yum?" said O'Rourke.

"A new soft drink," said Peter, "which is the apple of Old Man Bolingbroke's bleary eye. He's had his laboratories working on it for a year and a half."

"Is it any good?"

"It doesn't have quite as much sparkle as soda-water," said Peter. "It's more sour than ginger-ale, but not as sweet as lemonade. It tastes like the juice you'd get from some natives trampling all night on a lot of old papaw skins."

"You sold me," said O'Rourke. "I'll take three cases."

"Shut up," said Peter. "I know it's awful, and everybody at the agency knows, too; but the client thinks it's the greatest thing since free silver, and that is all that matters. Old Man Bolingbroke holds up the million-dollar hoop and we all go sailing through it like the little dogs at the circus. We sat there sipping Yum-Yum while Old Man Bolingbroke beamed. Grunch went green, but he finished his glass, and then he licked his lips and said, 'Delicious!' He's got the nerve of a burglar, that Grunch."

"Maybe they could change all the labels and sell it as a disinfectant," said O'Rourke.

"Shut up," said Peter. "Bolingbroke stabbed me with his bony finger and said, 'Finn, you've got a great property here, and you're going to come up with a campaign that will sell-sell-sell it!' So I said, 'Yes-yes-yes, sir! If I don't come up with a campaign I'll be whipped through the belt and broken to the media room.'"

"Yum-Yum is good for your tum-tum," mused O'Rourke.

"Please," said Peter.

"Come, come. Buy some — some Yum-Yum."

"I'm going down to Angelo's to pick up another pound of coffee," said Peter. "You keep on thinking, pal."

O'Rourke tapped his hands rhythmically on the side of his chair. "Don't want rum or gum," he sang softly, "just a little old nip of, little old sip of, good old Yum-Yum."

"Goodbye James," said Peter, closing the door.

Henrietta is out of her shower now. She has patted herself dry and is standing by the window with the towel trailing from her hand, gazing at the scraggly tree in the back yard and running through the sleepwalking scene in her head. She is going to have to do it at the Gregory Mestrov Studios, and some of the words are pretty long, and she wants to be sure to have them right.

So far Henrietta has not bothered to put on any clothes,

and with the sun streaming in on her through the half-open window, she is quite a fetching sight. In a moment, however, she will dress, and then she will discover that she needs coffee. (Guess where she goes to get it?)

Angelo's is a cool, dark, spicy-smelling little store, fragrant with the intermingled odors of cheese and freshly ground coffee.

Peter got there first and bought a pound of the special mix from Angelo, who is a wispy little man with a bald head and the gentlest of smiles. Just as Peter paid and turned to go the bell on the front door tinkled and Henrietta walked in.

Peter looked up casually and then stared. It was the Magic Moment — Newton rubbing his head where the apple hit it, Archimedes looking at the bath water slopping over on to the floor.

Sink me! thought Peter. The Yum-Yum Girl!

Henrietta went to the counter without looking at him. Her hair was caught up casually in a bandanna and she was wearing a faded blue shirt and a pair of nondescript slacks. She looked ravishing. "A pound of the usual, Angelo," said Henrietta.

"Right away, Mees Redhead," said Angelo. "On the hop."

"Mees Redhead," said Peter, "I cannot begin to tell you how delighted I am that our paths have crossed."

Henrietta swung around to examine him with her guileless blue eyes. "What?" she said.

"My name is Peter Finn," said Peter, "and I am about to make you the most famous girl in New York."

"My name is Henrietta Harmony," said Henrietta, "and I am about to call a policeman."

"No cops, Mees Redhead," said Angelo, back with her coffee. "Meesater Finn is a good young man. Crazy, yes. Dangerous, no. Right, Meesater Finn?"

"Right," said Peter, running a cool and practised eye up and down Henrietta. "Five eleven. Nine stone."

"Nine stone two."

"That your own hair?"

"Certainly!"

"Smile, dear."

Henrietta smiled automatically before she realised what she was doing.

"Good teeth, too," said Peter soberly. "You can close your mouth now, dear."

"Well!" said Henrietta. "If you don't get out of my way and let me out of this store —"

"Mees Redhead," said Angelo quickly, "trust me. You can trust him."

"I don't want to trust him," said Henrietta. "I don't want to have anything to do with him. And now, if you'll excuse me —"

Peter followed her out into the bright sunshine. "Miss Harmony," he said, falling in step with her, "just give me two minutes. Two tiny minutes."

Henrietta lengthened her stride and Peter lengthened his.

"I was not kidding about famous," said Peter. "Billboards, magazines, newspapers, television commercials. Money, money, money. Are you going to stand still so I can tell you what this is all about?"

Henrietta stopped short. She didn't go so far as to smile, but at least she didn't scream. "Two minutes," she said, "for I am a very busy girl, and I have much rehearsing to do before I see Gregory Mestrov tonight."

"Give it to you in shorthand," said Peter. "New soft drink coming out. Yum-Yum. Great big operation. Need symbol. Shirts — guy with eye patch. Tyres — kid with candle. Yum-Yum — what? Came to me in a flash. Six-foot redhead with Yum-Yum bottle. All over New York, always happy, refreshed. The Yum-Yum Girl! Take about a month to get all pictures. Lots of loot, Red. What say?"

"Don't know what say," said Henrietta. "I mean, I don't know what to say. I don't want to take any time away from my acting. One of these days I am going to

be a very important tragic actress. Gregory Mestrov is convinced of it."

"Uh-huh," said Peter. "You will have all the time you need for your acting, Miss Harmony."

"I will also need time for my job at the bookstore."

"With what you make as Miss Yum-Yum, you can buy a bookstore," said Peter.

"Never you mind," said Henrietta. "The bookstore job is steady. One more thing. No hanky-panky. I am a very serious girl."

"There will be no hanky-panky whatsoever, Miss Harmony," said Peter, looking her in the eye with great dignity. "To me, you will be nothing more than a delectable photographic prop, as sexy as the Grand Canyon, let us say."

"Thank you, Mr. Finn," said Henrietta.

They walked to Peter's apartment, the tall young redhead and the slightly taller young man. The sun was warm but not hot; the breeze was gentle; and behind its iron palings, Grammercy Park was green and alive with springtime.

"Took you long enough," said Jim. He didn't turn around when he heard the apartment door open.

"I have a surprise for you, O'Rourke," said Peter.

"Doughnuts," said Jim happily.

"Even better," said Peter, bowing Henrietta into the room. "I give you the Yum-Yum Girl — the future toast of New York!"

Jim swung around in his chair and then almost fell off it. "That bone structure!" he said huskily. "That face! Smile, dear."

"She has already smiled for me," said Peter. "She is sound as a nut."

"We go right over to the studio," said Jim.

"No more than an hour for everything!" warned Henrietta.

"You are talking to the fastest photographer in the business," said Jim. "Away we go."

And away they went to Jim's combination apartment-studio, a converted loft overlooking the East River. Jim worked briskly and efficiently, while Peter chain-smoked and suggested poses and moods. Henrietta was shot full face, profile, and three-quarters; looking sad, looking pleased, looking wistful.

"Thank you, Miss Harmony," said Peter finally. "I'll call you tomorrow. You're in plenty of time for your date with Gregory Whoever."

"Mestrov," said Henrietta. "He says I'm going to be a very —"

"Yes, dear," said Peter. "What time can I be sure of reaching you?"

"Between six and six-thirty, I fix myself a little cereal, that and some coffee, for at seven I have to be ready to meet —"

"Uh-huh," said Peter. "I'll call you at six-fifteen. Look both ways when you cross the street. Stay out of draughts. I don't want anything to happen to you just yet, Miss Harmony."

"Oh, I'm a very careful girl, Mr. Finn," said Henrietta. She nodded at them solemnly and left.

Peter and Jim went to the window and watched her sway gracefully down the street, her hair bright in the reflected river sunlight.

"If she looks like that on cereal," said Jim, "what the hell would she look like on steak?"

"Don't be greedy," said Peter.

They inspected the untouched proofs late that night.

"Nobody looks like that," said Peter happily, peering over Jim's shoulder. "A little bit of Hepburn, a hint of Grace Kelly. Grunch is going to flip."

And the next morning, when Peter told him the Yum-Yum Girl plan and showed him the proofs, Grunch did flip. "Finn," said Grunch, his little ringmaster's moustache quivering with excitement, "you have the potential here for the greatest campaign since Crunchy Nuts, Finn!"

To page 34

A charming short story BY JOHN LATHAM TOOHEY

"Thank you, sir," said Peter.

"We'll now go over and show the pictures to Old Man Bolingbroke," said Grunch, rubbing his hands. "We will curl his toupee for him. We will open his ancient eyes to what a good advertising agency can do, eh, Finn?"

Old Man Bolingbroke affected wing collars, a big oak desk with claw feet, and a dim pannelled office unchanged since the days of the Stamp Act. Peter stood in front of the desk, with Grunch perched hawklike on a chair at one side and Old Man Bolingbroke slumped behind the desk in a creaking swivel chair.

"All right, Finn," said Old Man Bolingbroke in the wheezy whine he used for a voice. "It's a blazing hot day. I'm a grubby kid with a dime in my hand. I'm a workman wanting to wash down a sandwich at lunch. Why am I going to buy Yum-Yum?"

"Because you're in love with the Yum-Yum Girl, that's why!" said Peter. He slapped the edge of the desk with the envelope of photographs. "Because you're going to see this beautiful red-head every time you open a magazine or a newspaper! Yum-Yum will pull you like a magnet!"

"No young lady is that spectacular," said Peter. He tossed the envelope across the desk.

Old Man Bolingbroke opened it and began riffling through the pictures.

"The only danger I can see," said Grunch, "is the possibility of Yum-Yum riots. Runs on grocery stores. Disappointed mobs turning ugly at supermarkets."

OLD Man Bolingbroke began to goggle with pleasure deep in his turkey neck of a throat. He reached out shakily for a little silver bell on his desk and rang it. A secretary burst in on the double. "Bring a tray of Yum-Yum, Miss Crawford."

"Put mine in a big glass, Miss Crawford," said Grunch, with the wild, transfixed look of a martyr about to present himself to a lion.

"Damndest-looking girl I've ever seen," said Old Man Bolingbroke. "You are a genius, Finn!"

Miss Crawford came back with the tray, and the three of them rose and lifted their glasses high.

"The Yum-Yum Girl!" said Peter.

He called Henrietta at six that night. "You're in, Miss Harmony," he said. "They bought you and the campaign — lock, stock, and dimple."

"Uh-huh," said Henrietta through a mouthful of cereal. "I've got to eat and study before I meet—"

"The first picture's tonight, in Times Square," said Peter with some exasperation. "We've got a room at the Astor you can change and make up in."

"Room at the Astor?" said Henrietta doubtfully.

"Unless you would prefer to change your clothes in front of the Astor," said Peter.

"Why do I have to change my clothes at all?"

"Because," said Peter, closing his eyes and praying for patience, "you are now the Yum-Yum Girl, Miss Harmony. It is no longer enough for you to be ravishing. You must also be chic. Ninety-three O.K.?"

"That's when I leave the studio," said Henrietta. "Pick me up on Bleecker Street. And when you come in, don't make any noise. Gregory hates to be interrupted. I've seen him pick men up and throw them right out the

door. Big men. In the air, I mean."

"Oh, I wouldn't like that at all," said Peter. "I'll be very quiet."

He got to the dingy Bleecker Street brownstone at twenty-past nine. Gregory Mestrov Studios took up the top floor. Peter tapped gently on the door, got no answer, and pushed it open. He found himself in a long, narrow room. Way down at the other end, Henrietta was standing on an improvised stage, with eight or ten beards and ponytails slouched near her on folding chairs. A bald, husky man in a T-shirt was listening to her intently as she finished the sleepwalking scene from "Macbeth."

Peter listened intently, too, with horrified fascination. It took him no more than fifteen seconds to realise that Henrietta was not merely a poor actress, but a spectacularly bad one, and her serene loveliness only underlined her deficiencies. The scene ended, and he waited for the thunder from the T-shirt.

"Superb!" boomed Gregory. Peter's eyebrows went up in pained incredulity.

"Superb," he murmured. "I must be going mad."

Gregory lifted his thick arms to help Henrietta down from the stage and then walked with her toward Peter, his right arm loose around her waist. For all her height, Henrietta suddenly looked defenceless and almost frail. The dove and the hawk, thought Peter. And what difference does it make to you?

"Mr. Mestrov, Mr. Finn," said Henrietta.

"Oh, yes, you told me," said Gregory. "The Yum-Yum boy."

"That's what all the fellows call me," said Peter.

Gregory stuck out his huge hand. Peter stuck out his. Gregory smiled and crunched. Peter smiled and crunched back.

"H-m-m," said Gregory, loosening his grip. "You take pictures with my Henny, eh? The Yum-Yum Girl? Crazy!" He laughed and tightened his arm around Henrietta's waist.

"Lady Macbeth is only one little part, one of many," he said. "Ten weeks this summer of work and sweat and more work and she is ready for anything — Hedda, Medea, who knows? Eh, Henny?"

He squeezed Henrietta, and she smiled at him, a touching smile, timid and trusting and altogether vulnerable.

"I've got a photographer and a dresser waiting," said Peter briskly. "So if you're through here for now—"

"She is through," said Gregory. "Go take your pictures, boy. Have fun." He guffawed and slapped Peter hard on the shoulder, then turned and strode down the room to the ponytails and the beards.

"Nice fellow," said Peter, thoughtfully rubbing his shoulder.

They taxied to the Astor, and while Henrietta went upstairs Peter hunted up Jim in the lobby. "I just met a character named Gregory Mestrov," he said.

"Uh-huh," said Jim. He had two cameras slung around his neck and a Yum-Yum bottle in his jacket pocket.

"Gregory Mestrov," said Peter, "is a cad and a bouncer, who is obviously softening up our Miss Harmony for some major hanky-panky."

"You don't say," said Peter. "I do say. You should see that big, insincere ape play up to her."

"Hey!" said Jim. "Jealous?"

"I just don't like insin-

cerity," Peter said sullenly.

"Sure," said Jim. "Her looks don't count."

Henrietta came gliding into the lobby in tattered pants and a blue silk bolero, and every head in the lobby promptly swung around, as if they were all on a master switch.

"Brother," said O'Rourke. "I feel weird," said Henrietta as she came up to them. "Everybody's looking at me."

"That was the thought behind the outfit, Miss Harmony," said Peter, very businesslike. "Shall we go outside?"

"I suppose I have to. Now that I'm this far."

So they went out into Times Square and shot the first of the Yum-Yum Girl pictures with a comparative minimum of confusion: just a few minor collisions as stunned drivers jammed on their brakes for a better look, and a few leering catcalls from the leather-jacket set, and a brief encounter with a near-sighted cowboy, who was convinced by the tattered pants that Henrietta was a man and kept addressing her as Mac. He was possibly the most near-sighted cowboy ever seen in Manhattan.

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FOR THE CHILDREN



"You've been very cooperative, Miss Harmony," said Peter in the taxi later. "If we're going to be doing this for the next few weeks," Henrietta said, "I suppose we may as well get on a first-name level."

"Henrietta," said Peter, mildly surprised at how pleasant the name seemed on his lips.

"Peter," said Henrietta.

"But on a strictly business basis."

"On a strictly business basis."

The days flew by, the pictures piled up, and great was the jubilation at Poindexter, Poindexter, and Grunch, for Old Man Bolingbroke was happy as a clam with the pictures, and there is nothing so soundly satisfying for an advertising agency as a happy client. Henrietta was shot in a rowboat in Central Park and at dawn on the Staten Island ferry with the Statue of Liberty looming black and stately behind her, and on Sunday in the middle of spooky, deserted Wall Street.

Peter and Jim perched her on the bow of the Queen Mary and on one of the solemn lions at the public library. They got one superb shot of her at the Bronx Zoo, offering her ubiquitous Yum-Yum bottle to a passing yak. The yak declined.

Whenever Peter picked up Henrietta at the studios he and Gregory exchanged nothing more than frozen smiles. The bookstore was pleasant,

a quiet, dusty little shop on a village side street. It was run by an amiably addled old lady, who was positive that Peter was up to no good with her lovely assistant. But she liked Peter, anyway, and fed him great quantities of tea and shortbread on those occasions when he had to wait.

"Henrietta's a nice girl," she said late one afternoon.

"Indeed she is," said Peter. "Pretty as a pewter, hard worker, nice. But foolish, too. Easy to bruise. Bear that in mind, young man."

"Indeed I will."

"Think she'll ever make an actress?"

"Not in ten million years."

"Told her so myself," said the old lady, "but she's stubborn. Have a lot more tea."

The last Yum-Yum pictures were set for Coney Island on a Saturday night early in June. They drove there in Jim's car, with the top down. Henrietta's hair snapped like a flag in the salty breeze, and the moon was full and bright in a cloudless sky. They barreled down the Belt Parkway, Jim whistling, Peter and Henrietta strangely pensive.

"Funny to think this whole deal is almost over," said Peter.

"M-m-m," said Henrietta. "Funny to think that to-

confusion of lights below. Henrietta clutched Peter, her cheek soft and warm against his, and Peter clutched her, and the "Screaming Meemie" went clank-clank-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh! They stayed locked in the forced embrace until they felt the car slow down, and then they drew apart and looked at each other for a long few seconds.

"Well!" said Henrietta. "How's for buying a girl a beer? Nerves, you know?"

"I know," said Peter. "Beer it is." Toused and exhilarated, they piled off the roller coaster, picked up Jim, and walked arm in arm to a bright, noisy tavern, for pizza and beer.

There was a jukebox, and while they waited for the pizza Peter danced with Henrietta—and discovered that she was better as a dancer than as an actress.

After they'd eaten, Peter lifted his glass with a flourish. "A final toast," he said. "To the Staten Island ferry and the Bronx Zoo. To the library lion and the Tunnel of Love. And to the memory of the Yum-Yum Girl, who shall forever be part of all these things. Skool!"

"I'll drink to that," said Jim.

They drank to it. Henrietta sniffled. "Now that it's all over," she said sadly, "it's beginning to seem as if it had all been so much fun."

"Oh, modelling is fun," said Peter carefully. "For the good ones, anyway. And you'll be hot as a four-dollar pistol once this campaign breaks."

"But acting comes first. A good tragic actress can last a lot longer than a model. Look at Katharine Cornell, for instance. Gregory Mestrov says—"

Peter banged his fist on the table. All the beer glasses joined in a happy little jig. "Gregory Mestrov needs to have his thick head examined or pounded on!" he said, so loud that eight people turned around.

"Peter!" said Henrietta. "Believe me," said Peter passionately. "Gregory Mestrov's plans for you do not stop at Hedda or Medea, if they even reach that far, which I seriously doubt. His plans are much earthier, shall we say. I saw that look in that Slavic eye."

"Don't be silly," said Henrietta indignantly. "Gregory doesn't think of me that way at all. Any more than you do." Her voice trailed off.

"This is heady listening for an old man like me," said Jim. "Keep it up, children."

"I think I want to go home," said Henrietta in a small voice. "I've got a lot of packing to do."

"At your service, ma'am," said Peter.

They went back to New York the same way they'd come, but it was too cold to have the top down, and the moon was hiding, and Jim didn't do much whistling.

Jim showed up at Peter's apartment a little after noon the next day. "You look as if a dog dragged you in," he said, staring at Peter's face. "An unfashionable dog."

"No sleep," said Peter. "I wonder if she's out of town yet."

"She's leaving Grand Central at one o'clock."

"How do you know?"

"I called her up as how I know," said Jim. "You ever hear of the telephone? Number, please. When you hear the signal, the time will be—"

"Shut up," said Peter. "Speaking of time, how much have we got?"

"Thirty-eight minutes."

"Still ample time to say goodbye to Gregory Mestrov," said Peter. "It is really the least we can do."

"Thirty - seven minutes," said Jim.

The car snarled its way like an angry whippet up Park Avenue in the Sunday sunlight. They made the station at twelve minutes to one, and it was another three minutes before they found the only one-o'clock train that was heading for Maine. Gregory Mestrov was far down the platform deep in animated conversation with a porter. Henrietta was nowhere in sight.

Peter and Jim stood briskly to Gregory, who looked at them with some surprise. Then he smiled condescendingly. "The Yum-Yum boy!" he said. "Come for a last look at my Henny!"

"Not exactly," said Peter. "Come to say you are a cad and heartless brute."

Gregory laughed shortly and flexed his enormous shoulders. The top of his head was glistening with sweat. "I hated that face of yours in sight, boy," he said. "I'm now going to rearrange it." He swung a left from somewhere out in Siberia.

Peter stepped inside it and popped him on the chops. Gregory sat down with a thud.

"My, my," said the porter. "You never thought he could act," said Peter.

Gregory shook his head in clear it. "I am going to go up now and pull you in little pieces," he said. "So don't no good as an actress. This is my business."

Henrietta appeared in the doorway of the train just in time to hear this.

"My business now," said Peter. "Come on, Raspuzin."

Gregory got up and snorted and made a bull-rush at Peter. Peter did a little dance step and clipped him with a right jab, and Gregory collapsed on to the platform.

"My, my," said the porter, fascinated.

"Knock him down again and you get to keep him," said Jim.

THERE was again, for Gregory was sleeping like a baby.

"I wake him up in time for his train," the porter said.

Peter turned to Henrietta, who hadn't said a word, she was just staring down at Gregory.

"He really didn't think I was any good," she murmured.

"You are not going to Maine," said Peter sternly. "Neither are you going to weep, hear me?"

Henrietta looked at him, her eyes bright.

"So you're not Lady Macbeth," said Peter. "And you're not Katharine Cornell."

They began to walk down the platform, with Jim a discreet ten feet behind. He was carrying Henrietta's suitcase and smiling to himself.

"All my life—" Henrietta said it sadly, shaking her head.

"I have news for you," said Peter. "Life Number Two starts right now. We are coming downtown. You have many things to discuss with me and I, not the least of them the wrap-up of the Yum-Yum campaign."

"Oh, Peter," said Henrietta.

"Only one thing," said Peter. "No hanky-panky. It's a serious fellow."

"Oh, Peter," said Henrietta.

Let us close on a pleasant note. There was really a great deal of hanky-panky, if the truth be told.

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THE YEARS AHEAD

A new way of life lay waiting for
Edith and her husband . . . an
appealing short story

By LELAND WEBB



"Why don't you take a holiday?" Clay suggested gently to Edith
as they sat talking in the suddenly empty and quiet house.

WITHIN the space of a single week, twenty-five years of hoping and striving came to an abrupt end for Clay and Edith Fowler, and they found themselves, as they were at the beginning of their marriage, alone together.

On Monday they drove down to the university and thrilled almost to bursting as their son, Boyd, strode to the platform and delivered the valedictory for his class. For all that they heard of his speech, Boyd might have been reciting the "begat" passages from the Bible; afterward, neither could remember a word of it. He was their first-born, he stood as tall as a prince, he spoke like an archangel; Clay and Edith were too weak to join in the thunder of handclaps at the end.

On Thursday Edith sat in church, surrounded by members of her family and Clay's, but more alone than she had ever been. Presently, managing to look both foolish and splendid, Clay came down the aisle with their elder daughter, Shirley, on his arm; behind him, ten measured paces, Boyd followed with his younger sister, Chloe. At the altar, in what seemed to them a dismayingly brief ceremony, Clay gave away both of their daughters to suddenly strange young men.

On Sunday afternoon they drove Boyd to the airport. There Edith received a kiss on both eyes and a hug from which her ribs would ache for a week. Clay received a hard handshake, a nose pull, and three stout blows on the chest. Then Boyd boarded a plane for San Francisco, where he was to take a ship for the country of Djipurnam in the Far East, where he would spend three years with a Government-sponsored research team.

Because it seemed necessary and important that they should do so, Clay and Edith remained on the concourse until Boyd's plane was out of sight. Then they drove home through a Sunday afternoon filled with bright yellow sunshine, altogether lovely, splendidly serene and exquisitely terrible.

"I feel as though I've been dressed up for ages and ages," Edith said as they came back into the living-room after changing clothes. "Doesn't the house seem so huge, all of a sudden? Before there never seemed to be enough room. Shall I make tea? Or would you rather have a drink? I'll have tea, but you have what you want, Clay. Would you like a sandwich, too? There's cold tongue in the refrigerator, and I think we have bread still—"

She started. He had come up quietly behind her and put his hands on her shoulders.

"I'll have a cup of tea and the sandwich," he said. He kept his hands on her shoulders. "Not just now, though. Just now I think you should turn around and tell me all about it, as if I didn't already know. Then, if you want to, you can cry bucketsful on my shoulder."

But when she turned under his hands, as he had known

there would not be, there were no tears, only the stubborn refusal to cry, on her face.

"Don't start saying nice, soothing things to me, Clay Fowler," she said. "I'm silly enough as it is. But I'm just not used to having only a husband to please, and I don't seem to know how to go about it."

She lowered her head and butted him in the chest, a gesture out of childhood, a way she had when overcome with feeling. When she raised up, she was composed.

"It may be like skating," he said. "You know, one of those things you never really forget. Go on and fix the tea and the sandwich I was offered." He shook her roughly. "Especially since you're not going to cry."

As she walked away from him, he looked after her and thought that it would have been better for her, for them, if she had turned and cried on his shoulder. But she would never do that, not Edith; that slight, frail-seeming woman gave the impression of being nothing more than air or light, but he knew she was actually made of stuff stronger than cold rolled steel.

She had dreamed the night before; he wondered if she remembered it, and doubted that she did. He had been lying beside her in bed, unable to sleep, just thinking about the whys and the wherefores of things. She had been sleeping quietly, and then she had sat bolt upright in bed and cried out, "Boyd! Chloe! Shirley! Oh, my poor children, you are all so dirty!" And she had stared into the half-darkness, wide-eyed but unseeing, and he knew she was still half inside her dream.

He had pulled her back down beside him. He slid an arm under her pillow and cradled her head, and with the other arm, he had turned her toward him. Apparently the dream had not followed her, as it was some time before he went to sleep but she had not stirred again.

At forty-five, he thought, she's run her race all the way to the end, and she's not even winded. Just exactly how she was going to spend the next several years, with her children gone but her enormous store of strength unspent, her driving purpose with no task or goal, he had no idea. But he saw trouble ahead, and no way to protect her from it, before she would want to, need to, glide into restful old age.

For himself he had no worries, and he was mildly ashamed that this should be so. But he was more easy going than she, more content to take things as they came.

Besides, he still had his work to go to. His retirement was nearly twenty years away. Before that time, as preposterous as it now seemed, he would have grandchildren, and he would be more than ready for a quiet life.

And when you came right down to it, what part had he played in this marriage save pay the bills? He didn't discount this—Boyd's education had been expensive, and those girls seemed to be burning money in their room at night—but still, it was only money. But Edith had served

those children, hand and foot, while he had merely enjoyed them. She had been the mover and the shaper, whereas he had the feeling of having come along just for the ride.

The whistle of the teakettle struck up in the kitchen, and because he was, by nature, cheerful, he shook himself out of his mood. Marriage was a rum sort of a business, he thought. A man met a girl and before he hardly knew her he married her. And before he could get used to having a wife, the children started coming.

And as soon as he got a good hold on the children (and they got a good hold on him), the boy went charging halfway across the world, and the two girls went away with other men into other lives. Well, he couldn't do anything about that, even if he wanted to, and he told himself that he didn't want to.

Edith called to him from the kitchen, and at the sound he had an unexpected surge of feeling. She belonged to him again, and he did not have to share her with anyone. They had gone all the way around the block, so to speak, and here they were again, right back where they started. The feeling was too new, and was gone too quickly for him to work his way through it, but feeling somehow better armed he went on into the kitchen.

Edith sat across the kitchen table and watched him eat the second sandwich. He had called after her and said he wanted only one, but she knew Clay Fowler better than he knew himself. Always, she had gained a curious pleasure from watching him eat. Chloe had said once, in awe, "Daddy eats as though he were going out to dig the Panama Canal." While she watched him, she studied him shyly, dispassionately, letting her mind glide where it chose.

He is heavier now, she thought, and the grey has begun to salt his temples. There was also a look of weariness (and of hurt?) about his eyes. With sudden vanity, she decided that he looked at least five years older than she, although he was only one.

Her mind swerved away quickly from the thought as it carried with it the fear that, some day, she might lose him, too. Bad enough to stand just outside the door of old age; no need to dwell in advance on what could not be helped, or might not be.

"Djipurnam," he said suddenly, his voice rueful, marvelling. "I'll swear there was no such place in the geography books when I was a boy."

She knew he was only half-aware he had spoken aloud, and she smiled at the small-boy complaint that lay behind his remark. The only son she had given him had grown up and gone away to a country of which they had never heard until last year. And, although he had not spoken of them, she knew that it was terrifying to a father to know that his daughters had gone away to be women. It was easy to smile, impossible not to. But she did not think it could be easy or nice to be Clay.

She knew, although he never spoke of it, that he considered himself a failure. He had always worked hard, and when they were first married he had been ambitious, but he had gone just so far at the plant where he worked, and then no further. He had never earned more than just enough to meet their ever-mounting expenses, and she knew that there were still debts to pay.

But, whatever Clay had not been at home, he had been a giant, a king, a hero, and a god to his children. What Boyd had needed Boyd had been given, and the girls, she thought with affectionate disapproval, those girls had always got from him what they wanted whether they needed it or not. But now, in a single week, all his glory had departed from him, and he sat in her kitchen, a shrunken giant, a deposed king, an unemployed hero, a fallen god.

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As for herself, she was now forty-five, and this was most astonishing. But, all her life, she seemed to turn a sharp corner in time and there she was, another person altogether than she had imagined or intended, with no clear memory of becoming that person. Worse, and odder still, she seemed to have been not one person at all but several different women, all of whom she would have liked to have known better, but there had never been enough time.

Whatever happened, she wondered, to that very nice, very cool, very self-contained girl named Edith Maxwell, who had intended one day to fall in love, get married, and have children—but some day, not just yet, because there was no hurry? The last she remembered of that girl was the night she came home from a first date with a boy named Clay Fowler, who, to tell the truth, had looked and talked and acted absolutely no different from any other boy.

THAT girl, she thought both wryly and tenderly, had suddenly disappeared, and in her place there was a creature all fire and magic who thought of nothing but being in love. After a wait that seemed endless, but was actually less than a year, they were married, and finally there was the day when that girl became a frightened, miserable brat, lying across an unmade bed, crying her eyes out because a doctor had confirmed what she already knew, that she was pregnant.

And three times that girl became a tireless, implacable creature who had subdued three savage little brutes and somehow persuaded them to learn to use a spoon and become civilised before she lost her mind. And that girl, she remembered but hardly believed it, became a member of the Parents' Association, had once even been the president. And always and forever, she thought, she became a shrew who scolded and fussed, and a hired girl who cooked and cleaned house and sewed and mended and hung acres of clothes to dry in the sun.

She was by nature ardent and hopeful, but she looked across the table at him and thought, what do I do now, what do I say? What do I really know about him except to fix him two sandwiches when he asks only for one? She felt as though she had always been an actress, ready to play any role her husband and children demanded, but now she had been thrust on a bare stage in a play not yet written, and she had to improvise her every line and gesture.

"Clay!" she said sharply as he reached out for his third spoonful of sugar for his tea. "One spoonful would have been quite enough, but three! You know that much sugar will make you fat."

He held the spoon poised above the sugar bowl. "And you will not love me if I am fat?" he asked soberly, humbly, sadly anxious.

She studied him gravely, severely, judiciously. "Well, not too awfully fat," she finally said grudgingly.

He sighed tremendously

Continuing . . . THE YEARS AHEAD

from page 35

"Why, Clay, I don't think it's silly at all," she said stoutly. "I think it's grand, noble, extraordinary, something to be proud of."

She was both deeply touched and amused. His reading was the family pride and joke, and one of the things that had bound the children to him, especially Boyd, long after they were too old for him to romp with. Boyd had said, more than once, "Daddy reads a book like a hunter tracking a wild animal through dangerous country." And it

The pictures pleased and vexed; pleased, because he seemed content; vexed, because she could not see herself in any of the pictures.

He looked at her, observed the familiar tiny vein on her left temple which pulsed constantly. Even in repose, he thought, she gives the impression of being never still, of neither knowing nor desiring an idle moment.

"I've been thinking about you," he said, being very careful to speak casually. "I've been thinking about you an awful lot. For twenty-five years now you've been going sixty-six minutes out of every hour, right up to

"Oh, Clay, I won't be able to do that just now, thank you very much, I'm sure," she said mildly. "I have to go looking for a barrel tomorrow. Do you know where I can get a barrel? A free one, although I'll buy one if I have to."

He leaned far forward out of his chair. "A barrel?" he asked. "What on earth for?"

"To grow strawberries in," she said. "I read how to go about it, almost ten years ago. But I was up to my ears then, and I didn't have time. So I cut the article out of the magazine, and saved it. And now I have the time, so now I need a barrel." She looked at him, combatively. "Growing strawberries is not all I'm going to do."

He still leaned out, nearly off his chair. "Naturally no," he said. "What else?"

Her eyes narrowed and gleamed as they always did at the prospect of some exciting activity. "Did you know there's a species of cultivated blackberry that can be grown along a backyard fence?" she asked. "You will when I give you a dish of them, swimming in cream. And crochet—I've always wanted to learn to crochet and now I have the time. And I'm going to paint my kitchen a different color, once a month. I get so tired of it always being the same color."

With all the eagerness and hope and wonder of a child, she cried out, ecstatically, "Oh, I shall grow so many things, and do so many things, just you wait and see!"

More quietly, she said, "So, my dear, you can see that I have no time to go visiting just now."

He leaned back in his chair. Strawberries in a barrel, he thought, and blackberries growing along the backyard fence. Not to mention a different-colored kitchen once a month. Mr. Fowler, he thought, you are an old plough nag trying to counsel a Derby winner. But, in the midst of repressing a shout of laughter, he saw that the backyard was now nearly filled with late-afternoon shadows.

And then, in all innocence, out of a simple curiosity, and out of a wish to avoid any long silence between them, she asked, "How many volumes are there in the Modern Library?" As soon as the words were out, a feeling of dread washed over her, and she braced herself for his answer.

"How many? Why, I don't know," he said. "I've never bothered to count them. Five hundred, a thousand, maybe more, maybe less."

He was dismayed. He had chosen the figures at random, but he felt sure that they were too high. It had always seemed to him that all the books ever written were in the Modern Library. Now they seemed pitifully few, hopelessly inadequate. He felt cheated, robbed somehow.

"I don't know how many," he said, his voice louder. "How many strawberries can you grow in a barrel? Enough of both to pass the time? I suppose so. I hope so. But—" he stopped on a sharp intake of breath and shook himself as though a bug had crawled down his shirt.

He got up, meaning to walk to the back fence but she stopped him before he had taken the first step.

"Go on and say it," she said. "Go on and finish the sentence."

"Why do that?" he asked, his back to her. He had to wait for her answer, but when it came he knew there was no appeal from it.

"Because it's going to be dark soon, and we have to go back in the house together," she said.

"Yes," he said harshly. Oh, well, he thought, the fence

is in the wrong direction after twenty-five years I'm rather out of practice walking away from her. He turned and walked over to her chair, his feet slow with dread. He sank down on one knee in front of her, thinking as he did so that this was the position in which men used to propose marriage. He put a hand on her knee, letting it rest lightly. Their eyes were level, and for the first time in a week they looked at each other steadily. He thought, she knows what I am going to say before the words take shape on my tongue.

"But how do we spend the rest of our lives?" he asked. "What happens when I put my book down or when strawberries are out of season? What am I going to do with you? Or you with me? What are we going to do with each other?"

He had finished the sentence. The questions each had avoided had now been asked. And with the asking they were no longer dreadful, but almost absurd. She knew that he expected an answer, knew there was an answer he or she could make. They were not characters out of one of his books, but only themselves, and they had to make themselves up as they went along.

She put her hand over her face. The blue vein began to pulse more slowly. Quietly, her dream of the night before stepped across the threshold of her memory and filled her mind. Boyd and Shirley and Chloe had been standing on the back steps. All three of them were the same size and age, somewhere between three and five years old. All three were dirty past belief, and company was coming, and there was going to be a party, and she had no time to get them cleaned up.

HER tears came quickly, quickly. The country of Djipurnam had not been in her geography book, either, and she had only the vaguest notion of what part of the Far East now went by that name. But she had a notion of going there, and she made room in her mind and heart for it. And Shirley and Chloe had now gone from their daydream of innocence into a world of pure delight, their real lives had not yet begun, but when the time came they would find, as she had found, that women do what they have to do, in the order in which they have to do it.

In a cruelty of kindness he let her cry. Her tears had been a long time coming and he knew they would last for ever. They had suffered the greatest calamity of all, he thought. Success had happened to them. In a combination of innocence and ignorance, they had not married, and had three children. The son had grown like a tree and the daughters had bloomed like flowers. Now, this seemed none of their doing, but something that would have happened anyway.

We've won and lost, he thought, lost and won. He knew what they had lost, but what had they won? Was this all there was to their life, a few drops of glory in a barrel of routine? The notion that had struck him in the living-room came back to him clearer and stronger. He spoke before he could spoil it with second thoughts.

"How long ago was it that I kissed you at our front door?" he asked. "Years—day? Then no wonder you still seem strange, brand-new. Or was it really twenty-five years ago, and

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Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"CORAL." — Side-pleated skirt can be worn with tie-belt. Available in wool fabric in coffee-and-white check, tan-and-gold check, black with white mohair fleck, and plain nut brown.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, £5/12/6; 36 and 38 in. bust, £5/16/6.

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was true, for there was nothing passive or sedentary about Clay's reading; looking across a room at him, seeing his broad face mirror every emotion on the page, she knew he was embarked on a great adventure.

Her mind filled with a succession of pictures. Clay, seated in his chair in the living-room, his feet up on a hassock. Clay, in bed late at night, his head propped in breakneck position on his pillow. Clay, on a sunny afternoon, in the chair in which he now sat. In each of the pictures, he was reading a volume of the Modern Library, completely absorbed.

the time Boyd caught his plane today. I'm wondering if you might not like to go off on a round of visits. To your mother's, to your various aunts, or to see some of your old girl-friends out of town?"

Her eyes opened wide and she said, "Clay, I —" but he held up his hand.

"Let me finish," he said. "Of course, I'll miss you, that goes without saying. But I urge you to do it. Just take off, go where you want to, stay as long as you like, and come back when you're ready." He frowned at her amiably. "I'm really asking for a very selfish reason. I think you're in for a hard time, these first few months, and, to a lesser extent, so am I. And I'd rather not have to worry about you. So, will you do it? For me?"

There, he thought, I got it all out, and I think I did it not too badly, and now I sit here, hoping that she will not do it, and knowing that she must do it. He was flung into immediate astonishment when she spoke.



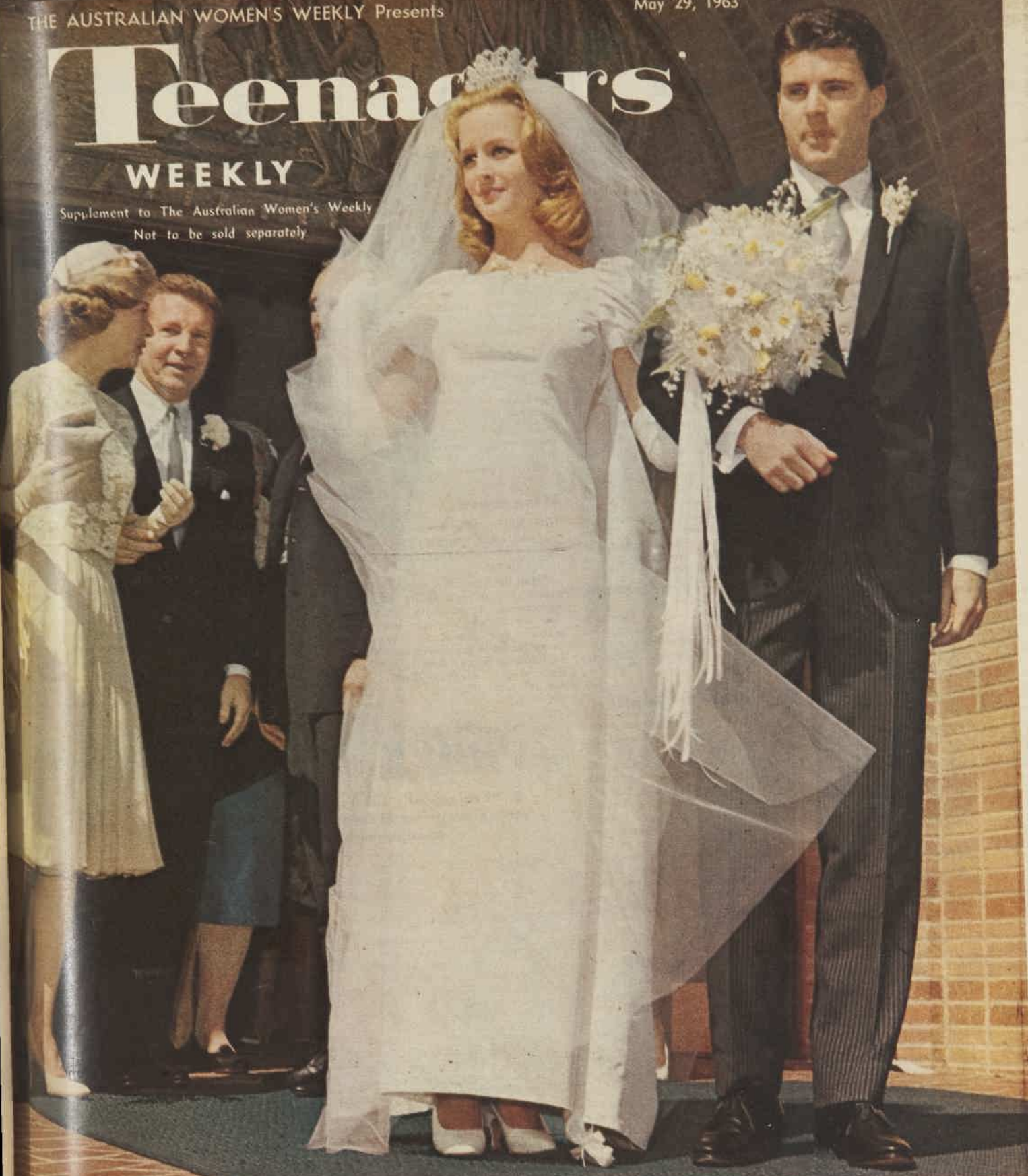
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 29, 1963

Teenagers

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately



Mr. AND Mrs. RICK NELSON

● American singer and actor Rick Nelson and his 18-year-old bride, Kris Harmon, smile for friends and fans after their marriage last month in St. Martin of Tours Church, Brentwood, California. In the background are Rick's parents, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, of TV fame. Kris, the daughter of actress Elyse Knox and famous American footballer Tom Harmon, developed a schoolgirl crush on Rick after they met at a ball game five years ago, but they did not announce their engagement until last Christmas. Rick, now 22, recently signed a £400,000 recording contract.

LETTERS

Must school equipment be shared?

MY parents have provided all the necessary equipment for the technical course I am doing. This is, of course, most expensive. Some of my fellow-students have either neglected to buy their equipment or consistently "leave it at home." Other students, including myself, are expected to supply them with the needed equipment at inconvenience and cost to ourselves. I don't see why I should be expected to make my parents pay for other students' equipment, while being held up in my own work waiting for other students to return mine.

If students cannot provide themselves with the equipment necessary, they should not enrol for the course — particularly as most of them boast about the amount of spending money they have.

Do other readers agree with me, or am I being mean? — "Had It," Riverwood, N.S.W.

Growing pains

AT 19 and 5ft. 11in. tall, how can I answer politely all the dear old ladies who regularly ask, "My, what a big girl you are — when are you going to stop growing?"

After being plagued with this question for as long as I can remember, I am fast losing my sense of humor and find it very difficult to reply politely. What can I do? — E. Millman, Perth.

All to blame

JUVENILE delinquency is often blamed on the parents, but surely it is everyone's fault. If citizens joined forces to raise money for recreation centres where teenagers could meet for dances, physical culture, and games, the young people would not be so restless and bored. If a club were built where each child could develop his own interests (and where adults took an interest in each child) he would be more likely to develop into a responsible, well-adjusted teenager. — D. Kennedy, Camden, N.S.W.

PUZZLE

IF you had in your dresser drawer 18 green socks and 20 red socks, and you reach into the drawer at night with no light on, how many socks must you take out to be sure of getting a matching pair?

Answer, page 7.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Reading aid

A RECENT letter from an Irish pen-friend told me about a group she belongs to, called "The Good Readers' Circle," attached to her library. There are three age groups and a list of library books is displayed for each group. After reading a book from the list, the child is asked five questions about it. When they have 300 questions correct they are given a book token as a prize.

Does any library in Australia have a similar group? It is an excellent way of encouraging children to read and to understand what they read. — Colette McInerney, Rockdale, N.S.W.

Unfair to pupils

TEACHERS who are planning to retire should be compelled to finish out the school year before leaving. At one school a teacher who takes Intermediate classes in English, Latin, and French is leaving at the end of the term. Lessons will have to be changed and new teachers, who perhaps have different teaching methods, appointed in her place. Surely this is unfair to students who are sitting for the Intermediate. — S. Wallace, Clapham, S.A.

Many jobs help

BEFORE I was married I held many jobs, spending a few months in each, then moving on to something more tempting. My friends labelled me "unsure of myself," and therefore unfit to get married until I could become more stable.

How wrong they were. From so much variety — as a typist, receptionist, waitress, filing clerk, usherette, barmaid, shop assistant, housekeeper, and cosmetician, I have become very versatile. The jobs mentioned have each helped me a little.

I can thank my office training most of all, as my husband leaves all book-keeping to me. From being a barmaid I have learnt how to prepare drinks properly, and from waitressing I know how to set all types of

tables and to prepare meals attractively.

Although we have little money left over from house-keeping each week, my training as a cosmetician has taught me that a little make-up skilfully applied is better than loads of expensive cosmetics.

Housekeeping is not full of pitfalls any more because a sick mother I stayed with for three months showed me many short-cuts — resulting in a happier relationship with my husband.

Working as a receptionist was a real boon, as I was rather shy before I took that job. Now I enjoy meeting new people.

You can see then that having many jobs can often be a real help in later life. — "Variety," Brisbane.

Wise words

THERE would be few women who could afford to laugh at these words by the French writer Balzac:

"Half the secret of a woman's charm lies in her ability to supplement nature with art. The woman who does not improve her complexion by every means in her power must be flawlessly beautiful or hopelessly stupid." — Jennifer Johnson, Horsham, Vic.

BEATNIK



"Can I help it if I like my romances to start off like a rocket?"

Seed jewellery

JEWELLERY made from seeds can be very attractive. All you need are seeds from watermelons, rockmelons, oranges, or lemons. Dry them and thread them on to cotton or fine nylon.

Rockmelon and watermelon seeds used together are very effective, as the watermelon seeds are dark, and this gives an interesting pattern. — Roslyn McCullough, Gladesville, N.S.W.

Next week

MANY teenagers are too scared to try their hand at cooking because of all the complicated detail in their mothers' cook-books. Next week Debbie, our teenage chef, comes to the rescue with 12 easy-to-make recipes which are all suitable for parties or special treats for the family.

Color bar attacked

● "Prejudiced" (T.W., 1/5/63) wrote asking if his (or her) strong prejudice against colored people is justified. Readers were unanimous in their opinion that it isn't . . .

"PREJUDICED" ought to be thoroughly ashamed. What right has he (?) to feel superior to people whose skin is a different color?

Inquiries by psychiatrists and educationists have shown that "colored" people are by no means inferior to white people in intellect, morals, physical fitness, or any other aspect. Nor are they more primitive than "whites."

How can he continue to be against "colored people" if he has aboriginal ancestors? This is a paradox — and perhaps as he thinks about it he might realise that he's being unfair in his attitude. Does he think he is inferior to his white friends? If he is to be consistent in his opinions, then he should therefore consider himself inferior to "pure white" people.

He may argue that aborigines in Australia are primitive and lazy — but whose fault is that? It is the fault of white Australians who suppress, discriminate against, or even ignore the aborigines.

I hope that "Prejudiced" learns a lesson in tolerance toward other people as he grows older and more mature, and that one day he will have the grace to be ashamed of his uncharitable prejudice. — Yvonne Weinberg, Highett, Vic.

"PREJUDICED" should offer thanks that a chinck has been made in her armor and that she is now being forced to bring reason to do battle with emotion.

Whenever she encounters a controversial subject in the future she should read up all the facts she can about it, then make a list of all the "fors" and "againsts," examining each point to make sure she has used her reason and not let her feelings twist the facts. Then she'll have a worthwhile opinion and not just a prejudice. — J. Cole, Penrith, N.S.W.

REGARDLESS of his aboriginal ancestry, "Prejudiced's" views are very wrong. Such opinions of superiority have caused much strife and

fighting throughout the world. A close relative of mine has adopted three native children and is bringing them up in the same way as her own two white children. As a result they are just as intelligent and lovable as any other Australians of their age. — Cherry Martin, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

WE are told that all men are created equal. I think that "Prejudiced" should not ignore this fact, even though he may have strong feelings about the problem of racial discrimination. It is true that aborigines have not progressed as we have, but this is no reason to be prejudiced against them. They are human, the same as we are; although their skins may be of a different color they still have feelings the same as we do.

I suggest that "Prejudiced" find some books about the lives of aborigines. Maybe then he would gain a better understanding of colored people. — J. L. Martin, Mitcham, Vic.

Film Oscar to girl who never spoke a line

From Bill Wilson, in New York

● For more than 10 years actress Patty Duke has been learning to speak with various accents to suit the roles she played. Last month she won a film Academy Award for a role in which she did not speak at all.

WINNING the best supporting actress award at the age of 16, Patty became the youngest ever Oscar winner.

Her role was that of the deaf, dumb, and blind Helen Keller in "The Miracle Worker," the film in which Anne Bancroft won the top award as best actress.

The way in which Helen Keller was taught to communicate with people and was educated to become a highly cultured woman is one of America's most inspirational true dramas.

The noted American stage director John Ross was the first to spot Patty's acting talent when she was a pigtailed five-year-old.

But at that time her voice was redolent of the streets of her native New York—fine for playing New York urchins but pretty useless for any other part.

Brother helped

By the time she was six and signed up for her first acting job, Ross had softened her New York accent and even trained her to speak English with an English accent, as well as a central European accent and an Italian accent.

You never know when you might need a European accent, and in fact Patty found it useful when she played in the television special, "Swiss Family Robinson."

It was Patty's brother, Ray, seven years her senior, who suggested that John Ross audition her.

Ray was brought to Ross after acting with a New York boys' club. Ross makes a practice of turning down child actors who have "stage mothers," and when he was looking for a little girl, Ray Duke suggested, "How about my little sister?"

Their mother, Mrs. Francis Duke, was working as a restaurant cashier, but gave up her job to look after her actor and actress children, as the law requires.

"I had scraggly hair then, and terrible diction, and it wasn't easy," Patty recalls. "Nobody wanted me. They didn't want me a dozen times."

Mimicry talent

Ross' wife, Ethel, went to work on Patty's hair while Ross worked on her diction. He said, "She was a lovely child with a mind eager to listen and learn, and the ability to store things and apply them. And she has a remarkable in-

stinct for mimicry and response."

It was this talent for mimicry that made Ross go after the Helen Keller role for Patty when he heard that William Gibson was writing a play about the child who was deaf, dumb, and blind.

By this time Patty had worked up some stage experience. Her first job, when she was 6½, involved doing a little dance on the television show "Voice Of Firestone," and she had played a three-year-old Italian girl on another TV show.

Her recently acquired English accent was handy for the

TV versions of "The Prince And The Pauper" and "Wuthering Heights."

Also on TV, she split a first prize of \$4,000 dollars with child actor Eddie Hodges (of "The Music Man" film) on the TV quiz show "The \$4,000 Dollar Challenge."

And she made two feature films, one with David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor, "Happy Anniversary" (in which she plays their daughter and appears on a TV quiz show), and the other with Kim Stanley, "The Goddess."

But the Helen Keller part in a Broadway play was the big role, the one that Ross decided to shoot for.

Her hair had grown almost two feet and was hung in long braids when she started studying all she could find about Helen Keller, and the mannerisms of a deaf, dumb, and blind girl.

Sight "lost"

Patty, who spent all her free time in the Ross apartment, walked around with her eyes closed, hands extended. Soon she was able to walk from room to room with only a slight hesitancy, as a blind child would. She was taught to ignore sudden noises, as a deaf child would.

And when playwright Gibson and director Arthur Penn started auditioning little girls for the Helen Keller part, Patty was ready.

She auditioned twice and was given the part. The pigtailed which took three years to grow were lopped off, which made her sad, but when the play opened the critics called her the child sensation of the season, which made her feel better.

It should surprise no one that she won an Oscar for the same role in the film of "The Miracle Worker." She played the part on the Broadway stage for 18

PLAYING the role of Helen Keller, Patty Duke (right) in a scene from the film "The Miracle Worker," with Anne Bancroft.

months, she played it in a TV version, and she repeated it again for the film cameras.

Now studying mannerisms and accents for more adult roles, Patty still spends most of her free time in the Ross flat, and calls Ross "Uncle."

Own TV show

Her mother and father, then a taxi-driver, separated when Patty was six. Mrs. Duke worked hard to keep her family of Patty, Carol, and Ray together, although she was sick most of the time.

"She hasn't had an easy life," says Patty, "but she keeps that to herself. I love her very much."

After holidaying in Mexico to celebrate her Oscar, Patty is now back in New York, preparing for her own television show next season, "The Patty Duke Show," in which she has to do a lot of speaking.

She plays two look-alike cousins, and this time she has to master a Scottish accent.



PATTY DUKE as she really is, "with a mind eager to listen and learn, and a remarkable instinct for mimicry."



HELEN KELLER

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3



IAN WHITE beside the minibus in which he and David Wheeler drove 16,500 miles through Europe. Starigrad is a small village on the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia. "Here the vivid sunsets were indescribably glorious," says Ian.



ON THE ISLE OF CAPRI, one beautiful spring morning, David and Ian drank a leisurely glass of vino at the "Bar on the Piccola Marina" made famous by Noel Coward's song. It is overlooked by the lovely villa of Gracie Fields.



MOTOR-RACING FANS, Ian and David not only saw Europe's major rallies but also visited the famous car factories of Daimler-Benz in Germany, Maserati in Modena, Italy, and Ferrari in Maranello, Italy. Here Ian poses with his "dream car" outside the Ferrari works.

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7 MONTHS CAMPING IN EUROPE

By Carol Henty

● Who's for a trip around Europe? Any one can go. All you need is the time, the money, and the organisation to have the fun of a lifetime.

SO it seemed to Ian White and David Wheeler, both young men of Sydney. They decided that if their 16,500-mile European trip was to be a success they'd have to plan it properly.

Here is how they did it: "The first thing we decided," said Ian, "was that if we were travelling all that way we would need at least seven months to really see Europe."

"And if we were going to see it we wouldn't be able to work over there. It would be a waste of time to be anchored in one place."

So, instead of rushing off with the bare minimum of funds, they decided to wait, work (they are both in stock-brokers' offices), and save for a couple of years.

Their next step was to decide what exactly they wanted to see and do in Europe and when would be the best time to do it.

"Skiing and motor-racing," said Ian, "are our interests, and we wanted to combine both of them on this trip."

"That meant we had to start the tour in the European winter and carry on through the spring and summer, when the big motor rallies are held."

Plan for skiing and car-racing

"So we planned an itinerary whereby we would ski in Austria in the winter, tour the warmer countries—Italy, Spain, and Portugal—during the colder weather, and then be in the right place at the right time to see the famous motor races—Monte Carlo for the Grand Prix, Nurburgring for the German Grand Prix, and Le Mans for the 24-hour race."

Such a long, comprehensive trip would cost a small fortune if they stayed in hotels or pensions. Though not completely "roughing it," they de-

cided to cut travelling costs by:

● Buying a car, for resale after the seven months' travel, which would be large enough to carry camping gear and in which they could sleep comfortably.

● Staying exclusively in the organised camping grounds which are found throughout western Europe.

"We bought our Volkswagen minibus in Germany," said Ian, "which was cheaper than buying it anywhere else."

"We chose it because it was economical to run and because there is no trouble procuring spare parts for it anywhere throughout Europe should it break down."

Big saving by camping out

After the seven months' wear and tear and travel, the minibus was resold at a loss of £25 sterling to each of the boys.

"This might sound a lot," said Ian, "but it still worked out cheaper than hiring a car for that length of time."

And camping was definitely a money-saver, they found. "It usually cost us between 1/- and 2/6 each a night," said Ian. "And sometimes the facilities were first-rate."

Good camping gear was important if they were going to enjoy their seven months. They decided to buy most of it in Holland, where the quality and price of camping equipment were very good.

One of their best buys was an air mattress for £2. It was in three parts and could be folded into a chair when not needed as a bed.

Their stove, a very important item in a camping wardrobe, was bought in Innsbruck, Austria, where their trip began.

"It was a gas one we bought for £10," said Ian, "and the beauty of it was that it took a type of gas which could be bought almost anywhere."



AT CHAMONIX, the famous ski resort in France, David and Ian camped near the Glacier de Boissons, on Mont Blanc, Europe's highest mountain.

large bottles. The gas cost only 8/- a bottle and lasted about 60 days.

"The only cooking pot we had was a pressure-cooker, but we could cook everything in it in eight minutes flat. This, of course, saved gas as well as time."

Food was cheap, they found, if they bought it at the local markets—though meat, which was a rare luxury on their menu, was pretty expensive everywhere.

"We had a windfall of food when we got to Gibraltar after two months on the road through Austria, Italy, Yugoslavia, France, Portugal, and Spain," Ian said.

"We discovered that as Gibraltar is British we could get any amount of cheap British tinned foods, and at a 10 per cent. discount.

"We bought more than 200 lbs of vegetables, meats, jams, margarine, and other goodies, which was to feed us for the next four months at the cost of only 2/6 a day."

In Gibraltar, which is a free port, the boys also bought color film and cigarettes at a cheaper rate than anywhere else in Europe.

"We loaded up on cigarettes

and films at Andorra, too," said Ian. "This is also a free 'port' — though it's tucked away between France and Spain, and not actually a port."

Petrol, which was the most expensive single item of the tour at an average cost of 6/- a gallon, was at its cheapest in Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg, and they filled up the tank before leaving each of these countries.

Total cost was £400 each

Another economy that Ian and David planned before leaving London for their trip was to buy dozens of British air-letter forms, which cost only 6d each.

"Any letters we wrote back to Australia," Ian said, "we would post in a batch in one envelope addressed to our bank in London. The bank would then post them on from England.

"This system is both quicker and cheaper than posting your mail from some of the out-of-the-way spots on the Continent."

Altogether the trip cost Ian and David a little more than £400 sterling each, including

the £75 loss in the resale of the car.

"This seemed very reasonable to us," Ian said, "considering we saw the world's greatest motor-racing, had a skiing holiday and lessons at Igls in Austria, where the next winter Olympics will be held, and covered so much ground."

So the careful planning and organisation of the trip really paid off?

"My word it did," said Ian. "For no matter how much you plan there's always the unexpected turning up, which makes such a trip so fascinating.

"There was the local firemen's ball we were invited to at Sistranse, a little village in Austria, and the interesting people we met everywhere.

"The comradeship of camping was wonderful. We used to club together with other campers and have 'international dinners,' which meant each party would cook one section of the meal on their own cooking facilities, and we'd put all the food together, blow the whistle, and begin.

"But perhaps the most unexpected thing of all was our appreciation of the hot showers and comfortable beds when we arrived back in London after 200 days of travelling."



SHAVING — natural style with ice-cold water. Here, in freezing temperatures in Austria, David Wheeler bends his back to the task, using the rear-vision mirror.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Telling mother

"I WAS going with a boy for 12 months, but when he started going out with another girl I dropped him. Several weeks ago he asked me to go out with him again, which I did, as I still like him very much. My mother did not like me going with this boy. Now I am going with him again and I don't know how to tell her. Could you please tell me how to go about telling her?"

R.B., Qld.

I can tell you WHEN to tell your mother — as soon as possible. As to HOW — just tell her, with an apology for not doing it sooner.

Curtain-raiser

"SINCE December I have been interested in a boy whom I see once a week at a teenage club. I think he likes me a little by his smile and the fact that when I was holding hands with another boy my friend said he looked jealous. Although he is always in the thick of things with boys, he becomes more reserved with girls. Recently his friend started liking my girl-friend. The stage is set for a beautiful foursome, but maybe his and my shyness are preventing the curtain from being raised. How can I, with utmost subtlety, let him know I like him? My girl-friend wants to drop a hint to this boy's friend, but would that be too forward? We are all 15, like the same sort of fun, and get on well together. Please help me to let him know how I feel without scaring him off. This opportunity is too good to throw away."

"Love Bird," Tas.

The stage may be set — but few actors like being prompted in their parts. I think an informal party (say, a record evening) at your home or your girl-friend's, with several other teenage club members, as well as this boy and his friend, would probably serve as an effective curtain-raiser.

Reluctant student

"I AM nearly 16 and I feel very depressed. It all started when I passed my Intermediate last year. My mother wanted me to be a hairdresser as she is, and she wanted to apprentice me. My sister, also a hairdresser, has now finished her apprenticeship and is working away from home (our shop is in the front of the house). As I don't have a father, I felt I had to leave school and help my mother, and at the same time gain a trade. But I dearly wanted to be a schoolteacher and I miss school terribly. I am beginning to hate going to tech. and have no desire to learn. I also do the housework for my board, and this is also getting me down, as I am forever picking up after the family. On top of the hairdressing and housework I look after my sister's god-child, who is three, for five days a week. Lately

I am tired, cranky, and forever arguing with my mother, and I know it upsets her as well as myself. I work hard in the house and try to keep it as if it were my own, but my sister, aged 20, always complains about something not being done the way she kept it when she did the housework."

P.S., N.S.W.

If you were training for a career you were really interested in, you'd probably be able to take lessons, housework, and baby-minding in your stride. The underlying cause of your depression is that you feel you have given up the career you wanted to help your mother — and that your sacrifice isn't appreciated.

Your mother probably does appreciate the job you are doing in looking after the house. But you must remember that she has the responsibility and worry of running a business and must also be tired at the end of the day.

Have you given any thought to any other career which you feel you would find more satisfying and for which you could train with little or no more expense than hairdressing? (The range of courses available through the tech. is very wide—you might find it there.)

If and when you find something else you'd really like to do, have a quiet talk to your mother about it. In the circumstances, it was understandable that she chose the trade she knows for you, but if you want to make a change you should tell her as soon as possible.

Court consent

"I AM 15 years older than the girl I love. I know she is the right one for me and also know she loves me. We want to be married, but her father won't have it because of our age difference. She has turned down men who have position and money because she loves me. Can we be married before she is 21 without her parents' consent? Please help us, because we are desperate."

L.J., Qld.

A minor must obtain court permission to marry. You should go together to the Chamber Magistrate in your district and state your case fully. Your girl-friend's parents will then be contacted and given the opportunity to state their objections to the marriage.

The court must be convinced that there is no good reason why you should not marry before permission will be granted. Your girl-friend's age (which you have not stated) will, of course, be one of the decisive factors.

Starting guides

"THE town I live in is small, but we have 300 schoolchildren and we only have a swimming-pool where they can enjoy themselves. I would like to start a guide group, but do not know the first thing about it. Can you help me?"

P.B., N.S.W.

You should write to the New South Wales Headquarters of the Girl Guides' Association, 17 Rowe Street, Sydney, stating that you wish to form a guide company in your town. You should also state your age—you must be at least 17 before you can be a guide leader.

You will be sent an application form for leadership training, which you can do by correspondence while you are actually working with the girls. Guiding experience is a help, of course, but not strictly necessary. Keenness (which you seem to have) is the main need.

A word from Debbie



Is one of your best friends going overseas?

If you're giving her a "girls' lunch" or farewell party, do something different.

Make it a "London Treat" party, and tell the guests to bring some money instead of the usual "bon voyage" gift of sponge-bag or handkerchief sachet.

If everyone gives about 5/- she should have enough to treat herself to something most working holidays don't include—like lunch (or afternoon tea, anyway) at the Savoy, a hairset at an exclusive coiffeur's, or a front-stall seat at Covent Garden.

And for a few hours at least London will belong to her. Thanks to you all.

But you must make her promise to spend it properly, not on extra stockings and toothpaste which she could buy anywhere.

A brother to her

"FOR two years I have been very friendly with a boy. I have gone out with him often, as well as with other boys. I'm the only girl he takes out, and he sometimes talks of the wonderful brother-sister relationship we have. It's driving me mad. For two years we've shaken hands at the front door at the end of an evening out. Is it wrong for me to want him to kiss me? Is there any way I can wake him up to the fact that I'm a girl and not a pal? Please help me. The situation is unnerving."

C.B., S.A.

Get him to take you to a romantic film. Nestle close and hold his hand during the picture. Stand so close to him at the front door that he can't shake hands. Then tilt your face up and close your eyes. If he doesn't get the message, find a boy who isn't looking for a sister!

Does he like her?

"I AM very much in love with a boy who is in a well-known band which plays at the dances I go to. One of my girl-friends introduced me to him, and when I go to the dance with her he talks to me all night, buys me drinks when the band has a break, and acts like we are old friends. He has asked to take me home, but I have always refused because of being with my girl-friend. He thinks it's because I don't like him that I say no, but it's not. On the other hand, if I go to the dance with another boy he is entirely different toward me. He doesn't even smile at me, let alone talk to me. He just glares at me all night long. I don't know whether he likes me or not, because he has never said anything about it to me. What do you think?"

"Puzzled," Vic.

He likes you.

Beauty in brief:

HAIR-WASHING

WASHING—regular washing—is the most important factor in hair care.

The word "shampoo" comes from the Hindustani word *cham-pua*, which means to rub or press, and this should be borne in mind as you treat yourself to the two applications always necessary to ensure a good shampoo.

Also, remember that after shampooing it is essential to rinse the hair fastidiously in order to remove the scum and, with it, the oil and dirt.

Dry your hair carefully; vigorous towelling is all very fine if you have the hair for it, but if you've the kind that breaks off easily it should be gently blotted with a rough towel and then, if possible, dried naturally.

Dry, dull hair often lacks natural oils. Use a cream shampoo every seven to ten days and give it a simple do-it-yourself conditioning treatment regularly with oil.

For this, wring out a towel in hot water and wrap it turbanwise round your head to open the pores of the



scalp. Then rub in a tablespoonful of olive or almond oil.

If you can carry out this treatment at night and shampoo your hair in the morning it will do a better job of reconditioning your hair, but you may find that you need two or three lathers to remove the extra oil.

If your hair is dry you must avoid using very hot water or hot driers and acid rinses such as vinegar or lemon. It is also a mistake to wind dry hair too tightly on to curlers.

— Carolyn Earle

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

April's always lucky for Peggy March!

● During past weeks a 15-year-old girl who's still at school has had her record "I Will Follow Him" (R.C.A. 45) sizzling round the top of both Australian and American charts.

THE talented teenager who has had this wonderful break is Little Peggy March, who (under her real name of Margaret Battacio) is enrolled in the ninth grade of Lansdale Catholic High School, near Philadelphia.

Though she's not exactly in love with history or Latin, Peggy likes school and its friendships and has no intention of leaving yet. She feels that she'd miss too much if she did.

However, she's certain to make her music a full-time

career when she does leave, for she has been singing in public since she was five and from the age of six has been appearing on TV shows. At one time she worked with the Three Stooges.

In April Peggy realised the first of her ambitions when she appeared on the "Perry Como Show," for Perry has always been her idol. She's yet to get the two other things she wants — a canopied bed and a color TV set.

But now that "I Will Follow Him" has already sold more than half a million copies she shouldn't have to wait much longer.

April must be Peggy's lucky month, for it was in April last

year that she auditioned for R.C.A. And though the accompanist failed to turn up because of illness, Little Peggy pitched in, sang like a trouper, and was signed then and there.

Local talent: It's not strikingly original, but the Joy Boys' "The Bluebird" (Festival 45) is nice to listen to, even though it doesn't specially suggest the car after which it's named. The flipside, "Dance of the Flames," is a perky, friendly little number that reminds me of a woolshed hop.

IF you happened to see Jerry J. Wilder give that knock-out performance of his "Let's" (C.B.S. 45) on "Sing, Sing, Sing," you won't need me to bring it to your attention. I hadn't seen Jerry in action for quite a while, and he has certainly come on. As well as composing "Let's" and the beguine-ballad flipside, "Oh, Claire," there's every likelihood that Col Joye, with whom he has been appearing, will record one of his songs.

Pops: Something a little new in LP entertainment is offered by a talented young team of eight men and two girls with "The New Christy Minstrels In Person" (C.B.S.). Calling themselves a folk chorus (each member also plays an instrument), the group was formed only last year, and since then they have been regulars on the Andy Williams TV show. The show they themselves put on is fast-moving, vocally very good, and enlivened with plenty of the light touch. And before I played the record I thought, "This will be awful!"

GOOD numbers that show up again among the "Steve Lawrence Winners" (C.B.S. LP) are "Cotton Fields," "Around The World," "Who's Sorry Now." As a programme it's pleasant, and Steve's a singer most people in the house will enjoy listening to. His new single, "Don't Be Afraid Little Darlin'," is climbing the U.S. charts at the moment.

IF you like one Floyd Cramer number you're liable to like the lot, for as a rule they all sound the same. But while "These Are The Young Years" (R.C.A. 45) is typical Cramer, there's a surprise on the other side with "Kaapsedraai," a jolly, tinkling South African reel that's quite different. For anyone trying to pronounce it, it's "Cop-se-dry."



LITTLE PEGGY MARCH, who has made a hit record at 15.

FORCE behind The Lime-lighters' selection on their R.C.A. LP "Makin' A Joyful Noise" is the biblical injunction to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord." These folk hymns, simple, melodious, and at times with tunes that have had many lyrics, are treated with just the right touch—sincere but not too serious.

GUITARISTS, dancers, and singers share the honors with the fiery gipsy music of the Spanish-recorded "Flamenco Spectacular" (C.B.S. LP). The recording was made during an actual Juerga Flamenca, one of the traditional unprogrammed and unrehearsed gipsy contests of song and dance. A thrilling and authentic change from some of the commercialised flamenco recordings.

THE voice and presentation that made "Scottish Soldier" such a hit some two years ago can be heard again on an H.M.V. LP, "Andy Stewart's Scotland." Traditional songs ("When You and I Were Young, Maggie") are mixed with songs of the Lauder vintage ("That's The Reason Noo I Wear The Kilt") and a number of Scottish airs to which Stewart has supplied the lyrics.

Puzzle answer

THE answer to our puzzle on page 2 is three socks. If you take out a green one the first time, a red one the next, the third has to be red or green.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Frohlichstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

NEVER A DOLL MOMENT!

● Dolls (the toy, not the boy, variety) have been in the news lately.

ONE sort of doll dealt with in the stores figures in a craze in America.

For instance, funsters have invented, figuratively speaking, the Jackie Kennedy doll—you wind her up and she invites all the other dolls to the White House!

I've had a bit of fun, too, inventing some dolls with a local flavor.

Here's my mannikin parade . . .

There's the Woman Driver doll. You wind her up, and when she's rundown so's everyone else!

There's the Surfie doll. You wind it up and it goes off its rocker!

And don't forget the Lucky Starr walking doll. Wind it up and it visits 94 places in 46 seconds. (Buyers get free change of Everywhere.)

There's the talking New Bride doll—you shake it up and it cries and says it's going home to Mama.

Then, of course, there's the Rocky Gattellari doll. You jab its solar plexus and it knocks you out.

What about the Waiter doll? If you don't tip it, it won't work.

There's the Receiver in Bankruptcy doll. You don't pay your debts and it winds you up.

In the second story that interested me, I saw that a man and Australian dolls (manufactured) are not as beautiful or sophisticated as overseas dolls.

He said, when opposing before the Tariff Board an application for higher duties on imported dolls, that Australian doll-manufacturers were not following the fashion elsewhere for plump dolls with four different eye colors and ten hair styles and colors.

Australian dolls should resent the Tariff Board hearing.

No self-respecting doll wants to be involved in what seems no more than a Paunch and Duty show.

—Robin Adair

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 29, 1963

WORTH HEARING

BACH: Preludes and Fugues

BACH's keyboard works were not written for the piano, which was still a new-fangled and experimental instrument in his day. Those works that were not written for the organ were expected to be played on the plucked-string harpsichord or its gentle-toned rival, the clavichord.

There are different opinions about the performance of Bach's music on the modern piano. Many players frankly adapt the works to the style and technique of the piano; others seek to reproduce on the piano, as far as possible, the sharp, clear style characteristic of the older instruments.

Glenn Gould, the brilliant young Canadian pianist who has made a specialty of the interpretation of Bach, embraces the latter view wholeheartedly, and one can hear the results of his approach in a record (the first of a series) from C.B.S. carrying the first eight preludes and fugues from Bach's mighty sequence of 48 preludes and fugues, called "The Well-Tempered Clavier." "Clavier" in Bach's day meant either a keyboard or a keyboard instrument.

Gould captures the manner of the old instruments so perfectly that at times you can almost believe you are listening to an amplified clavichord. He achieves a sensitive clarity that the more "pianistic" interpreters miss; the ear can follow every detail of Bach's often complex but always fascinating sound patterns. This is emphatically a record to hear.

—Martin Long

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

Expert bowler at 15

● With a little bit of luck the future for Bill Anderson, a 15-year-old Irish migrant, could be as lucrative as it is for a top rock-'n-roll star, and as packed with travel as it is for a world-class golfer.

HIS steps toward stardom, however, are being taken not in night-clubs or on golf courses, but at ten-pin bowling centres.

And the background music which makes Bill swoon is not some new number on an electric-steel guitar but the rattle of the ten-pins being knocked down in a perfect strike.

It's just two years since Bill and his family arrived in Australia from Ireland, and just one year since he started battling and rattling the ten-pins.

In that time he has become a budding champion who is regarded by the experts as one of the top players of his age in the world, outside U.S.A.

Bill, who plays in the Sydney suburban Kensington Bowl, is one of 3750 young Australians bowling in Junior League (under 17) Competition, and one of more than 10,000 juniors who enjoy the sport.

As yet there are no junior State or National Championships in ten-pin, so it's hard to

By Cynthia Robinson

say just who would be THE outstanding junior in Australia.

"But Bill would certainly be on the short list," said a leading ten-pin bowling official. "And age for age, he'd be really tough to toss in a national contest."

"There's little doubt that one day, if he keeps on improving as he promises to do, the sky will be the limit on money and travel the sport will bring him."

Bill, a well-mannered schoolboy with a soft Irish brogue, plays every Wednesday and Thursday (from after school till 9 or 10 p.m.), every Saturday (from 8 a.m. till 5 p.m.), and every Sunday (from 8 a.m. till 4 p.m., and 6 p.m. till 10 p.m.).

"And I'd be bowling every other day, too," he said with a grin. "But Mum says I have to study."

Bill, who is a fourth-year student at South Sydney Boys' High, hopes to make a career of ten-pin bowling. Apart from the possibility of winning rich prizes, he could get a job as an

instructor or a trainee bowling-centre manager.

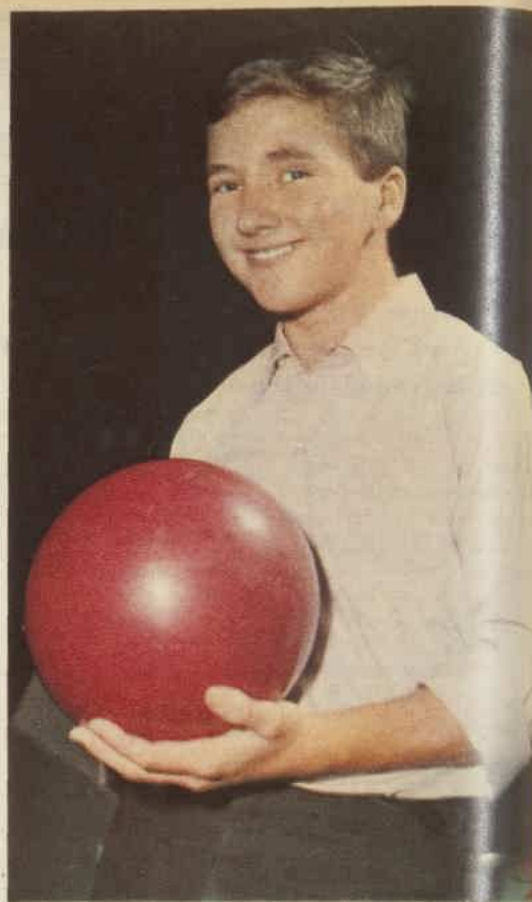
At present Bill is bowling an average game of about 170, but he has often scored in the 200s and has a 234 to his credit.

Scores like these are winning him enough money to pay for his bowling (which, for his long hours, would cost £5 or more a week) and numerous prizes, including a car radio.

But what he's won to date is just kidstake. Prizes aren't too extravagant in the Junior League competitions, but there's nothing to stop juniors playing against adult stars in open competition, and Bill is currently trying to better his scores to qualify in national contests—with prizes worth £10,000 in one and £1500 in another.

Also, like every bowler, he dreams of playing the perfect game with the maximum score of 300, which would win him £1000 and an overseas trip, plus a few other rich prizes thrown in for good measure.

Next week:
Pam Sergeant.



BILL ANDERSON, a Sydney schoolboy who has been playing for only 12 months, is already regarded as one of the top ten-pin bowlers of his age in the world.



DROP DEAD

The pieces in the puzzle fall into place
... concluding instalment of our serial

BY MARGOT NEVILLE



"I'm not saying another word,"
Estelle told the detectives.

THE news of O'Keefe's killing had gone ahead of the police, Estelle, during the evening, having indulged in a frenzied spate of telephoning, so Grogan's and Manning's appearance at Lizzie's door was not unexpected.

In the sitting-room they found her and Hermione and Noel Fallow grouped round the coffee machine, the aftermath of several hours of fruitless discussion visible on their faces.

The questions at first were chiefly Lizzie's, asked in her businesslike manner that sought to keep control of any situation, private or public. Questions she had in plenty, but answers, when the inspector got his oar in, yielded him nothing of value.

No, she declared, as she poured two cups of her excellent coffee and handed them to the detectives; no, she hadn't known this man O'Keefe. Sugar, Inspector? Sugar, Sergeant? She had never heard of him. Why should she have, since she had no connection whatever with Pelli Beach. It was a name to her, no more.

Vaguely she recalled that Miss Webb had spoken about the Nevinsons having a house there. But the three of them here, talking it over this evening, had agreed that they hadn't even known of O'Keefe's existence. . . . Pelli Beach. It was not a part of the coast she cared for herself. Were they sure they wouldn't have a small luncheon? . . . A harmless little hotel-keeper. How very mysterious and distressing it all was.

Manning, spooning sugar crystals into his cup and observing her tough little frog-face and sturdy figure, decided that the only distress that wouldn't bounce off Mrs. Lizzie Brownlow would be something at the receiving end of the hatchet.

She quite understood, she said, that they were bound to check up on everybody's movements. Her own? An extremely full afternoon. Now that the threat to her tenancy of the shop and gallery had been removed, she admitted—grasping the nettle—that she was buying for a very busy Christmas trade. By five-thirty she was quite ready to call it a day, and she had come home. She had rung Mr. Fallow to ask if there was anything special doing, and also had a few words with Miss Webb at her office.

For the rest—Lizzie held a light to her cigarette tip, shook out the match, dropped it on the tray, and blew smoke with thrown-back head—for the rest, an hour with some accounts, a drink, and dinner here.

"And Miss Webb?" Grogan turned to Hermione, who with Noel had given Lizzie's mental almost as attentive a hearing as had the two detectives.

Now she stirred in her chair and sat up, looking as though unable for a moment to exchange her role of audience for that of actor.

She said: "Oh. . . . I went into the office after lunch today, and when I left, shortly after five, I went to see a French film. I'd asked one of the girls at the office to come with me, but she couldn't, so I went alone." She searched in her bag and brought out and threw on to the table the torn half of her ticket.

Glancing at it, Grogan thought, And the five forty-five bus to Pelli Beach leaves from Wynyard Square, not many minutes' walk from the theatre. He looked her over thoughtfully. She was plainly and unobtrusively dressed tonight. In that dark silk frock, and with maybe a hat on, she might just about escape notice by the busman.

And that could go for anyone who'd

travelled on that crowded vehicle. They were one-man buses on that route. Passengers just dropped their fares into the driver's hand getting in or out.

Noel didn't even wait to be asked. As Hermione's frail little piece of evidence fluttered to the table he was launched on the story of the conflict between him and his Boxer dog Champ; between a five-mile walk to Watson's Bay and a slender waist-line—Champ's choice—and fried sausages and beer behind the shop and a well-tailored bulge—his own preference.

Tonight, he said, it had been Champ's turn and Watson's Bay. They had had a blow on the cliff there, then they'd come back to the shop and he'd shut him up in the yard—the dog was as fresh as he himself wasn't! Have to exchange him soon for a chihuahua. After that, round about eight-thirty, he thought, he had dropped in here for a drink with Mrs. Brownlow.

Grogan stood up. "I see. Thanks a lot."

Manning sighed deeply and put down his cup.

Noel was readily on his feet, looking sleek, smooth, and vernal, looking well protected against any hostile thrusts from any possible source, in the cushy niche which, after a youth of not very creditable struggling, he had at last carved for himself.

He made a face of puzzlement, one eyebrow quizzically raised, when Grogan said: "Would it be all right with you if I had a look at your wallet, Mr. Fallow?"

"Quite. Quite." He brought it out and handed it over.

It was an Italian case, rather over-ornamented, well-worn.

"Not quite my taste," Noel said mildly. "I obligingly took it out of stock because it was slightly damaged."

Grogan turned it about and handed it back to him.

Hermione took the detectives to the door. As they followed her across the hall, Grogan's eyes rested appreciatively on the figure ahead of him, noting its attractions, from her head with its tumble of ash-blond hair to pretty near the best legs and ankles he guessed he'd ever seen.

She turned when she had opened the door and gave them a radiant smile that made full use of mouth and big incongruously dark eyes.

Manning, with an ungrateful nod, stepped outside. Grogan lingered, not only in admiration but with something nudging at the back of his mind.

He said, gallantly: "Hermione—that's a pretty name of yours, isn't it? Unusual." "Is it? Yes, I suppose it is, rather. I always think it's inclined to be a little too fanciful with such a workaday name as Webb."

"Fanciful? You think so? Maybe that's why I like it. We don't get much that's fanciful—except of the wrong kind—on our job. No, I think it's a very pretty name. Hermione." He was back-peddalling. The name on her letter box below, it'd caught his eye as he'd entered the building just now: Miss H. B. Webb.

And then the helpful nudging explained itself.

"And the second name?" he said.

"Mine, you mean? What about it?"

"B. What's the B stand for? I'll make a guess at it, shall I? Bathsheba, eh?"

The look of self-congratulation at what she had thought was a moment's dalliance on his part was wiped from Hermione's face with painful suddenness. A hot color flooded it, she drew back a step, speechless.

He drove home his lucky guess. "And the surname's David, of Jerusalem Mansions. Right? I thought I'd guessed right."

She nodded. "Yes—you have."

"So, Miss Webb, you felt you had a prior right to Mr. Nevinson's affections, and were well aware that he was transferring them to Mrs. Herbert, and—"

"You needn't go on," she said coolly. "I sent that cable and half because I thought he'd had rather a fast one pulled on him. Packing him off to London like that."

"And half, let's say—if you'll allow me a third half to the whole—because you hoped his speedy return would restore Mr. Nevinson to you."

"Any complaints on that score?" she challenged.

"Oh, none, none. All's fair in love and murder."

Again that tide of color rose in her face.

"Did Mrs. Nevinson know about your association with her husband?"

"No, and doesn't now."

As he said goodnight and left, he thought, "No! Nevinson could be discreet enough with this girl, but he fell for the Herbert girl so heavily that he threw discretion to the wind."

Rejoining Manning on the landing, he was thoughtful, picturing Friday's disaster at the Venetian restaurant, the long wait, the dozen oysters eaten alone, the empty seat beside her. A final unforgivable wounding she must've suffered as she woke up to the fact that he'd forgotten his arrangement to meet her there, forgotten her very existence in his crazy excitement over another woman.

Mrs. Patmore, on whom next they called, took them through to her sitting-room, which was made ghostly-seeming by the dim light and the thin, almost motionless thread of smoke that rose from the stick of incense on the desk. This last was to repel mosquitoes, Mrs. Patmore murmured.

Mrs. Patmore seemed at first to have difficulty in discussing the killing at Pelli Beach. Yes, she breathed, she had heard about it, of course, from Miss Webb during the evening. The strange part of it was that no hint of it had come through in her script tonight, no warning such as she had received before Mr. Nevinson's death.

"Have you been sitting here doing automatic writing all the evening?" Grogan asked.

"Yes, at least—Oh, I see. Yes, I understand, Inspector—and don't think I mind—you want to know what I was doing while this poor man was getting killed."

And it came out that Mrs. Patmore's movements had been as unverifiable as those of her next-door neighbors. She had gone, she said, at about five o'clock, to Manly to try to locate a wonderful trance medium she had been told about. But she hadn't been able to find her. Her trek over there had been quite without result. She had walked up and down the street, but she must've made a mistake, because the number she had been given wasn't there. So she had come back home some time after eight and sat down to rely on her own poor powers.

She told this story without prompting, but with hesitation and some embarrassment, and ended it with her customary self-vindication: that they mustn't think her odd, because better minds than hers had affirmed the truth of this psychic science.

As she talked, Manning's head kept up a very small shake of pitying wonder.

Grogan sat bemused. He'd had a long day and a hard night, and now the soft air and the soft voice and the tendril of scented smoke were hypnotic. His eyes glazed. There was nothing here. . . . nothing. . . . nothing at all, he thought. Not realising till a minute later that there had been something, a signpost by whose aid he was to arrive at the solution of this double killing within twenty-four hours.

Outside on the landing again, after leaving Mrs. Patmore, Grogan stood for so long without speaking, staring at his shoes, that at last Manning said wearily: "Joinin' the trance mediums, eh?"

Grogan came back. "What's that? Just you listen, old son, for the next few minutes while I have a word or two with Rivers and you'll see whether I'm in a trance or not. And mind I'm not having to use second sight or automatic writing to divine that he'll be in Herbert's flat." He stepped toward it.

Bob was in there. He had come up with Anna, and though protesting that she must be worn out and anxious to get rid of everyone and everything, he followed her into the hall.

She said: "No, I'm all right. Come in and have a drink before you go. It's not late, though it feels like tomorrow morning."

"Just a quick one, then," he promised her and himself, and went over to the table and poured two whiskies and brought them back. Rather precisely he put the glasses on the low table, and, sitting down beside her, took her in his arms and kissed her long and deliciously.

To page 38

But, still, all too briefly. Anna pulled away from him and turned aside her face. "Not the moment, not the moment," she said plaintively, and gave an enormous sigh. "I'm like a sponge that's sopped up murder and horror and fear. I can't give anything out. I can't rid my thoughts of it. I'm haunted by the idea that the police—"

"Stop! Drop the subject!" He seized both her hands and held them. "I won't let you say another word about it. Can't we try to forget it just for an hour! Just for one little hour. Oh, darling—please," he implored.

"No, I tell you. How can I? How can anyone? It's Estelle—"

"What about her?" He sat forward, elbows on knees, head in his hands. "Go on," he groaned. "What about her?"

SHE chided him. "Bob, don't be tough. Poor Estelle! She gets into that emotional state that might easily make them think she's truly unbalanced. Yet the idea of her being capable of any violent act—! She's so helpless, so pretty."

"Can't see what her prettiness has got to do with it," he said crossly. "If she is pretty."

"Don't be silly, she's quite lovely. Sitting there tonight—"

"I didn't notice."

"—her feet in those high-heeled white shoes."

"Didn't see them."

"Impossible. You can't be so unobservant. What was the color of her dress?"

"Green and white—blue and white—I don't know."

"Pearls?"

"Naturally. I know Claude gave her lovely pearls. Yes, she had them on."

"Wrong. A fine gold chain with a sapphire drop. However, all that's not what I was worrying about."

"What I was going to say, that if the police should question you about what shoes she was wearing don't say she changed from high heels into flaties."

He stared. "Did she?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Well... I noticed it when you ran up from finding O'Keefe, and the case creeping round the verandah from the sunroom."

"You mean, it'd look highly suspicious if—"

"Well, ask yourself!"

He gazed down at the carpet between his feet. "I don't quite get the picture..."

"No, because we can't im-

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 37

agine Estelle shooting anyone. But the police may suggest that she came round the verandah—say just after I'd left the gun there and gone on—and at that moment saw O'Keefe approaching the house, and took up the gun, and got him down to the paddock gate to talk to him privately, and—shot him." Slowly she was piecing these hypothetical actions together, her face sombre, her eyes on Bob's worried face.

"And then, you mean," he said, "she could've run back into the sunroom and thought about her heel-prints, and found a pair of her beach shoes and changed into them."

"Yes—at least, that's how they could reconstruct it. So, you see, if any question arose about heel-prints in the grass, and they thought she'd worn flaties all the evening, and you let slip she hadn't—That's what I wanted to put you on your guard about."

He nodded. "Yes. I'm. Of course, you'll be there, and yours are the same kind of high heels."

"Oh, but we told them I'd been out there with you, after he was dead. Though it's hard," she went on to say quickly, "that even the police could suspect her. I mean, her impulse to hide from Willy, to try to leave the country, and because of her timidity and the mere thought of a revolver. That's why I was so anxious to get it from him."

"And made such a magnificent job of it," he said with a short laugh. "Had him like a bit of putty in your hands." He took them up and kissed them, each palm, each slender, slightly tip-tilted finger.

"Oh, what rubbish! I think he was almost glad to get rid of it."

It was at this moment that the police came to the door. The object of their visit, Bob thought, gave the last touch to the bizarre of the night.

As they came into the room with Anna, Grogan said, almost without preamble: "Mr. Rivers, being a hot night and that, when the three of you arrived at the Pelli Beach house this evening, I suppose the first thing you thought about was drinks?"

Bob looked at him in mute wonder. Presently he nodded. "Yes—pretty soon."

"How soon?"

"Well—Mrs. Nevinston and I went round the house to see if everything was in order, and then I went out to the pantry and got ice and soda and opened a bottle of whisky."

HAZEL by Ted Key



Hazel can be seen on
 Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays;
 Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Tuesdays;
 Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays;
 Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
 Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
 and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

very curious. I see. Yes. Because the house was supposed to have been unused and shut up for six months, and people don't go off to America leaving the light and power plugged in."

"That's right, Mr. Rivers; that's what struck me just now. Somebody paid that house a visit previous to tonight. The question is who—and what for—and when?"

Weakly, Anna sat down on the arm of the sofa. Bob saw the gesture of utter weariness she made, running a hand over her forehead and up

through her already rumpled hair, shutting her eyes and turning her head aside.

It seemed that even the inspector himself took the hint, or arrived at the conclusion that nothing was to be gained by staying longer.

Anna still sat there on the sofa arm, staring after them dumbly as the detectives, followed by Bob, left the flat.

Downstairs, back at the car, Grogan spoke to headquarters, asking for the boys at Pelli Beach to set inquiries afoot as to whether anyone had seen any signs of occupancy at the

his room above. He was in old shirt and pants, his feet were thrust into slippers, and a cigarette that had gone out was between his paint-stained fingers.

Today, he told them when asked to state his movements, had been rather a good day. He'd gone up to his room after a cup of coffee across the way with Fallow and Rivers—that would've been some time before five, he guessed—and an idea he'd been working on began to come rather good, so he'd gone on working all the evening. He'd come down here some time or other—oh, don't ask him to say what time—and got himself some bread and cheese.

While he was doing it the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Brownlow, and she told him about some character getting killed down at the Nevinstons' place. They'd talked for a bit, and then he'd taken his sandwich upstairs and hadn't been down since. No, he hadn't seen or heard Fallow since he left him and Rivers in the coffee shop. But, then, if he'd been at work, he wouldn't've heard him come in or go out.

Standing there, thin as a rail, absorbed and intense, he scraped his unshaven chin with thumb and finger, tightened the slack belt of his pants, and waited patiently for them to leave.

But Grogan wasn't quite through. For the fourth time that evening he put his request: "Mind if I have a look at your wallet, Mr. Dyason?"

Very slowly, very deliberately, Joe crossed and dropped his dead cigarette into the rusted gate. Then he reached round into his hip-pocket and brought out his wallet, a cheap affair of tan imitation leather. Without words he held it out.

Grogan took the wallet, looked at it briefly, went on holding it, and looked over at Joe. "A recent buy, Mr. Dyason?"

"Pretty recent."

"Where'd you get it?"

"In a George Street chain-

store."

"What day?"

"Saturday morning."

"Because the wallet you'd

been using was the one that

fell with Nevinston when he

went over the balcony, eh?"

"Correct." Joe lit another

cigarette, and reached out

and reclaimed his wallet and

pocketed it again. "And if

I'd had a guilty conscience

about it, would I have run

out next day and bought my-

self one?"

"Look," Manning said,

taking a step toward him

and jabbing a finger in his

chest, "you weren't to know

you were goin' to be asked

to produce your wallet, were

you? And, what's more, you

wouldn't've been if we

hadn't've found out today

the facts about that one of

Mrs. Herbert's husband's. It

was worn-lookin', like it'd

been used for some time, so

naturally we thought by Her-

bert himself prior to his

death, and, after that, we

thought it'd been layin' in

Mrs. Herbert's desk drawer.

It didn't have any finger-

prints on it, because one of

those busy ambulance blokes

picked it up from a pool of

blood and wiped it off before

we got on the scene."

"But today the shop that

sold it—which it was traced

to in the routine inquiry—

states that it was sold to

Herbert's sister one week be-

fore he was killed in that car

smash, see? For a birthday

gift. She had his initials put

on it. See?"

Submitting to the stabbing

finger, Joe said: "You

needn't go on, Sergeant, I

see. I'll tell you the rest."

"I'll go on," Manning said

indignantly. "I'll go on, all

right! There was no wallet

on Herbert's body when he

was carried from the scene

of the smash to the cottage

at Pelli Beach where him and his wife was stayin'. His sister testifies to the fact, she was down there spendin' the day with 'em."

"Are you willing to make a statement about Nevinston's killing?" Grogan followed up.

"No, Inspector, you're on the wrong track. I didn't kill Nevinston. I've got one or two very unpleasant things to own up to, but not that!"

"Such as?"

"Well—it's a painful, unsavory episode." As though to ease its telling, Joe went over to the table, which bore its usual debris of past meals. He filled a tumbler with red wine and swallowed half of it. "Well, eight months ago when Nevinston was very much alive, I pinched fifty pounds from him."

"Oh? Under what circumstances?"

"All the circumstances to do with it were as painful as the fact itself." Joe stood staring down into his glass, slowly swirling the wine round. He finished it and poured another. "You've heard something about Edgar Herbert, I expect. And nothing very creditable, no doubt. He was a kind of buddy of mine."

"At that time I was rather mixed up about my life about my work, I mean, I wasn't sure of myself, the way I am now. I was also penniless, and one day I ran across Edgar Herbert when he was a bit flush, and I borrowed some money from him."

"Did you know Mr. Herbert then?"

"No, I'd never met her. Edgar and I met when we were proof-reading on one of the newspapers. Well, anyhow, this money he'd lent me—fifty quid it was—he began to give me hell when I couldn't pay it back. So as this day he rang me and said I'd damn well have to meet him at Pelli Beach and bring him something on account. I pawned about five quid's worth, a small transistor and an old watch, and went down."

"I got off the bus and started to walk toward the post office, where I was to meet him. I was on the ocean side, and not far along there was a car drawn up. A grey Rolls. I passed right by it. It was empty. The driver's window was down. On the seat was a coat. There was a notecase visible in the breast pocket. There wasn't so much as a man or a dog in sight."

Joe was talking in clipped, difficult sentences. "Ever been flat broke, Inspector? Desperate and tempted beyond the limit?"

He stared. "Did she?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Well... I noticed it when

you ran up from finding

O'Keefe, and the case creep-

ing round the verandah from

the sunroom."

"You mean, it'd look highly

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Continuing . . . THE YEARS AHEAD

from page 36

I've forgotten who you are and what you're like? Whichever, I don't seem to know you very well, maybe not at all. Mrs. Fowler, I need help."

Her face was still wet, but she had stopped crying. You don't know me, she thought, how could you know me? The woman you used to know has been hiding behind three children.

"Clay, we are in trouble then," she said. "Because I don't know you, either, and we've lost every excuse not to find out about each other."

He stood up, pulling her up with him, and they walked back across the yard to the house. On the way they passed by a swing he had hung from a tree long ago for one of the children, but they were unaware of it, nor would they have remembered which child it was for. At the top of the back steps they stopped as if on a signal

and turned and faced each other. In an old accustomed gesture, she hooked her fingers inside his shirt between the middle buttons.

He looked down at her and his look said, "Listen. Be quiet and listen."

She looked up at him, her mouth a quick round of astonishment, and her look said, "You know about them, too?"

AS it was a Sunday and the sun was almost down, from within the house there came the soft tread of a boy's feet. From the back steps they could not tell if the boy was five, ten, fifteen, or twenty, but they knew the step, knew that the feet were kitchen bound.

They looked at each other in appalled affection as they

remembered the

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 38

My money, eh? Was it his or mine? Could even've been the bloke's that owned the Rolls. Anyhow I felt I had more right to it than anyone, since I'd done the dirty job of pinching it. After they'd taken Edgar's body away I was pretty badly shaken, what with one thing and another, and I went into the pub and downed three quick doubles. To pay for them, I changed one of the tenners, and went out and jumped on a bus for town. In the doorway of the pub I saw a big, prosperous-looking bloke who didn't mean a thing to me then."

Seated sideways at the table, Grogan nodded, rested his hand and drummed reflectively among the cups and glasses and breadcrumbs. When old Les, he noticed— who'd actually parked himself in the chair opposite!— didn't look like he was going to burst at the seams with disgust.

Anyhow, Joe went on to say, the money had kept him for months up-country— living like an abo, it was true— painting, doing the work that was the basis of the show he was having here next month. Sometimes, of course, it would come over him what he'd done, and he'd have a very bad time with himself. A low-down bit of dirt. Not nice to have on your mind.

Back in town, two months ago, dosing down upstairs, helped by Mrs. Brownlow— and a damn good scout she was— he'd heard her and fellow talking about the time and the trouble with Nevins, little thinking who he was. Then last Friday afternoon the blow had fallen.

Running down the steps of Braham Court after lunching with Lizzie, he'd seen, and recognised, the Rolls and the man getting into it. Cavanagh, standing by, had remarked that if Mr. Claude Nevins couldn't have a nice car, who could?

"Nevins?" I said. "I've met Mrs. Nevins a few times, but I've never seen him," and Cavanagh said, "Well, there he is. He's been paying his wife a visit."

JOE came across and put down his glass and supported his drooping frame with one hand on the table. "Well," he groaned, "did that shake me! Did my hell begin! A mixture of shame and fear. Had Nevins noticed me in the Pelli Beach pub that morning eight months ago? Could he have learnt there that I'd paid for my drinks with a tenner and had his suspicions of me? Could he, by any chance, recognise me at the opening of my show? I pictured him walking in there with Anna Herbert. My stomach turned over, thinking of the way it might turn out against me."

"All the afternoon I chewed on it, and at last I decided to take the bull by the horns and tell Nevins, and repay the money. This time I really had sold a picture. Mrs. Herbert had just bought one. Well, I thought that in the circumstances he wouldn't take it out on me and make a scene. And I was right."

His expression cleared slightly. He put up a hand and stroked back a lock of hair; and suddenly he looked less than his twenty-three years, almost boyish.

"I was on the roof garden of Braham Court on Friday evening," he went on, "having seen Nevins and Mrs. Herbert come in together. After a while I heard her come out and go down for those strawberries, and I hurried down and met him in her hall. I took five tenners out of my wallet— Edgar's wallet, I'd been using it all the time— and told Nevins the

whole story. As the saying is, I threw myself on his mercy. When I'd finished he said, 'Put it back, keep it. I'm too damn pleased with life tonight to worry about a little thing like that.' Anxious to row in with this gesture, which I saw he was glad to make, I put the money back in the wallet.

"And then he undid all his big-heartedness. As I turned to leave the hall he said, 'I hope your paintings are better than your morals!' It got right under my skin. Yes, I know, I know! What right did I have to get on my high horse? Anyhow, I laid the wallet down on the hall table and said, 'No, really, I'd rather you'd take it,' and walked out to the lift. He must've transferred the money to his own wallet and dropped my wallet into his pocket. Were there five tenners in the money he had on him?"

"Yes, there were."

"Yes. Anyhow, right behind me, without speaking again, he stepped out and took out a key and went into his wife's flat. The wallet must've dropped from his pocket when he went over the balcony." Joe finished speaking and drank the last of the wine.

Soon after, as they were leaving, walking round the side of the building, something struck Grogan and he left Manning to go on to the car and went back and spoke to Joe again.

Joe was taking dirty plates and glasses over to a sink in the corner.

"Mr. Dyason."

"Hullo? What?"

"After leaving Nevins."

"Yes?"

"Did you happen to see Mrs. Patmore as you left the flat? Because she saw Nevins go into his wife's flat. Or so she says."

"No, I didn't see her. But then I must've just got into the lift as she opened her door, and the lift's on her side of the building, so I couldn't have seen her."

Grogan nodded. "That's right. Yes, that's right."

On rejoining Manning he learnt from him that there had been quick results from the inquiries at Pelli Beach. He listened with approval.

"Always start off at the pub," he said when Manning ended. "The doctor gets to know a lot in a small place, and the priest a bit more, but it's the pub that knows the full reckoning."

A few minutes later saw them at Braham Court once more.

Estelle's expression when

FROM THE BIBLE

● "The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: He is their strength in the time of trouble."

— Psalm 37:39.

she saw Grogan and Manning standing at her door again was one of outrage.

"No!" she said. "No!" as though in disbelief. "I don't know what you've come to say, but whatever it is I'm not going to listen. I'm exhausted. I'm not going to say one more word tonight. Not one more word!" Abandoning them at the open door, she rushed back inside.

It seemed to Grogan a waste of opportunity not to follow. And maybe, he thought, the little lady wasn't quite so near collapse as she made out, because there was plenty of action in the way

she turned on him and Les, seeing them at her heels in the sitting-room. Though she said again, "No, not another word," and lots more to the same effect, she looked affable and geared for action.

Mildly, presently, Grogan managed to get a word in. "There's just one little matter, Mrs. Nevins, we'd like to question you about."

"No doubt, but I shan't be questioned, No. No. No." She made it clear with every tone and gesture. As though she had caught Willy's ambulatory habit, she was pacing up and down in front of the detectives. A swish of nylon robe foamed about her feet, and her small dark head reared up out of the shell-pink froth at the neck.

"In the course of our inquiries at Pelli Beach tonight," Grogan persisted, "we

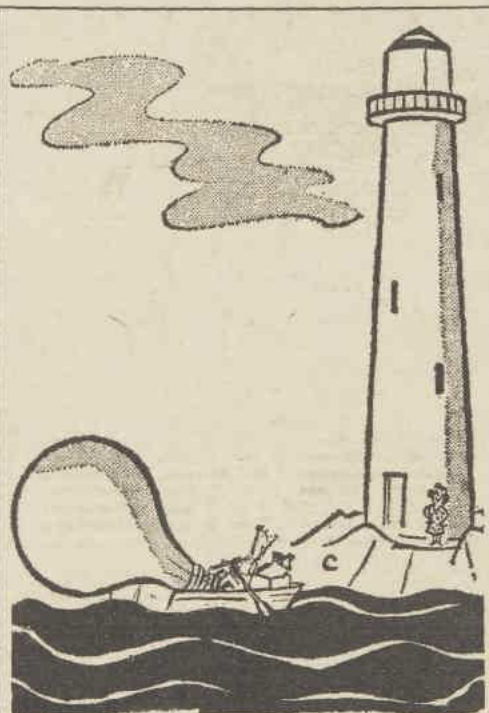
switch it off when you left, accounting for the ice in it this evening."

The words that had seemed ready to tumble from her lips were arrested. Her eyes darted from one stolid, watchful face to the other.

Then: "No," she said. "No." And then: "Did the barman say the car was a sports car?"

Grieved, Grogan had to concede the point. "No, he couldn't say that. He couldn't actually—"

"No! It's the most wicked, barefaced accusation I've ever heard. I haven't been to Pelli Beach since I came back from America. Mr. Stanley had never been there before tonight. If somebody spent that weekend there and turned on lights and the refrigerator and enjoyed themselves— well, you should have asked my late husband who it was!"



"I remembered to get the light bulb, dear."

interviewed a number of people, and the barman—"

"Did you? I don't care who you interviewed. Go away and interview somebody else, you're not going to interview me."

"—and the barman at the Marine Hotel states that to-ward evening on the Friday previous to your husband's death— just a week before— this barman happened to see a small white car going up the hill to your house, and the lights went on in the big windows before the curtains were drawn."

As though pinned to the spot by an arrow, Estelle stopped, and a still expression came over her face, routing the fury there.

"Furthermore," Manning followed up, "there was lights in the house again on the succeeding night, the Saturday."

Before she had time to open her mouth, Grogan went on: "A small white car, Mr. Stanley's. We suggest that you and he spent the weekend there, and— Now just half a minute. Mrs. Nevins—" His hand went up, for her mouth was not only open now, but ready to pour forth. "Just half a minute. We suggest you took your food with you, so you didn't need to go near the shopping street, but you turned on the refrigerator and forgot to

mism in this remark that woke a ready echo in Manning. "And that's for sure," he agreed. "That's for sure."

"For instance, did Nevins say a lot more than what his wife says he said when he was leaving through the telephone book? Something that opened her eyes to the fact that through O'Keefe he could get evidence about her and Stanley's weekend at Pelli Beach, enough evidence for him to be able to divorce her and leave her penniless if he liked to turn nasty. Whereas, his death leaves her a very rich widow."

"And was she cute enough to follow him back into somebody else's flat, instead of tippin' him over her own balcony? Though it's hard to see her able to do it anywhere what with his size and hers."

"That's right, but somebody did it, catching him off balance and pushing or pulling him over. Anyhow, not three days after his death but his wife's down at Pelli Beach to see O'Keefe. Was it to shut his mouth before he could come forward and tell us what he knew?"

They contemplated this picture in silence for a minute or two.

Then: "This feller Stanley," Grogan mused. "I guess if there's anything on earth that'd make him do his block, it'd be to find his little sweetie had run off and hidden from him and lied to him. Did he go round the house after he parted from his gun, hear the Herbert girl calling her, realised he'd been tricked, pick up the gun off the rail, see a figure down by the paddock gate, mistake it for his lost darling, and fire?"

"And where's the gun, now?"

"That's right, where?"

"That gallery crew," Manning said, with a sniff of severe condemnation. "Did one of them go down there that weekend?"

"For what?"

"Maybe to go through Nevins's desk, knowin' there was somethin' in it that'd give them a handle against him over the gallery affair."

"The key, where'd they get that?"

"That'd be Webb's job. She might've been ready to turn against Nevins by then and row in with them."

"I wonder did this bloke Dyason's meetin' with Nevins on Friday night pass off all that sweetly?"

"Well, from all we've heard of Nevins, he seems to've been the sort of man that could be stone hard in some things and yet could easy make a big-hearted gesture like that to Dyason."

"Huh! These tycoons! Fleece the sheep with one hand and endow hospitals for 'em with the other."

"Mrs. Patmore had motive enough and opportunity to kill Nevins. I mean, him threatening her on one side and Stanley's gun at her head on the other. But it's beyond me to tie her up with O'Keefe's killing. Though, mind, it's a funny coincidence that for those three hours this evening she was walking around, not seen by anybody, looking for a medium she never found, at a house with a number that wasn't there."

"Well! Half-way round the bend!" Manning protested.

"This Herbert girl. She was pretty active, wasn't she? Taking it on herself to tell O'Keefe he's wanted up at the house. If she was in a fix maybe the best she could do for herself was to try and be in on it, or overhear whatever Mrs. Nevins wanted to talk to him about. When she got back and Stanley happened in, did she think of that gun of his and decide to get it and use it? No mean

feat," Grogan added grimly, "to part that guy from his pet pistol."

Manning nodded. "Yeah, I'd hate to have anything that girl wanted."

"I don't expect you need worry, old son," Grogan felt silent again, stood looking across at the treetops in the garden opposite, theatrically green in the artificial light. At last he said: "You know, there's one thing if the barman could tell us—"

"Give it away," Manning shook his head. "He swears he can't say what make the car was. It was only a flash of white goin' up the hill, then the house lights goin' on."

"No, I don't mean that."

"What then?"

"Who did he tell?"

"Not a soul, says he thought it might've been a little visit on the side, and didn't want to make trouble for anyone."

"Well, why the hell didn't you tell me that?"

"What are you comin' at?" Manning rubbed his weary, waiting face.

"I'll tell you—"

"They got into the car."

SLEEP was far off and refused to be wooed when Bob finally got to bed that night. Talk kept drumming in his head, beating mercilessly like rain pelted on a tin roof. "I did do that, I didn't do this, I might have done the other. I didn't exactly see, I couldn't exactly say. Yes, No. Yes, No. Now, Mrs. Herbert, you just said. Now, Mr. Stanley, you never told us." Cigarettes lighted and thrown away . . . doors opening and shutting . . . people coming in and going out, standing up and sitting down.

On and on, to and fro, words and images tumbling about in his brain. The idea that anyone would ever be able to make sense out of this blood-thirsty muddle—! No. No. Only one thing made sense, made divine reason, rather: Twice tonight he had taken Anna in his arms and kissed her. Two moments of heaven in a night of hell.

The worst hell being that damnable questioning of her in Claude's study . . . ex-Claude's ex-study.

Sharp anxiety for her suddenly pierced him, an anxiety that he had fought off all the evening, until now when it found him lying here sweating and helpless in the dark.

At last the early dawn began to glimmer and the clamor of birds in the garden took over from the talk in his head. One thought—the last—came to him sharply, clearly, before he dropped asleep: at least he knew the fact about Estelle's change of shoes, and he was damned if he'd keep it to himself if any real danger from the police threatened Anna.

The cottage in the small street off William Street, not five minutes' walk from the crowded raffish centre of the Cross, was itself eminently respectable, with its little front garden and swept path and a fresh coat of paint.

At two-thirty the following afternoon the owner of this cottage, a pleasant-looking woman of about forty, in working overall and carrying mop and duster, came out of her back door and crossed the square of lawn between the clothes hoist and the high fence that separated the garden from the narrow lane between this house and the next one.

At the end of the garden was an old wooden structure recently converted into a flatette. This dwelling of two rooms and kitchen and bath-

To page 40

room, with much turquoise paint and an abundance of electrical appliances, was let furnished to the home-hungry at a very profitable rental. At the moment, however, it was vacant, the last tenant having moved out a few days ago.

The owner went into the bedroom, stripped the bed, turned the mattress, folded the blankets at the foot and replaced the blue candlewick cover. She mopped the linoleum surround and dusted the furniture and shone up the mirror.

Going through to the sitting-room she whisked round vigorously there with mop and duster, and plumped up cushions and rearranged ornaments with an owner's hand and eye. Finished with all this, she opened the windows halfway in bedroom and sitting-room, lowered the venetian blinds to the same level, and stood both doors wide to the sunshine.

Then she recrossed to her cottage, emerging a few minutes later in a brightly printed cotton dress and with shopping basket and purse.

AROUND about the same time on this same afternoon Bob decided to end the morning's privation by going to see Anna.

Tied irrevocably to the disasters of the past few days and yet half-unwilling to go forward to the possible disasters ahead, at last he had rung the office and said he wouldn't be in. The office, where order and normality reigned, but not for him. For him, the protracted nerve-fraying mind-filling mystery and the police probings which seemed to postulate a perfect state of affairs once the criminal was brought to justice, but made no reckoning of the shattered relationships and reputations left behind.

He got out of his car at Braham Court and went up to the seventh floor and crossed the landing to Anna's flat.

There was a coldly distant air about her as she let him in. Let him in! That was about as far as it went, he felt. Would she have opened the door if she'd known who it was? Yet she didn't look as though she'd been expecting anyone else.

"I didn't ring," he said in a tone that sounded fatally apologetic for his being there—for his being alive at all, almost. "I thought I'd just look in to hear if there was anything fresh, or to see if there was anything I could do for you." I'm a humble slave, please be good enough to tread on my neck!

"No, thank you, Bob. And I don't think there's anything fresh. Not that I've heard."

She didn't sit down, but walked about the room doing some quite unnecessary small things, pushing in a desk drawer left ajar, straightening a curtain, folding newspapers and laying them in order.

She said: "But I haven't been out of the flat this morning or spoken to anyone, so I wouldn't know."

"No police communications?"

"None."

Chopped off short! He felt it had been an almost tactless question.

"Is it cool or hot out?" she

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

inquired perfunctorily. "I didn't get up till a little while ago."

"Quite nice. What about coming out for a late lunch, then?"

"No thank you, Bob," she said again, without grace or explanation.

It was as though he had turned into a stranger overnight. Or was it that he was expecting too much of her in this unresolved situation? Flapping sandals on her bare feet and skimpy black pants and shirt made her look thin and stark. She was without make-up, even lipstick, and her face now depended on its perfect modelling and the long grey-green blue-grey eyes. She stood, folding and refolding a newspaper with meaningless deliberation.

Bob looked at her searchingly. That she didn't want him around today—well, that was easy enough to understand. She might well be tired, be busy, be unable to bear any further discussion of this awful affair. Who would blame her for that! But he couldn't help feeling that something unguessed at by him lay behind the change in her today.

What were her thoughts concerned with? Had his coming interrupted some plan or other? What was it that was giving her that suspended air? Like someone at the end of things, she seemed to him, and alone, except for his barely realised physical presence.

Even the room, to his uneasy eye, looked weary of all its functions. There were dead flowers, dead butts in the ashtrays, last night's dead, empty glasses.

He said bluntly: "Anna—what is it? Is there anything wrong?"

"Wrong? No," she said on a note too quick to be a convincing denial. "No, there's nothing wrong. No." She turned away and carried that futile paper over and flattened it down on the desk, presenting a rigid back to him.

He said slowly: "I don't think I quite believe you."

"I'm afraid I can't help that."

"But what's clear is, you want me to go."

She faced him again. "Well, Bob, if you don't mind, I have to go out. I'm just going to change and then I'm leaving."

"The car's down below. I can drive you, if that'll be any use." He wondered at his own effrontery in the face of her near dismissal of him.

"No, I'm only going round the corner to have my hair done."

"Anna"—he tried to make it sound light—"I've never heard such a feeble attempt to deceive in all my life."

She didn't make another attempt. "Well, anyhow, I'll have to ask you to go, Bob. I can't stay talking any longer," and walking quickly past him disappeared into her bedroom and shut the door.

Beyond any fine feeling of hurt pride, Bob stood and looked at the shut door. Through it, he could hear her moving about. He took out a

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

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cigarette and lit it, smoked for a minute, strolled, waited, sat down, got up, listened again, spoke at last.

"Anna," he said loudly, "I'm still here, you know. I haven't gone, and I'm not going till you tell me what's happened to make you so different today."

He threw himself into a chair and smoked furiously.

the barricade of her non-response, "that you haven't got something on your mind. Something desperate that you think you've got to be alone for. Isn't that so? . . . Well, I tell you frankly, I'm not going off leaving you looking like something out of a Charles Addams drawing. And then you've got the nerve to try and kid me that you're going out to have your hair done!"

***** AS I READ THE STARS *****

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 22

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Monday.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week 3.
★ Gambling colors, red, turquoise.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week 4.
★ Gambling colors, pink, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week 3.
★ Gambling colors, orange, mve.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week 5.
★ Gambling colors, mve., orange.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week 1.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Monday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 22
★ Lucky number this week 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, pink.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Monday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 23—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week 1.
★ Gambling colors, grey, green.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Monday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week 6.
★ Gambling colors, mve., orange.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

"I don't know if you really are changing your dress or simply hanging about in there waiting for me to clear out. But you'll have to wait a damn long time."

No answer. He heard the opening of a drawer, her footsteps about the room. His heart was thumping with a rising anger at her rejection of him.

"Nothing will convince me," he started afresh against

★ Your ruling star has a busy and adverse time. Love, luck, romance, and courtship are all unfavorably affected. Strong disruptive influences prevail until the 25th. You need patience.

★ Not a good week, but you come out better than most, the best time being 26th-29th, when you should be up and doing. Best to stick to routine, especially on the 23rd and 24th.

★ You begin what is normally a cycle that could produce fruitful results under turbulent stars. Plan is to start nothing new and go cautiously. The 22nd could lead to quarrels.

★ A restless and adverse week, especially affecting finances and the home budget. The 23rd is the climax. Begin no new thing and watch out for accidents, especially traffic ones.

★ A surge of impatience could have disastrous consequences, 23rd-24th. The stars are unhappy this week, affecting every department of life. Postpone important plans or shelve engagements.

★ Usually a period of progress and constructive activity, this week could inaugurate big changes. It is a time for conservatism, but you may find conditions altered, despite yourself.

★ Anything may happen this week, since big changes are looming. You will have to use your innate diplomacy, as there could be trouble through something said or written. Bif light.

★ This is a time to tread water and conserve your strength, as the tide of events is running against you. The 27th is your best day for what can't be postponed too long.

★ You may not be as lucky as usual, but compared with most other signs, things turn out better than most. Big upsetting changes are afoot. Deals begun on the 23rd could fail.

★ Definitely not your week, but certainly by no means an uneventful one. Love and romance are under unsmiling stars, yet an intriguing emotional interlude is suggested on the 27th.

★ An emotional storm could lead to a definite break on the 23rd. There could be a punctured friendship. Conditions are bad for love, romance, partnership, and marriage.

★ The dominant influences adversely affect your home life and your public career. There could be sudden captures in partnerships and abrupt setbacks to your ambitions.

He sat on, dividing his anxious glances between the unseen objects in the room and the blank door.

Getting up at last, he hurried his cigarette into a bowl and moved nearer the door. Just the small sounds now of a tinkle of lipstick and comb or something dropped on a glass-topped dressing-table.

"Anna, Anna—you know I love you, you know how much I love you. There isn't anything you wouldn't be safe to tell me, because there's nothing on earth I wouldn't do for you, no way I wouldn't help you. You may hate the very sight of me after this and never speak to me again, but I'm staying till you tell me what it's all about. That understood? . . . Anyhow, it's what I'm doing whether you say so or not. I mean to."

Suddenly he seemed to drop down a floor and be standing in flat sixty-one in front of a shut bedroom

door, talking to someone who wouldn't answer.

The shock of the repetition of the incident of four nights ago struck him dumb. The ceasing of his own voice emphasised the silence in the bedroom. Nothing, no sound. Not answering or not there? Gone out or—?

Panic overtook him and he tried the door. It was locked.

He ran out and across the passage to the bathroom. The connecting door into the bedroom stood wide. The clothes she'd taken off were strewn about. The room was empty.

As he rushed out of the flat and across the landing, the whining of the lift ceased as it reached the ground floor. He didn't wait to bring it up, but hurled himself down the stairs. Down and round, down and round, his running feet clattering on the stone steps.

Reaching the outer doorway, he saw a few paces down the street a taxi drawing up at the kerb, and caught a glimpse of Anna disappearing into it. As it swung round to come back down the hill, he dived into the building again and waited out of sight as the taxi passed Braham Court. Then he ran out and jumped into his own car and set off to follow.

By good luck the taxi was easy to see ahead without getting too close. He kept a safe distance, feeling sure, though, that in this solid stream of mid-afternoon traffic pouring to and from the city she would think she had given him the slip and that her flight had been successful.

The heat and brilliance of the day glittered on cars and roadways and glimmered like a mirage as he reached the top of William Street.

About half-way down, the cab turned into a side street, a narrow, shabby street made up of warehouses and somewhat sordid apartment houses with a sprinkling of old-fashioned cottages, some of these last restored, some sinking into decay and living on sufferance.

Bob followed more cautiously now, increasing the distance between the taxi and himself. He saw it slow down and draw up, and jammed on his own brakes and pulled in and parked behind a stationary van loading furniture from a factory. Now she was getting out and turning to pay the driver.

Hidden himself behind a convenient barrier of wardrobes he could keep her in sight. What in the world was she doing here that could have surrounded this last hour with such prodigious secrecy?

Once again he was struck by the strangeness of the way in which events were duplicating themselves. As on Friday afternoon through the town crowd, so now again he was following her and spying on her meetings. The very dress she had on was the grey one she had worn on Friday. But today she wore no hat. No scarf. That feminine scrap of chiffon with its smear of green paint was parked away as a police exhibit at C.I.B. Headquarters.

"Lost your way, mate?" a friendly wardrobe lifter inquired at his back.

"No—no, thanks. I—I was looking to see how the numbers run."

"Evens on this side, odds on the other."

"Oh, yes, so they do!" He went forward.

She was crossing the footpath and going in at the gate of a cottage, one of the primed-up ones with pretensions to charm.

He hurried along the pavement.

She hadn't gone up to the front door, but was walking round the side of the house. Running between the cottage

and the next one was a narrow lane leading into a still narrower one on to which all the buildings backed.

Hidden by the high fence, Bob sped down the lane to the back gate, stepped inside warily and found himself close to the end wall of a small separate dwelling that ran across almost the full width of the garden.

In this end wall was a window, and against it grew a clump of oleanders, their pointed leaves and clusters of pink blossom almost touching the sill.

Shamelessly preparing to eavesdrop, Bob crept close to the window behind the screen of greenery. If she had come unwittingly into any sort of danger, the bell would gently remind her!

He was looking into a living-room whose yellow walls and carpet compensated for the meagre light that filtered in through the half-drawn blind. The outer door that opened on to the garden was shut. There was another door in the wall directly opposite the window through which he was looking.

Seated with her back to him was a homely looking woman in a flowered print frock. Just beginning to turn to overweight, she was well-corseted and upright. On her fresh complexioned cheek and wavy brown hair were all he could see of her face and head. Anna was seated near the window, giving him at first a moment's fear of discovery, and then he realised her complete was the scene through which he was peering.

Their voices came to him. Anna was saying: "I'm afraid I'm a little early, Ma O'Keefe."

ROCKED by surprise, Bob gaped at the well-dressed head Mrs O'Keefe!

She answered in a slow drawing voice: "Oh, so that's all right, you're not too early, Mrs. Herbert. I suggested half-past three because, as I told you in my letter, my mother's very ill after an operation, and this is the time I give her a sedative and she sleeps for an hour or so. I'm only here. I can't ask you into the house."

"Don't think of that, please. Of course we mustn't disturb her."

"No, I thought our voices might." Mrs. O'Keefe took a handkerchief from her belt and rubbed it between her hands. "I never closed my eyes last night. I don't need to tell you, you can imagine it. The shock of my husband being killed like that! And then this thing I had on my mind. I was searching around what I'd better do."

"Fancy you remembering me."

"Indeed I do, I remember you quite well, Mrs. Herbert. When you were at Ball Beach you and your husband used to come into the hotel sometimes, didn't you?"

"Yes, we often did."

"I remember him, too. My word, he was a handsome boy, wasn't he?"

Anna nodded. "He was."

"Tragic the way he died. Both of our husbands getting killed within the year. What a coincidence that seems!"

"Except that my husband's death was accidental."

"Oh, yes, of course. Perhaps that makes it easier. I don't know. Poor Tom's death—my husband, I mean—it does seem the cruellest thing. A comparatively young man. Forty-five, that's all he was."

"Is that all? Yes, it's ghastly, ghastly."

"Of course I hadn't been living with him down there for some months. Not that we were exactly separated. It was mostly on account of

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

YOU KEPT US AWAKE LAST NIGHT LISTENING TO YOU AND YOUR WIFE ARGUING!



WELL, LIVING NEXT DOOR,




By RUD

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2-3 months	12	5	6	1½
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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1963

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THE SECRET

A tender short story
complete on this page

**BY DOROTHY
M. ROSE**

"**M**RS. JOHN BETTIN . . . ? Double t?" the elderly nurse demanded, definitely annoyed, and scribbled the name in the open book on the desk. "Doctor's evening patients must arrive before eight, you know. It's a quarter to . . ."

Nancy Bettin nodded, blinking rapidly to conceal the foolish tears that welled unbidden these days whenever anyone spoke to her the least bit reproachfully, her mother-in-law at home, or the supervisor of typists at the office, conductors on buses, anyone.

Nancy stepped through the archway to the waiting-room. One other patient still waited, a girl somewhat older than she, and in about her seventh month, Nancy guessed. Hugging her own secret to her, the warm, jealously guarded secret, Nancy sat next to the girl.

Naturally she'd checked on the visiting hours of this Dr. Weston in the Professional Building. And she'd schemed, worked overtime only until seven-thirty instead of eight, so that, allowing for this stop, she'd arrive at her in-laws' at about the usual hour.

The examination by the doctor tonight would be only a formality, because Nancy knew. She'd known for a few weeks, instinctively, intuitively, beyond all doubt, and, yes, in spite of them all . . . gladly! No one else would be elated, surely not Johnny, only starting basic training away at the Army camp, or her own parents. She could hear the reaction already, probably the same as it had been four months ago.

"Married . . . !" That had been Mrs. Bettin, Johnny's mother. "Well, I think you might have waited. You haven't even done your service stint yet, John . . ."

And Nancy's own mother, on the long-distance phone. "You really should have waited, darling! How long have you known him? He works for an insurance company? They won't advance him if he hasn't done his service time yet. I suppose he could be called any time. Disruptions can work havoc before a marriage has had time to jell. You young people just don't realise . . ."

Even though she bit her lips now, the tears kept welling, two at a time. No, she wasn't going to tell any of them, not until she had to. She was going to stretch out this time while the precious knowledge was hers alone, the irrepressible singing inside her, even the slight dizziness in the mornings, the sudden drowsy spells that made her rest her head on the desk after lunch. It was all hers, and they'd spoil it with clucking and disapproval and I-told-you-so.

Desperate for reassurance, she scrambled for her wallet in her purse and stared with concentration at the snap of Johnny. What would happen to his expression if she wired him the news? It would become instantly distressed, overwrought. She knew it. He'd worry about money, for one thing. He'd only be half happy. She tried to make the picture come to life, see Johnny laugh, smile, wink at her, but it remained just a set face in a snapshot. Maybe the rest of them were right; she and Johnny had been married such a short time, and so many things had got in the way.

"This is my second baby . . ."

Nancy started. Gradually, she answered the girl next to her, aware of the girl's inspection, and that the confidence invited a return one. "That's nice . . ."

A dozen questions she'd like to ask sprang to Nancy's lips. But the door to the inner office opened, and a patient emerged. Nancy's companion rose awkwardly.

Nancy sat alone, staring at the door, thankful she hadn't betrayed the secret to a stranger. Soon she'd go through that door herself.

The hush was shattered suddenly as the door to the outer corridor flew open. A woman burst in, wild-eyed, clutching a small screaming boy tightly in her arms. Blood seeped through a makeshift bandage on the boy's forehead. Quick confusion and noise merged. Nancy's former waiting companion, bustling out by the nurse, departed hurriedly. The others went through to the doctor.

But almost at once the nurse ushered the child's mother back to the waiting-room. "She's too upset to be in there. Phone her husband, Mrs. Bettin. She wants him. The



Longing for reassurance, Nancy tried to
make the photo of Johnny come to life.

name's Collins. Bill Collins. Here's the phone number." "They have to take stitches . . ." Mrs. Collins said blankly, not to Nancy, apparently just to the space in front of her own frightened eyes.

Nancy patted Mrs. Collins' hand and went to make the phone call at the nurse's desk.

When she'd finished she sat beside Mrs. Collins, touched her hand, murmured all the inadequate little phrases she could summon, knowing all the time that she wasn't being of the least comfort. "They have to take stitches," the woman repeated, as though for the first time. The rest of the story came out jaggedly, unevenly: the big paint-can in the cellar, the child's fall.

Mr. Collins arrived finally. Nancy knew it was he, because he crossed the room in a flash, threw himself down on the spot she herself vacated, and took the woman in his arms. The story was told again. Mrs. Collins sank back. "I'm so glad you're here," she breathed, closing her eyes. Worry was as heavy on the man's face as on the woman's, but Mrs. Collins rested her head on her husband's shoulder, and their hands clamped tightly, like one hand, almost as though their blood flowed in one stream.

As indeed it did in the boy! Nancy stared, fascinated, at the hands. After a minute she got up and left.

The post-office was just down the block.

Nancy wrote the message on the yellow sheet without hesitation . . . "I haven't seen the doctor yet, but I'm absolutely sure. We're going to have a baby, darling . . ."

She paused and studied the writing. Should she come right out with it like that? The word WE leaped up at her. She'd been thinking only I, I, I for weeks.

Johnny's face in the snapshot flashed before her, too. But now his face laughed, and smiled, and winked at her, the way it always did first thing whenever he entered a room where she was.

The vision of him was so real and alive that Nancy swayed and held on to the counter for support.

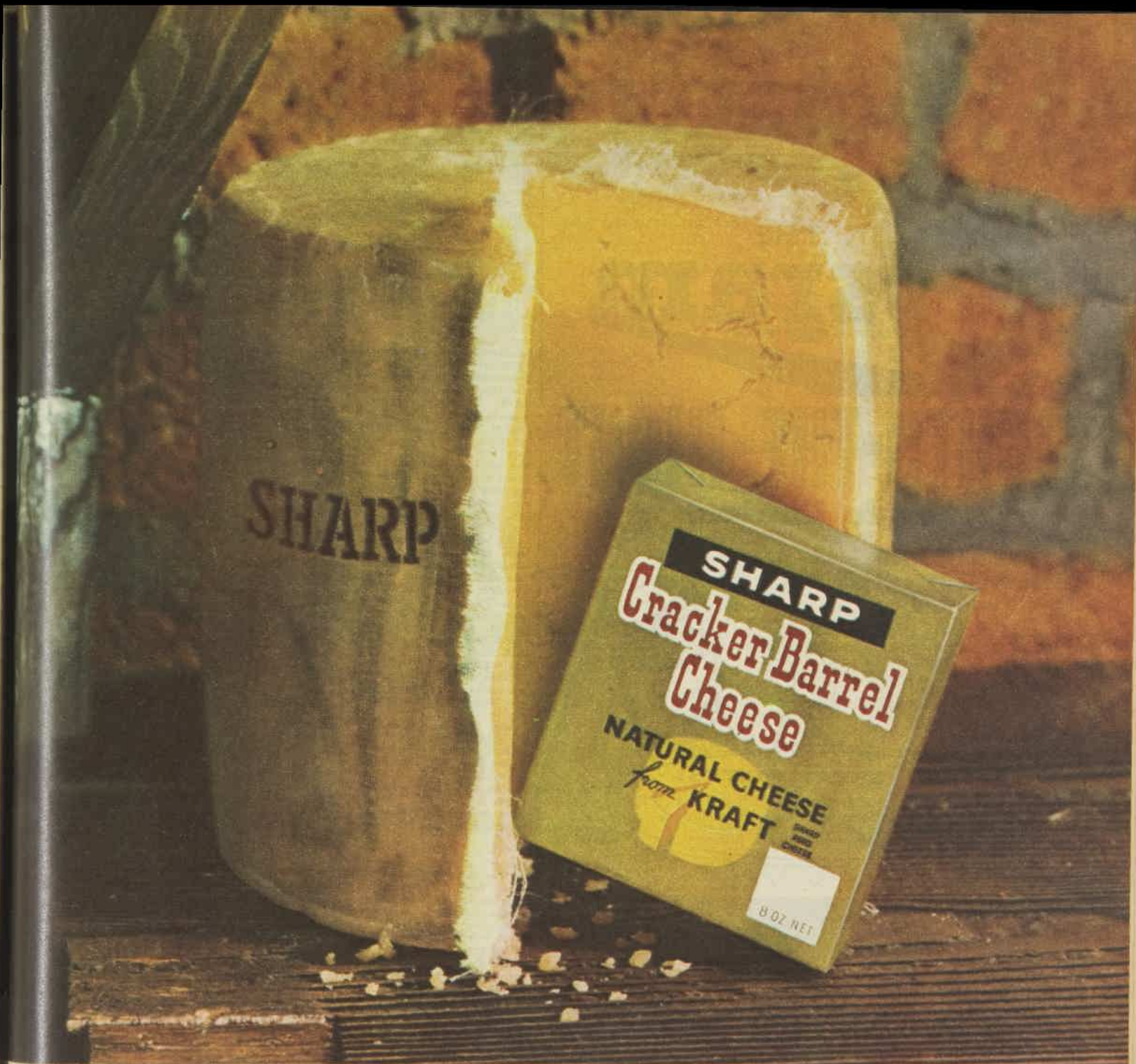
The clerk considered her. "You all right, miss . . . ?"

Nancy straightened and smiled at him unseeingly. Of course Johnny would be worried and upset and overwrought in a lot of ways. He had a perfect right to be. Wasn't he her husband? The only thing the matter with her secret had been it was a secret meant for two.

Through the post-office window, Nancy saw the Collins family walking along the sidewalk, the tot in his father's arms, calmly sucking on a great big lollipop.

"Oh, yes!" Nancy said to the clerk. "I'm perfectly all right. Just wonderful. How soon do you think this wire will arrive . . . ?"

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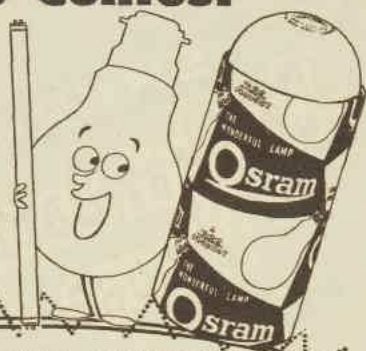
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- You may submit as many entries as you like, but each must be sent separately.
- Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Employees of B.G.E. and their advertising agency are ineligible.
- Contest closes on 24th August. Winners will be notified by mail.

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 40

my mother's illness. And when I think how he enjoyed life! I saw him only last week. Have the police got any theories, do you know?"

Anna shook her head. The light in the room gave her face an almost unnatural paleness. Or was it the contrast with Mrs. O'Keefe's ruddy complexion?

She said: "No—at least, if they have got any theories they haven't taken anyone into their confidence, not so far as I know."

"I hope they have, and more than theories." Mrs. O'Keefe wiped her forehead and chin and tucked the handkerchief back in her belt. "You never know you've got a revengeful nature till someone close to you gets murdered. Then my word you want to see them brought to justice! You don't find yourself saying, 'Poor thing, perhaps they were unbalanced,' like you do when you read about a crime. I could do anything to them with my own hands. I really could. It's really—it's just too—I can't."

She seemed to be wrestling with the inadequacy of words; words that wouldn't take care of her sense of the injustice and brutality of Tom O'Keefe's killing. "It isn't as if he'd done anything to hurt anyone either. He was a real peaceable sort of man, never got himself mixed up in anything."

"Then what do you think?" Anna asked, and waited, her eyes steady on the other's face.

Mrs. O'Keefe fumbled for her handkerchief again and took it out and smoothed it on her knee. Her voice came hesitatingly. "Well . . . what can you think?" A slow head-shake. "Only one thing. Someone knew he knew something and was afraid he'd tell it."

"Knew he knew something?"

"Yes, that's why they killed him. Ever since the police rang me last night to tell me what's happened I've been going over and over in my mind everything Tom and I talked about on Saturday. He came up here to lunch with me, and the papers were full of Mr. Nevinson's death the night before, and, of course, we talked about it."

"And did you think of anything that seemed significant, Mrs. O'Keefe?"

"I did indeed, Mrs. Herbert. Yes, I do think I did. Poor Tom's dead, but I'm not. That's why I sent you off that express letter this morning. Though I wasn't sure you'd get it in time for this afternoon when I suggested it."

"It was delivered before one o'clock. Have you spoken of this thing to anyone else?"

"Not a soul. Well, I haven't had time, with my mother lying there so sick."

"You didn't think to telephone the police?"

"Oh, I suppose I thought of it, but I didn't do it."

"I see." Thoughtfully, Anna opened the bag on her lap.

The white bag, Bob saw, that she had had with her last night. Sitting on the sofa beside Willy Stanley, she had opened it and dropped his gun into it. The gun had been missing after O'Keefe's killing. She put her hand into the bag now.

A devastating fear gripped him, the fear which at intervals since Claude's death had risen again and again from the nightmare regions of his mind.

For his burning gaze, the window framed the two

women sitting almost knee to knee in the poky room: Anna looking down, her face grave and shut, the plump back of the other, the heat of her cheek and neck, the background of the hot yellow wall.

Anna's hand came out with cigarettes. She put one between her lips and lit it.

Mrs. O'Keefe said: "As I say, I thought I'd like to speak to you first. I wanted to do the fair and honest thing before getting in touch with the police. I'd say you were a very level-headed sort of person, Mrs. Herbert."

"In a way I suppose I am. Though I can't see what good it's done me," she murmured half to herself. "My life has been something of a mess."

"You mean, I suppose, two violent deaths of men that were close to you. And then being in the very place last night when another man was killed? It was you, they told me, that summoned Tom up to the house."



"That was because Mrs. Nevinson wanted to speak to him."

"So they told me. Terrible though for you to be the person to bring him there."

"Yes — Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't offer you one. I was thinking so hard." She held out the packet.

Mrs. O'Keefe took a cigarette. Anna flicked on her lighter and held it to the tip.

The two women had drawn closer, and in the moment's cessation of their voices, Bob craning forward from behind the oleander, forgetful of everything but the hunger to be in on this fateful moment, saw the door behind Anna, which had stood open an inch or two, open an inch wider.

"Well, I'll tell you," Mrs. O'Keefe began.

The door was still, but now in the narrow crack something had appeared—the blunt, round tip of a revolver.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1500 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 6085W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Before Bob's warning had left his lips, Mrs. O'Keefe too, had whipped out a revolver. With a scream Anna sprang to her feet, backing from the gun in the other woman's hand.

As Bob flung up the window and scrambled into the room, the door flew wide and though an avalanche had struck it, and Joe Dyason was sprawling across the carpet, and in the doorway policemen crowded.

Coolly, Grogan stepped across Joe's prostrate form and spoke to Policewoman Muriel Scott, alias Mrs. O'Keefe: "Look, Muriel, we needn't've drawn your gun. We had it under control."

A little later, Anna was at the cottage being relieved with tea by Policewoman Muriel Scott. Bob, who had heard the main facts from Grogan, was alone with her in the sitting-room of the flat.

Grogan was saying: "The last night we were pretty certain about Dyason's guilt, but the superintendent agreed that

the evidence was nowhere near enough to make an arrest, so we laid this trap for him. Dyason got into well before three-thirty, but he needn't say, our men were earlier, hidden in the warehouse on the other side of the back lane. It's a rabbit warren at the back there, either to hide in or to get away."

"We'd briefed Muriel and she certainly played the part for all it was worth. So as to convince her audience of what we didn't know you were there, Mr. Rivers, I said to her, 'You've missed your mission, Muriel—the poor widow. You nearly had Les and he's in tears.' She says she hardly knows how she managed to act that acting."

"But, you see, we had to catch him red-handed with Stanley's gun. Until he saw it, we couldn't be dead sure he had it on him. Say he'd hidden it somewhere nearby and meant to go back and get it if he had to use it? If we moved too soon and found him without it, he couldn't say he'd followed Mrs. Herbert to see no harm came to her, just like yourself."

"Why were you so sure it was Joe Dyason?" Bob asked.

"Well, you see, Mr. Rivers, when I heard that the bureau hadn't told anyone, except anyone, about seeing that white car go up to the Nevinson place the previous week

To page 55

Retirement needn't spell heartbreak

● When husbands retire, life for them and their wives should be one of happiness and companionship, but often it's a time of heartbreak. Wives resent their husbands' intrusion into their established household routine; husbands feel unwanted because their career has gone. A reader has written suggesting that this heartbreak could be avoided if women were prepared to make a few sacrifices in the first difficult months.

BEFORE I was married I used to say that I couldn't stand to have a husband who was around the house all the time, and that I would hate a man coming home for his midday meal. I felt it would be far too much of a tie, and pitied anyone in this situation because they would never be free to go out.

I particularly pitied women whose husbands had retired and were suddenly "home bodies" who didn't know what to do with themselves to fill in their days round the house. I've now found how wrong I was, though it's not surprising that so much is said about women dreading their husbands being at home all the time when they retire.

The wife who has developed her own interests and set her life so often resents intrusion.

The husband has had his solid foundation of his career taken away from him. He is lost, his life interest is gone, and filling in time becomes a problem for him.

The gap between the lives of a husband and wife at this time is so great that it is extremely difficult to bridge.

Many never do, and so, instead of their last years being years of quiet companionship, they are too often ones of unhappiness and discontent.

This is a great tragedy, and one that I feel could be avoided if women took time out to consider the problem.

I know that the sadness and the misunderstandings which develop in these years can be turned into great happiness.

I know, because I speak from personal experience.

I married rather late in life, and within a few months of our wedding my husband almost completely lost his eyesight and we were told he would never work again.

For a time I took a job, but he was so lost at home alone all day that I left work and we got a small country home.

Much needed doing, and the doctor's advice was to get my husband to help round the house, as this would give him some interest, but never to force him.

I realised then that to be needed should bring out the best in a woman. It certainly did with me. To know that my husband needed me made it a joy to be alive.

But that was only half the picture. My husband had to be made to realise that I needed him, too.

This I managed to achieve by gradually encouraging him to help me in chores, till today we do all these things together.

We even cook together. I tip the ingredients into the bowl while he mixes. We bottle fruit and vegetables together. And we paint together, having worked out a system that he uses a roller and I follow with a brush.

In the garden I make the mess by pulling out weeds, etc., and he gathers it all up. We love these gardening hours together, and when he mows the grass I don't say anything if a plant or two disappears, for does that really matter if he's happy?

There is much in and around the house two people can do together. Then there are walks, which we thoroughly

enjoy, and our chief interest in trying to help others less fortunate than ourselves gives us great pleasure.

Were there troubles and problems in working out this happy arrangement of sharing our lives for every hour of each day?

Yes, there were plenty, but two heads are much better than one. A shared problem is never so heavy to carry, and two people can often find a solution where one cannot.

The simple life and inexpensive pleasures are the ones which last.

Above all, I think the most treasured gift is to have a contented mind, and to know that your husband is happy.

I smile when I look back to the time when I said I could not stand having my husband around at home all the time, for now if he is not around at any time I am lost and restless, and can't settle down to doing anything.

Our days together are full, and we are wonderfully happy.

If only women could realise just how much their husbands need them during those first few months when they give up work, much heartbreak could be avoided. A little sacrifice on the wives' side would well repay them through the lasting companionship which would develop.

It is certainly not easy at first, but I know from experience that great joy, peace, and contentment are the rewards in store for wives who try to make their new lives work.

— by "HAPPY WIFE," Vic. (This reader has supplied her name, but wishes to be anonymous.)

A quiz on marriage

● Some people think that after marriage they should bare their souls to their husbands or wives. Others think that "silence is golden," and "what you don't know won't hurt you." According to marriage counselors the truth lies somewhere in the middle, and the questions and answers below may give husbands and wives some hints on when it's right to keep quiet.

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Should you tell your husband:

1. If you think he is not progressing in his job as he should?
2. If you have a bank account outside your joint one?
3. If an old male acquaintance came to see you while he was away?
4. If you bought some extravagance the budget couldn't stand?
5. If your doctor told you that you need an operation or medical care you feel you cannot afford?
6. If you found some pictures of his ex-girlfriends in an old suitcase, trunk, etc.?
7. If your husband has lowered his standards of courtesy and manners since your marriage?
8. If your daughter tells you in confidence that she has "a crush" on the boy next door?
9. If your son's principal tells you

your son has deliberately thrown a rock through a school window?

10. That you love him?

ANSWERS

1. NO. Your job is to inspire, to help, not to undermine his confidence by belittling his progress.
2. YES. Unless you are saving up for a special surprise, your account should be known to your husband.
3. YES. If you don't, the neighbors will.
4. YES. If you tell him, he'll give you a lecture and then pat your head. If he finds out himself, expect trouble.
5. YES. "A stitch in time" may eliminate greater problems later.
6. NO. Who wants a man who has not had other girlfriends? And out of these he selected you. The fact he saved the pictures shows he is a wonderful sentimental romanticist! Put the pictures back, say nothing, and be happy.
7. YES. But be careful how you handle it and be sure YOU are as careful in YOUR standards as during the days before you were married.
8. NO. You were given the confidence of your daughter. If you tell this, your husband may suspect you will confide any small thing in the family life.
9. YES. This is a serious affair, calling for a family conference.
10. YES. Snuggle up and whisper it. I LOVE YOU works marriage miracles.

Should you tell your husband (or wife) everything?

FOR MEN ONLY

Should you tell your wife:

1. That you had several girlfriends before you met her?
2. If you have been demoted in your job?
3. If there are some things about the housekeeping, the discipline of the children, etc., that bother you?
4. If your wife is gaining or losing too much weight?
5. What your income is?
6. If there is a girl on the job or in the office who is flirting with you?
7. If you have persistent head pains or other illness signs?
8. That you are still dreaming of far-away places, new successes, ungrasped ambitions?
9. When you get a ticket for a traffic violation?
10. That you love her?

ANSWERS

1. YES. Let her know, but don't pine about them or compare their cheese soufflé with hers.
2. YES. Failure is hard to admit, but she will come to your rescue and she needs to know in order to adapt her budget and way-of-life.
3. YES. It is easier in the long run to see her tears than to have her wonder about your grouchiness. A little tact will even keep the tears from falling.
4. NO. Try to discover the cause. If this doesn't work, lure her to a doctor when you have YOUR physical check-up.
5. YES. Your wife needs to know whether she can buy steak or sausages, a new suit or not. The budget is a matter for the understanding of the entire family.
6. NO. If you are such a boy as to let this bother you, don't mention it. If you are a grown-up man, it's hardly worth talking about.
7. YES. Don't be brave and strong. Say you do not feel well, and then see your doctor about it.
8. NO. Everyone is entitled to his own dream-world. You are not obliged to tell your wife what you are dreaming about... unless you want to.
9. YES. It will help your feeling of guilt... and then she will likely tell you something she has done wrong that she has been aching to spill out.
10. YES. "Love consists in this that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other." (Rainer Maria Rilke.)



new way with scones

Roly Poly Fruit Ring

(delicious)

Serve Roly Poly Fruit Ring hot from the oven, glowing with golden butter. It's like discovering scones all over again. Taste that freshness, that lightness, and those juicy Sun Fruits. Sue Murray's Roly Poly Fruit Ring practically bakes itself, and serves so easily. Try it now. Roly Poly Fruit Ring, another of the many good things you can make with Dried Fruits.



Sue Murray, Home Economist of the Australian Dried Fruits Association, suggests you try this exciting new recipe.

ROLY POLY FRUIT RING

8 ozs. self raising flour
1 pinch of salt
1 tablespoon sugar

1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk (approx.)

FILLING:

2 tablespoons butter (melted)
1 cup Mixed Fruit
2 tablespoons brown sugar

NOTE: All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

Here's what you do:

Step 1. Grease thoroughly an 8" ring cake tin.

Step 2. Sift the flour, salt and sugar, together.

Step 3. Rub in the butter—lightly, with the tips of the fingers.

Step 4. Add sufficient milk to make a light dough. Turn the dough out onto a lightly floured board and knead until smooth.

Step 5. Roll the dough into an oblong about 12" x 8".

Step 6. Brush the dough with melted butter and sprinkle it with the brown sugar and Mixed Fruit.

Step 7. Rolling from the long side, roll it as for a Swiss Roll. Cut the roll into eight pieces and arrange into ring tin.

Step 8. Bake in a moderately hot oven (425°F.) for about twenty minutes. Then turn out and serve split with butter.

DF28

*Sun Fruits
make the dish!*

AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

SEW A SLIPCOVER

● Making slipcovers is easier than you think, but time and patience are needed for a good job.

BEFORE starting, clean and mend chair, repair springs.

Raise armchair on small table about 20in. above floor. Aim to cut and pin slipcover in one day, then sew as time allows.

Now measure the chair to estimate fabric yardage.

Run tape over outside and inside backs of chair, seat, and front spring edge, allowing 1in. tuck-in at back of seat. Allow 2in. fabric below frame of chair on all outside pieces if chair has high legs. If low on castors, measure to 2in. above frame to allow room for skirt. Measure arms, both inside and out, allowing 4in. tuck-in at base of inside arm (which later matches up with 4in. tuck-in on seat). Measure boxing depth between inside and outside of chair. Cording is measured on all seams, excluding tuck-ins.

Cushion and Skirt: Measure cushion top, bottom, and depth, allowing 1in. seams. For pleated skirt, multiply the circumference of chair by 2½ where skirt joins cover. Allow 2in. hem, and 1in. seam at top. Now divide this figure by width of material (48in.). Answer should be about five strips.

Add the total number of inches for each section of slipcover, divided by 36in. to ascertain exact yardage. Add ½yd. if cord is to be covered to match. Add another if

fabric has large design or is striped. Always buy pre-shrunk fabric.

If using 48in. fabric (economical when there's a large motif) about seven yards is usually required for an armchair. A plain fabric or an overall pattern is easiest.

Lay fabric right side out on chair ready to cut into sections. Pattern is determined by chair shape, so fabric is cut on the job. Leave pieces pinned in position once cut. Start with the inside back, because it is the most conspicuous.

Inside Back: With design centre on inside back, smooth fabric into place, anchoring with pins on to chair. Make an 8in. fold at back of seat (which later tucks in), anchor with pins, then run fabric over seat and down chair front. Fold remaining fabric at back and seat sides to be shaped later. Mark with tailor's chalk across top of back and cut 1in. from this line. Repeat at lower front edge, but cut 2in. below frame. See diagram 1.

Outside Back: Centring fabric on chair as for inside back, pin and cut another section with 1in. seam allowance at top and 2in. at frame base. See diagram 2.

Outside Arm: Cut outside arm piece, allowing 2in. below frame base. Although original upholstered arm may not be sewed on top, when slipcovering, outside arm piece is joined to inside arm piece on curved edge as in diagram 2.

Inside Arms: Lay fabric over inside arms to meet outside arm piece. Allow 1in. seam at join and 4in. for tuck-in at seat crevice. Leave at least 4in. material where arm meets inside back for shaping.

Boxed Top: If chair has boxed top and sides, cut boxing in one strip; or cut three separate pieces if back is higher than average. Make sure pattern matches.

Now detach fabric pieces from chair and reverse each so pattern faces old upholstery. Mark exact outline of chair sections on fabric pieces, after they have been firmly and evenly fitted into position.

Trimming and Joining: Slipcover pieces are now trimmed 1in. beyond outline on all edges except tuck-ins and arm joints.

Pin inside back to boxing, outside back to boxing, outside to inside arms, inside arm tuck-ins to inside back tuck-ins, front arm panels.

Now push tuck-ins into crevices, ready to shape curve where arm of chair meets inside back. See diagram 3.

Arm Joints: Crease inside back and inside arm fabric with fingers to define shape of arm joint. Start cutting excess fabric by swinging scissors out from the top of crease. From this point, cut curve gently out to 4in. to meet chair seat. Seam edges of arm joint tuck-in.

If there is no tuck-in where arm meets inside back, sew

and clip seam allowance to give added flexibility, as shown above in diagram 3.

Allow for Seat Springs: With tuck-ins out of the way, pin rest of fabric over front of chair. As in diagram 4, pin and mitre front to half of inside arm tuck-in. There should be no strain on inside arms. Test by pushing down on springs.

If there is no crevice in this position, join front fabric where it meets front arm panels.

Now clearly label each section with a dark pencil or tailor's chalk. (Diag. 1.)

Cording: First, pre-shrink cord by boiling for five minutes. Dry thoroughly, then, with bias strips, cover all cording at once. A time-saving idea is to pin covered cording or piping into seams before machining. It often

improves the fit of the slipcover. When sewing, stitch tightly against cord.

Insert Zip-Fastener: A 27in. zip-fastener is sewn into vertical back seam, so cover can be laundered. On this seam, pin cording to arm side of cover. But remember, zip-fastener will be on reverse side when cover is finished.

Cover Cushion: Trace cushion on to material. Cut, allowing 1in. seams. Zip-fastener is inserted into boxing section for easy removal. Cut material 2in. longer than zipper and 2½in. wider than cushion depth; split lengthwise to insert zip.

When cutting fabric for cushion boxing, make sure pattern matches. Cut a strip the length of total edges of cushion, minus zip-fastener. Allow 1in. seams.

If a T-shaped cushion, insert zip-fastener at side.

Start Sewing: Tack slipcover together. Machine, using a long stitch. Sew mitred corners at front seat spring. Stitch tuck-ins.

Pleated Skirt: Skirt should hang from bottom of chair frame to just above floor. Two-inch pleats spaced 1in. apart are best. Hide seams under pleats.

When cover is complete, trim seams to ½in. Sew tapes on underside at corners to tie under legs of chair. Keep tuck-ins firm with a strip of tightly rolled newspaper, or a length of bamboo in the crevices.

● **NEXT WEEK:**
Two projects for children's rooms

● Home plan coupon on page 60.

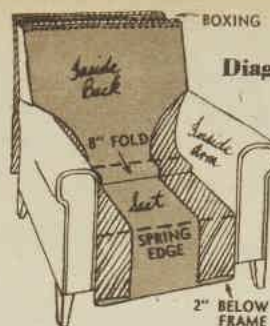


Diagram 1.

Diagram 2.

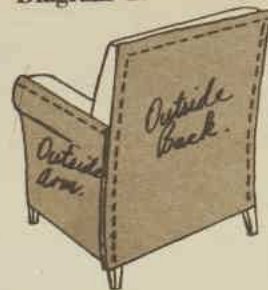
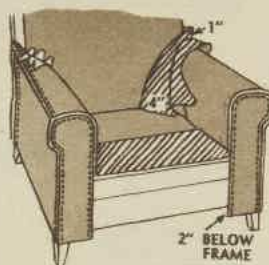


Diagram 4.



Diagram 3.



DON'T RISK INFECTION

... cover every hurt with

BAND-AID

TRADE MARK

STRIPS • PATCHES • SPOTS

A SHAPE FOR EVERY NEED

Even minor cuts and scratches can lead to serious infection... so play safe! Keep BAND-AID dressings handy always — in the bathroom, in the kitchen, in the glovebox of your car.

Johnson & Johnson





JACQUARD Patterned luxury with a difference! The design is woven right through the blanket for permanent beauty. Design illustrated: green floral motifs on off white background.

Laconia makes

softer, warmer, lovelier for years and years to come

Wonderful, wonderful warmth without weight! That's the secret of Laconia. Woven from the finest "first-clip" lambs' wool, specially finished

to give exclusive "denser pile" luxury, in sizes and shades to suit every bed in every home. Laconia blankets make "goodnight" a certainty.



BABY BLANKETS

not only more generous in size, Laconia Baby Blankets are now Sanitized for lasting hygienic protection. Every Laconia pure lambs' wool Baby Blanket is Sanitized with a special anti-germ agent to resist odours, mildew, mould and bacteria. Available in heavenly soft pastels, harmonised checks and with cute-appliqued motifs.

L. 55

Laconia
100% PURE LAMBS' WOOL BLANKETS

THE BEAUTIFUL "STARLIGHT" PLAIN COLOURS (ALSO IN SNOW WHITE)



CAMELLIA PINK



SAGE GREEN



CAPRI BLUE



ROSE PINK



BUTTERCUP



SANDY BEIGE



FLAME

a bed...



STARLIGHT Narrow borders of white surround five-inch checks in subtle pastel hues. Illustrated: green, pink and lavender.

LIMELIGHT Four-inch block over-checks are highlighted by a double border of white. Illustrated: new autumn tonings of chestnut, olive and white.



SAFASLEEP LACONIA ELECTRIC BLANKET EXTRA LOW VOLTAGE

Absolutely safe, this transformer type electric blanket is fully guaranteed and fully approved by all Electricity Authorities — it is of world standard. Gives controllable heat at only a few pence per week. Available in shrink-resistant 100% pure lambs' wool in colours of pink or blue.



MEXICANA Bold nine-inch checks make this the ideal blanket or rug for a contemporary setting. Illustrated: M/3 in lemon, green and brown.



GOLD WISTARIA

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

DAISIES IN DISGUISE

MOST members of the daisy family are so easy to grow and so ideal for cutting that they are garden favorites everywhere. The danger lies in overdoing them to the point of monotony, particularly when they are all blooming at once.

Still, the hardy constitutions of the humble botanical family to which they all belong make them impossible to ignore, so included they must be, even in a limited display.

The professional landscape gardener's solution is to intersperse them with certain members of the family (the botanical group *compositae*) whose outward appearance disguises their true relationship. Their looks wouldn't fool a botanist for a moment, but their appearance is sufficiently distinct to add variety to your display.

DAHLIAS are a good example. Except for those with flat single flowers in pale colors, they are far removed from the humble marguerite.

The silvery **ARTEMISIAS** are another case in point. People who have grown them for years are often unaware that they produce flowers at all, but they do, tiny white daisies.



EUPATORIUM is a spectacular mauve daisy; it looks rather like a giant *ageratum* — which is a daisy also. This one was grown in Mr. R. N. Hope's garden at Bexley, N.S.W.

Gardening Book — page 152

EUPATORIUM is a showy mauve-flowered daisy often grown in conjunction with spring blossom.

The **ACHILLEAS**, or milfoils, with saucer-shaped heads of tiny flowers, are another worthwhile group, as are the tall **SOLIDAGOS**, or golden rods, which look more like wattle than daisies.

The list is very long: **ECHINOPS**, the globe thistle, **CYNARA**, the globe artichoke, **CINERARIAS** in variety, **LIATRIS**, the blazing star, and **CATANANCHE**, the Cupid's dart of cottage gardens, which is often mistaken for a cornflower.

All of these except the **CINERARIAS** are perennials and are planted in autumn; **DAHLIAS** in late spring or early summer.



ACHILLEAS, or milfoils (above), will grow in almost any soil and full sun. They are propagated from divisions in autumn, and flower sporadically throughout the warm weather. *A. filipendulina* (shown here) is yellow. Others, including *A. millefolium*, are pink, red, and white.

CINERARIAS (left) are available in a lovely range of colors. These blooms were photographed at the home of Mrs. D. Garling, Cronulla, N.S.W.



Gardening Book — page 153

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

SECOND APPEARANCES

● If the refrigerator seems overloaded with bits and pieces of previous meals—count yourself lucky!—don't discard one sweet or savory morsel. Sometimes it's even good economy to cook extras so part of the next day's food preparation is under way.

WITH a change of flavor, color, and presentation, the imaginative cook can do wonders to most already-served-once dishes. Don't call them "left-overs"—these are star recipe performers; their re-appearance will be enthusiastically demanded!

This feature suggests a variety of interesting ways of presenting meals, based on recipes containing already-cooked ingredients.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce measure are used in all the recipes.

UPSIDE-DOWN MEAT PIE

Three-and-half cups soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped parsley, pinch thyme, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato juice, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 cups diced or minced cooked beef or lamb, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced cooked carrots, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced cooked potato, 1 cup brown gravy.

Combine breadcrumbs, celery, parsley, and thyme. Heat tomato juice with butter, pour over crumb mixture, toss lightly. Put half crumb mixture on to base and sides of well-greased casserole. Mix meat, carrots, potato, and gravy, spoon into casserole, sprinkle with remaining crumb mixture. Bake in hot oven 35 minutes. Remove from oven, let stand 5 minutes, invert on to serving-plate. Serves 6.

BOBOTZES

One onion, 1 tablespoon curry-powder, 1lb. finely chopped cooked meat, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint stock, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute.

Grate onion finely, fry in butter until soft, add curry-powder, meat, breadcrumbs (soaked in water and squeezed fairly dry), lemon juice, stock, slightly beaten egg, salt and pepper. Cook together about 5 minutes. Pour mixture into well-greased individual small moulds, stand in baking-dish 2-3rds filled with hot water. Bake 30 minutes in hot oven. Turn out, serve with rice and a curry sauce. Serves 6.

SAVORY LAMB WITH PINEAPPLE

Two cups chopped cooked lamb (or other meat), 4 slices pineapple, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Saute pineapple slices in butter until lightly browned, arrange in base of greased 8in. cake-tin. Combine meat, bacon, breadcrumbs, egg, milk, parsley, salt, pepper. Spoon into tin, level the mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out on heated serving-dish, serve with brown gravy. Serves 4 to 6.

EAST INDIAN CURRY

One small onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons curry-powder, 2 cups milk, 1lb. minced cooked meat.

Saute chopped onion and crushed garlic in hot butter until golden. Sprinkle with flour, salt, ginger, and curry-powder. Pour in milk gradually and, stirring occasionally, cook until slightly thickened. Cover, simmer over low heat 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add meat, combine well with sauce, cook 5 minutes or until meat is heated through. Serve with fluffy white rice sprinkled with chopped parsley. Serves 6.

LUNCHEON LOAF

One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons finely minced onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, 2 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), 2 cups finely diced cooked meat.

Soak gelatine in cold water until softened, then dissolve in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt; cool. When mixture begins to thicken, mix in all other ingredients except eggs. Rinse mould in cold water, arrange egg slices on base in attractive pattern. Spoon in meat mixture. Chill until very firm. Serve with green salad and sliced tomatoes. Serves 4.

CHICKEN DE LUXE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint chicken stock, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry sherry, salt, pepper, 3 cups cooked chicken (cut in cubes), 2 ripe avocados, 1 to 2 tablespoons sesame seeds.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir over heat 1 minute without browning. Remove from heat, stir in chicken stock and milk. Continue cooking until mixture thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Add egg-yolk, cream, sherry, and chicken meat. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fill into casserole. Cut avocados in halves, remove seeds, and, using melon-baller or spoon, scoop out the soft fruit. Arrange over top of casserole, sprinkle with sesame seeds. Cover, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve hot. Serves 6.



SAVORY VEAL ROLLS

Pastry: Two cups self-raising flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, milk.

Filling: Two cups minced cooked veal (or other cooked meat), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each grated carrot and chopped celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, salt and pepper to taste, tomato sauce and chopped parsley for serving.

Pastry: Sift flour and salt, cut in butter or substitute, add just enough milk to give fairly firm dough. Refrigerate 30 minutes.

Filling: Combine all ingredients, mixing well. Roll out pastry, spread with meat mixture, roll up as for swiss roll. Cut into 12 pieces about 1in. thick. Place on greased oven-slide, bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with hot tomato sauce poured over, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Serves 6.

ITALIAN CHEESE PIE

Half pound shortcrust pastry, 3 eggs, 3 cups Mozzarella cheese (shredded), 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped cooked well-seasoned meat, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, salt, cayenne pepper.

Roll out pastry thinly, line 9in. pie-plate, trim and pinch frill round edge. Beat eggs well; mix in cheese, milk, meat, mustard, salt and pepper. Carefully pour into pie-case, place in moderately hot oven. Bake 10 minutes at this temperature, then reduce heat and continue baking until pie sets firm (about 25 minutes). Serve hot or cold cut into wedges. Serves 6.

TUNA JUMBLE BAKE

One large can tuna, 2 cups cooked chopped mixed vegetables, 1 red pepper (sliced), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup snipped parsley, little tarragon vinegar, 1 large can asparagus soup, 1 cup cooked rice, spaghetti, or macaroni, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup stock or milk, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup breadcrumbs, little butter.

Combine in basin the tuna, cooked chopped vegetables, red pepper, parsley, and tarragon vinegar. Fold in soup, rice, and stock. Season with salt and pepper, fill into greased casserole. Top with combined breadcrumbs and cheese, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until piping-hot and lightly browned on top. Serves 6.

POTATO-SURPRISE PIE

Pie-case: Two pounds potatoes, 1oz. butter, 2 egg-yolks, salt, pepper, flour.

Filling: Three tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced celery, 1 cup diced cooked meat, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups stock (or use packaged soup), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced cooked carrots, milk for brushing.

Peel potatoes, boil until tender, drain well; mash, adding salt and pepper, well-beaten egg-yolks (reserve little egg-yolk for glazing), and butter. Cool a little, then turn mixture out on floured board; knead with hands. Place mixture on greased flat baking-dish or flat ovenproof dish, mould into round "raised pie" or vol-au-vent case. Reserve sufficient mixture to make top cover.

Filling: Brown onion, green pepper, celery, and meat in melted butter or substitute, stirring constantly. Add flour slowly, cook, stirring until brown. Add remaining ingredients, heat through. Spoon filling into prepared pie-case. Cover with

A VARIATION of the traditional egg-and-bacon pie. This savory Italian Cheese Pie looks so good, tastes even better.

remaining potato mixture, press edges together, after brushing lower-case edge with milk. Glaze top with beaten egg yolk. Bake in hot oven until golden brown. Serves 6.

VEGETABLE COUNTY MORNAY

Four cups cooked vegetables (such as cauliflower, carrots, onions, broccoli, zucchini, marrow, turnips, potatoes, pea brussels sprouts, mushrooms), 2 cups rich cheese-flavored sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, little butter.

Place vegetables in greased ovenproof dish, pour over the hot sauce. Sprinkle over a mixture of breadcrumbs and cheese, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until vegetables are hot and sauce lightly browned. Serves 6.

Cheese Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan and stir in 2 tablespoons flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Mix in 2 cups milk, stir until thickened. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated or shredded cheese, little salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Simmer 2 minutes.

FRITOTS

Two cups cooked meat cut in 1in. cubes (several kinds of meat can be used), juice of 2 lemons, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, oil for frying, tomato sauce.

Batter: One cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup each beer and warm water, 1 teaspoon brandy, 2 egg-whites.

Combine lemon juice, salt, and pepper; pour over meat, let stand 1 hour. Drain, dip in batter, and cook in deep hot oil until nicely browned. Serve with hot tomato sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Batter: Sift flour with salt, add beer, water, and brandy, beat well. Just before using batter, beat egg-whites stiffly and fold in.

HAM-AND-POTATO EGGS

Four ounces minced ham (or veal, pork, or chicken), 4 hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper, 1lb. mashed potatoes, 1in. flour, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Cut hard-boiled eggs in half, scoop out yolks carefully into bowl; chop yolks, mix with ham or other meat, season well to taste. Divide mixture into 8; put back into egg-whites; put halves of eggs together.

Divide mashed potato into 4 pieces, flatten each piece into circle. Place egg in centre of each, fold the potato carefully round, making sure there are no splits. Dip in flour, then in beaten egg, then breadcrumbs. Repeat the egg-and-crumb process. Cook in hot deep fat until golden. Serves 4.

SWEET-SOUR RAGOUT

Two tablespoons oil, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 cup diced cooked pork or beef, 1 cup raisins.

Blend oil with flour until smooth; cook over low heat, stirring, until mixture is well browned. Add water gradually and, stirring, cook until sauce is smoothly thickened. Stir in salt, sugar, and vinegar. Add meat and raisins, heat through. Serve over hot rice. Serves 4 to 6.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

TOMATO-BACON BURGERS

Two cups minced cooked beef (or other meat), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon, tomato slices, mashed potatoes, finely chopped parsley, oil for frying, seasoned flour, little milk.

Combine meat, onion, beaten egg, milk, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. With floured hands, shape into large burgers. Remove rind from bacon, shape 1 rasher round each burger, secure with small cocktail-pick. Fry in hot oil until golden brown and bacon is crisp. Top with thick tomato slice, pipe hot creamy mashed potato round edge of tomato, brush with milk. Grill few minutes until potato is golden. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Serves 4.

MASQUERADE CUTLETS

Three cups cooked minced meat, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 rashers bacon (chopped), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped celery, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tomato (chopped), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, few drops chilli sauce, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup stock or water, seasoned flour, egg-yolks, brown breadcrumbs, oil or fat for frying, mashed potato, grated cheese, buttered baby carrots, chopped parsley. Heat oil in pan, then saute together the onion, bacon, celery, and garlic until just lightly browned. Add minced meat, chopped tomato, sauces, and seasonings; stand aside. Melt butter in separate saucepan, stir in flour, then milk and stock. Cook over heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Fold into meat mixture and mix well; cool. Divide into 6 even sections and, with floured hands, shape into cutlets. Dip in egg-glazing, then in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry or shallow-fry cutlets until golden brown and heated through. Pipe hot mashed potato into centre of serving-dish, sprinkle with grated cheese. Arrange cutlets round edge, then glazed carrots. Sprinkle all lightly with chopped parsley. Serves 6.

ASPARAGUS SHORTCAKES

One pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 2oz. grated cheese, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 1 can asparagus spears, 2 cups cooked cubed chicken (or veal or other white meats), 1 small can cream-style corn, extra 1oz. butter, extra 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper.

Sift flour, salt, and pepper into basin, rub in butter, mix in cheese. Mix to scone-dough consistency with beaten egg and milk. Turn out on floured board, press or roll out to about 2in. thickness. Cut into large rounds with floured cutters; bake in hot oven about 15 minutes. Remove from oven, cool just enough to handle. Break in halves, fill with asparagus spears and cooked meat. Replace in slow oven to reheat (about 10 minutes) while preparing sauce.

Blend flour with the milk, add contents from can of corn, butter, salt, and pepper. Stir over low heat until mixture thickens. Simmer 1 minute. Remove scones from oven, serve with little sauce poured over each. Serves 6.

HONEY-RICE-DATE DESSERT

Two cups cooked rice, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped dates, 1-3rd cup honey.

Beat eggs well, beat in milk. Arrange alternate layers of rice and dates in greased casserole. Drizzle honey over each layer. Pour over the egg-milk mixture. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.



BEEF FRICADELLES

One tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 2 cups diced cooked beef, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon each of chopped parsley and marjoram, salt and pepper, flour, fat for frying.

Cook onion in butter or substitute until lightly browned, remove from heat, add potatoes, beef, beaten egg, parsley, marjoram, salt and pepper to taste. Form into balls, roll in flour, saute until brown. Serve with Sauce Piquant.

Sauce Piquant: Cook 1 tablespoon chopped shallots in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wine vinegar until liquid is reduced one-quarter. Add 1 cup stock, simmer 15 minutes. Just before serving add 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon finely chopped gherkin. Serves 4 to 6.

HONEY-CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Two cups stale cake cut into small cubes, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lemon essence, 4 cups scalded milk, 2oz. dark chocolate.

Grate chocolate and add to the hot milk, stirring until it melts. Combine well-beaten eggs with honey, salt, and essence. Add chocolate-milk and mix well. Add the cake cubes; pour into greased baking-dish. Set dish in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes or until set. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream or with lemon sauce. Serves 6.

LAMB TARTARE

Six thick slices cold cooked lamb, prepared mustard, fine breadcrumbs, 1 egg, oil or melted butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green shallots, 1 cup mayonnaise.

Spread lamb slices with prepared mustard, dip in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs. Saute in hot oil or butter until lightly browned. Serve hot with Tartare Sauce, made by combining well the shallots and mayonnaise. Serves 4 to 6.

TOMATO-BACON BURGERS are good enough for any occasion. They are a clever method of making use of cold cooked meat.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE TORTE

Two 7in. cake layers, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sweet sherry, 2 cups custard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 tablespoon sugar, little almond essence, 1 large can pineapple rings, piece lemon peel, water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons arrowroot or cornflour, 2 egg-whites, extra 4 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, strawberries.

Cut each sponge into halves, sprinkle with sweet sherry. Beat cream until thick with the sugar and almond essence. Fold into custard, beat well. Drain syrup from pineapple, make up to 2 cups with water. Add sugar and lemon peel; heat. Blend arrowroot with little water and blend into hot mixture. Stir over heat until thickened, remove lemon peel; add 1 cup chopped pineapple; cool. Sandwich the 4 cake layers together with thick layers of custard and pineapple mixtures; chill. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add extra sugar and vanilla, beat until mixture becomes stiff and fluffy. Spread thickly all over layered cake. Place in hot oven a couple of minutes to brown meringue-tips lightly. Decorate with strawberries and remaining pineapple, serve in wedges. Serves 6.

CHESTER SLICES

Two cups stale cake-crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 cup chopped mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon each spice, ginger, and cinnamon, 1 tablespoon plum or apricot jam, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 8 ounces biscuit pastry, water, sugar.

Place cake-crumbs, sugar, fruit, spice, ginger, and cinnamon into bowl, add jam. Add beaten egg and milk in which soda has been dissolved; mix well. Line base of greased 8in.-square tin with half the pastry, rolled out to 2in. thickness. Cover with cake-crumbs mixture, spreading out evenly. Place second half of rolled pastry on top, prick well with fork, mark into squares. Brush with water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool in tin. Cut into squares. Serves 4 to 6.

HONEY FRENCH TOAST

Six slices stale bread, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, 2-3rds cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Beat eggs slightly; add salt, sugar, honey, and milk. Dip bread into milk mixture. Cook in hot, well-greased pan until brown on one side, turn and brown other side (or drop into deep hot fat for 1 or 2 minutes). Drain, sprinkle with combined cinnamon and sugar. Cut into finger-length pieces. Serves 6.

LITTLE SAVORY DUMPLINGS

One and a half cups minced cooked meat, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 onion, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon marjoram, 3 cups mashed potato, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, water or stock, extra chopped parsley.

Mince onion, brown in hot butter; season with salt, pepper, and marjoram, combine with meat. Mix mashed potatoes with beaten egg, melted butter, sifted flour, salt, and parsley. Form potato mixture into 12 flat patties, divide meat among them and bring the potato up round meat, making a stuffed ball. Drop into simmering water or stock, cook 10 minutes, covered. Lift from pan with slotted spoon on to heated serving-dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley; serve with hot mushroom sauce. Serves 4.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE TORTE is a glamorous dessert that looks and tastes wonderful. It's made of stale cake and yesterday's custard.

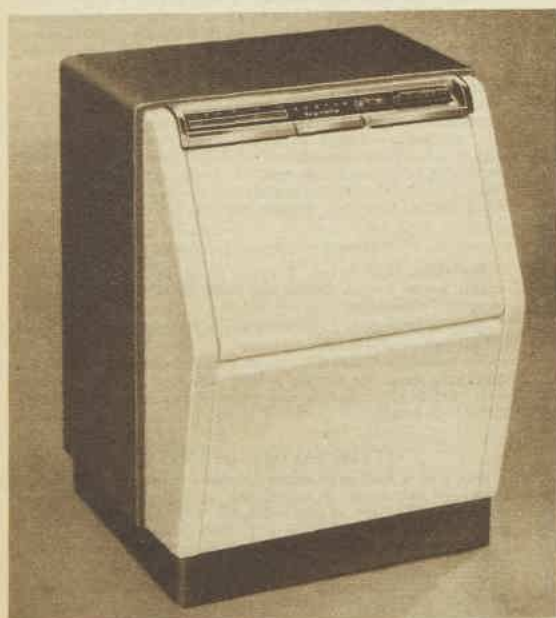


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**...only Keymatic selects the correct
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*And all you do is
CLICK in the Key!*

You wouldn't dream of giving woollens the same washing treatment as sturdy whites — and neither would Keymatic. It washes different fabrics in different ways; washes them automatically. Keymatic has no dials or knobs. There are no settings to memorize. The one control is a

simple "key", clearly marked with different washing programmes for different fabrics. To wash woollens, for example, you just look up "woollens" on the key, click the key into the slot — and that's *all* you do. But what a lot Keymatic does!

KEYMATIC DOES ALL THIS AUTOMATICALLY

The key selects the *complete* washing programme to suit the particular fabric. Keymatic fills itself with water, heats to the correct temperature, chooses the correct washing action (*Keymatic has two different washing actions*), rinses 3 times, spin-dries then switches itself off! No wonder people are saying that Keymatic is the most-advanced, simplest-to-operate automatic ever made. See it

demonstrated by your Hoover Retailer.

Two entirely different washing actions
Only Keymatic has these two entirely different washing actions — not just two washing speeds:

1. Vigorous "Pulsator Boiling Action" for whites, coloureds, etc.
2. Gentle "Tilted Tumble Action" for Woollens, blankets, and all of your delicate fabrics.

Two different washing actions



1. Vigorous Pulsator Boiling Action



2. Gentle Tilted Tumble Action

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 29, 1963

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I've been reading lately about game preser-
vation officers' efforts in Africa to preserve some
of the country's wildlife by moving animals to
areas where they can feed and breed in safety,
and it made me think that one of the nicer
changes in the modern world is the improvement
in many people's attitude to animals and birds.

ONCE upon a time, and not so very
long ago, either, anybody who was
anybody felt that at some time in their
lives it was vital to their social stand-
ing that they should go out with a gun
and blast away at anything they could
get within their sights; nowadays it's
more fashionable to do your hunting
with a camera.

Those who like to photograph animals
and birds rather than shoot them must have
smiled at the recent newspaper story about
the British military gentleman of 52 who
was reported to have "been shooting and
dining on hare, pheasant, and quail since
he was old enough to aim a shotgun."

A few weeks ago he entered hospital to
have no fewer than 70 lead pellets surgically
removed from his stomach.

How did they get there? Not as a result
of some fellow sportsman discharging a shot-
gun in the patient's direction, but simply as
a result of a lifetime's dining on his own
"bag" and somehow managing to swallow a
good deal of the lead shot which had felled
his game.

There were no guns for the ladies...

THE English Victorian country
gentlemen practically lived for the
hunting and shooting on their own and
their friends' estates.

Lord Ripon, who was a renowned shot,
kept a meticulous record of everything he
shot, and in 1900 could proudly boast that
in the previous 33 years he had bagged a
total of 370,728 animals (roughly 11,000 a
year), ranging from rabbits to rhinoceroses.

What devastating fun it must have been
for the ladies who accompanied their hus-
bands to these house parties but didn't go
out with the guns.

In a book called "Milord And Milady,"
by Nina Epton, I found this wail of dis-
content written by the Countess of War-
wick...

"We begin the day by breakfasting at 10
o'clock. This meal consists of many courses
in silver dishes on the side table. There
was enough food to last a group of well-
regulated digestions a whole day.

"The men went out shooting after break-
fast and then came the emptiness of the long
morning, from which I suffered silently.

"I can remember the groups of women
sitting discussing their neighbors or writing
letters at impossible little ornamental tables.

"I never could enjoy writing at spindly-
legged tables...

"We were not all women. There were a
few unsporting men asked — the 'darlings'.
These men of witty and amusing conversa-
tion were always asked as extras everywhere
to help entertain the women; otherwise we
would have been left high and dry.

"We changed clothes four times a day.
This kept our maids and ourselves extra-
ordinarily busy. When I think of all those
gorgeous gowns round a tea-table I fancy

we must have looked like a group of enor-
mous dolls.

"Conversation at tea was slumbrous. No-
body woke up to be witty until dinner-time,
with its accompanying good wines. The
men discussed the bags of the day, and
the women did the admiring..."

I've made a mental note to remember
that next time we go for a picnic and
everybody fades from sight just when it's
time to get lunch. My family has a way of
disappearing when it's time to find wood
and collect it and start a fire, but I
guess even so I'm better off than those poor
Victorian women yawning over their letters
on ornamental tables.

Perhaps I should ask Hugh whether he
knows any "darlings" — any men who
don't want to walk or fish or swim who
could be taken along to make witty and
amusing conversation while Mum boils the
billy.

In the same book I found this delicious
letter (no doubt written on a spindly-
legged table), which makes one wonder why
ladies in earlier centuries didn't devote some
of their yawning time to learning to spell.

Lady Ethelred Cust wrote to her husband:
"I can't help writing to you for I think
of you Day and Night your never out of
my thoughts but I am afraid you can hardly
make out my scrawl and my bad Spelling
out but I know your goodness so I don't
fear but you will excuse it. Thank God
next Friday I shall be Happier woman in
the World in Metting to you my Dear."

A chicken broth with a difference

WHEN we have a chicken (and
they never have any lead pellets
in them, I can assure you!) I usually
look with extreme distaste at the
plastic bag of innards and bits and
pieces pushed inside it.

I then hastily and guiltily feed the con-
tents to whichever of the cats happens to
be hanging around, knowing full well that
no housewife worth her salt would ever do
such a thing.

Next time I'm determined to rob the
cats and make a chicken broth so that I
can try this Italian recipe a friend has
just given me for Zuppa alla Pavese, which
should make a nice solid lunch for a winter
Sunday.

You need one egg and one slice of fried
bread for each person, also salt and pepper,
grated parmesan cheese, and boiling chicken
broth.

Into each soup plate you put a slice of
hot, fried bread, sprinkle this generously
with grated cheese, break the raw egg
on to it, and add pepper and salt. Have
the chicken broth actually boiling, and pour
it over so that the egg is well covered and
poaches immediately.

If you feel squeamish about the idea of
that raw egg you can lightly poach it first,
but my friend assures me that if the broth
is boiling the egg will be sufficiently cooked
by the time the dish is cool enough to eat.

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WET-SEASON CAKE is topped with chocolate icing, sliced banana, and nuts. See recipe at right.

Prize for rainy-day cake

● This week's £5 prizewinner is aptly named **Wet-Season Cake** because there is no need to shop in the rain for the ingredients—they are staples in every kitchen cupboard.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for a rice and liver dish ideal to serve at buffet parties or as a TV meal.

All spoon measurements are level.

WET-SEASON CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon treacle or golden syrup, 1 cup canned cream, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1½ cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder, pinch ground cloves, 1½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 1½

cups light brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 mashed banana. Banana slices and chopped nuts for decoration.

Melt butter or substitute and allow to simmer until golden brown. Add treacle, allow to melt. Mix lemon juice or vinegar into cream, allow to sour in warm place. Sift together into basin the flour, cocoa, coffee, cloves, cinnamon, sugar, salt. Add butter mixture, sour cream, beaten eggs, vanilla, and mashed banana; mix all well together. Fill into greased and buttered tin, bake in moderately hot oven about 1 hour or until cooked through when tested with a skewer. When cool, ice with the following and decorate with banana slices and chopped nuts.

Icing: Two cups icing-sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, pinch cloves, 1½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon coffee powder, 2 tablespoons softened butter, vanilla, hot water.

Sift icing-sugar with cocoa, cloves, cinnamon, and coffee powder. Add softened butter, vanilla, and enough water to make good icing consistency.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Bartram, Box 386, Bowen, North Queensland.

CHINESE FRY

One pound rice, salted water, 1½ cups shredded vegetables (such as french beans, cabbage, carrot, celery), 1 cup chopped shallots or chives, ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, pinch pepper, 2lb. fresh liver, 3 tablespoons soya bean oil (or bacon fat).

Put rice into saucepan, add enough salted water to come 1½ inches above top of rice. Cook quickly about 15 minutes or until tender and all water absorbed. Remove saucepan from heat, cover, allow to stand. Meanwhile cook vegetables (except shallots) in boiling salted water 5 minutes; drain and over. Mix flour with salt, pepper, and curry powder. Cut liver in cubes (about 3in. long by ½in. thick). Toss these in flour mixture, coating each piece thoroughly. Heat 1½ cups oil in large pan, add liver and fry quickly, stirring to prevent burning. As soon as liver is browned on all sides (2 or 3 minutes) add remaining oil, rice, and vegetables. Reduce heat, stir 4 or 5 minutes or until all is piping hot. Serve with soy sauce, if desired.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Fowler, 38 Eric Street, North Haven, N.S.W.

Home hints

● These household hints, sent in by readers, win a prize of £1/1/- each.

SAVE colored tops from toothpaste, hand lotion, and other tubes. They make good counters for draughts, snakes and ladders, and other children's games, being easy for small fingers to grasp. — Mrs. N. Gilbert, 70 Sellheim St., Grange, Brisbane.

Dried fruits such as dates, sultanas, raisins, and currants will be greatly improved in flavor if placed on a tray in a warm oven, with the gas off, and left there half an hour. The warmth also expands the fruit. — Mrs. R. E. Stephens, 47 Roscoe St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Pack small pieces of jewelry in an old spectacle case when travelling. The lining prevents them being scratched, the case stays shut and takes up very little room in your bag. — Mrs. R. Lawrence, Kanyan, N.C. Line, Qld.

For a bread-and-butter pudding: Spread each bread slice with butter and fruit mince-meat, then add egg and milk in usual way. This sweetens the pudding and gives it a delicious flavor. — Mrs. L. Moffat, Wommara Avenue, Belmont North, N.S.W.



White coffee needs the right coffee

Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee; rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.



So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: With cream poured gently near the side of the cup so that it floats... served iced, in a glass, and topped with ice cream... So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 44

"Well, what's one wound among many? What say he hits him with one of those iron chairs and, as he slumps across the railing, tips him right over? After Nevinston hit the ground no medical man could analyse his injuries."

"How did all this affair between them come to a head on Friday night? I mean, Joe deciding to come clean to him."

"Yes," Grogan said thoughtfully. "He didn't tell us all of that, but I'll tell you how I see it. He'd left those pictures with Mrs. Herbert, one a self-portrait. Then midday Friday he saw and recognised Nevinston getting into his car, and he got the wind up. I guess he tried to get that portrait back, but she was out, and when she returned it was with Nevinston at dinner time."

"Nevinston did see it, apparently, and began to wonder if it wasn't the chap he'd seen and suspected the morning he had his wallet pinched. Dyason's not a feller you'd forget easily, is he? A real artist type, as you might say, the whole cut of him, and that. Say they came face to face midday Friday? And it's my belief they did. Who knows there wasn't a flicker of recognition on both sides. Yes, I guess the portrait was only the clinching of it in Nevinston's mind."

"Actually, I happened to notice when I first went into Mrs. Nevinston's room that there were two of those paintings leaning against the wall, but later there was only the

one visible, the landscape. I mentioned it to Sergeant Manning last thing that night. Dyason had been standing close to that wall, in front of them actually and un-noticed he'd managed to push the portrait out of sight, though I hadn't a clue why."

"Well, could it've been that though Nevinston was dead and no longer a threat to him, he was uneasy about the picture as a kind of link with what he'd done?"

"Could've been, too, quite likely. As for today, this flat belonging to Muriel, and vacant at the moment, was very convenient for us. We wrote this letter to Mrs. Herbert as from Mrs. O'Keefe — there's no such lady, by the

The philosophy of one century is the common sense of the next.

— Henry Ward Beecher

way, O'Keefe was a bachelor and, of course, no sick mother either.

"We put the letter in a Marine Hotel envelope, postmarked and marked urgent, and gave it to Cavanagh with instructions for him to way-lay Dyason as he was going up to lunch with Mrs. Brownlow and ask him to give it to Mrs. Herbert. We knew Dyason was usually there before Mrs. Brownlow got in, and we guessed as soon as he saw the envelope he'd take it into her flat and steam it open to see what it was all

about before he delivered it to Mrs. Herbert."

"And what if Joe hadn't fallen for the trap?"

"No harm done. But it was a million to one he would. The letter said the writer thought she had some very strong evidence about who'd killed her husband and Nevinston, and asked Mrs. Herbert to come here and discuss it with her, begging her to tell no one."

"Yes . . . yes . . . yes. How the hell did he know I was driving Mrs. Nevinston to Pelli Beach? She asked me to keep it a secret."

"No doubt, but could she do the same?"

Bob smiled. "No. She probably whispered it to Hermione in confidence who told Lizzie who told Noel who told Joe, and he got nervous and followed us to snoop."

Grogan took up his hat. "One moment, Inspector."

Bob stopped him. "About the ladder? How was it that

"Why, Mr. Rivers," Grogan interrupted, "you're even slower on the uptake than what I was. Yes, I had to kick myself for that. It wasn't till I got home last night that it came to me the way that ladder looked when you and I saw it next morning."

"Eh?"

"Evenly coated with a film of plaster dust, it was. Now, there was a heavy shower of rain came from that quarter at nine that night, and if the ladder had been taken out there before Nevinston's killing, that plaster would've been washed off, wouldn't it, or at the least heavily spotted? No. Dyason put it out there when he heard how Mrs. Patmore's evidence

seemed to clear Mrs. Herbert."

"And I disturbed him." "That's right. Well, I'll be off." He paused in the doorway. "No doubt you're looking forward to a cup of tea yourself," he said with a dead-pan expression on his bland, cheerful, dark face.

Anna and Bob were in his car driving back to Braham Court. Limply, gazing straight ahead, she sat beside him, too shocked, she saw, by the last hour's events to trust herself to speak.

In a minute he broke the silence to say: "Darling, you'd crept out of your bedroom this afternoon before you heard me say how much I love you."

She turned and looked at him. "And yet there have been times in the past few days, haven't there? — I'm afraid you'll have to admit it — when you thought, you actually thought that I —"

"I didn't — Oh, Anna, no — at least, yes — no!"

"It struck me afterwards that you even imagined I told you that Estelle had changed her shoes to protect myself about my heel-prints."

"No, that I never did," he said hastily, too hastily. A faint smile touched her lips. "Not 'that.' Only not that, eh?"

Still more hastily he blurted: "Well, give me this, anyhow. Not for one moment, through all these days, did I stop loving you, madly, desperately."

"Ye . . . es. Though I don't think, Bob, darling, that's such a very great feat compared with mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes. The way I felt about you — if I'd seen you — with my own two eyes — murdering two men, I still wouldn't've believed you'd done it."

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"Some women will run to fat this winter"

"Most women will go on eating Limmits"

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TABLE OF RECOMMENDED IDEAL WEIGHTS
(20-30 years, weight without clothing, medium build)

WOMEN				WOMEN			
ft. ins.	20 yrs. sts. lbs.	25 yrs. sts. lbs.	30 yrs. sts. lbs.	ft. ins.	20 yrs. sts. lbs.	25 yrs. sts. lbs.	30 yrs. sts. lbs.
5 0	7 11	7 12	8 2	5 6	9 2	9 5	9 7
5 1	8 0	8 2	8 4	5 7	9 6	9 8	9 11
5 2	8 2	8 5	8 7	5 8	9 8	9 12	10 1
5 3	8 5	8 8	8 11	5 9	9 12	10 2	10 4
5 4	8 8	8 11	9 0	5 10	10 2	10 5	10 8
5 5	8 12	9 1	9 4	5 11	10 7	10 9	10 12



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Q107F

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SORAYA TELLS

My grandfather had his own private army of horsemen and retainers. He gave up the nomadic life and settled in a village to the south of Isfahan. Many of his kinsmen followed his example and settled down wherever water was to be found.

There they built houses for themselves and their followers and harems for their wives and concubines. They began to practise agriculture, and they sold their produce in the market at Isfahan.

The River Karun, the only navigable river in the country, flowed through the land. Any man who wished to sail upon it or to cross it had to pay my grandfather a toll. With this money he built several iron suspension bridges as well as a caravan road, which in those days

was the only route to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. Here, too, he exacted a toll for every pack animal that the merchants drove along his road.

In return he guaranteed the safety of their caravans. He was the only man who could do this, for the writ of the central government in Teheran scarcely ran in his land.

[On this old man's death his fortune was divided among nine sons and many other relatives. Meanwhile, oil had been found in the

land and a British company had been formed to develop the new industry. It refused to pay the tribe more than a three per cent. royalty, and thus was sown the seed of future ill feeling between Persians and Britons.]

When my father, Kalil Esfandiary-Bakhtiary, came of age he learned that the greater part of his inheritance had been squandered by an uncle who had been appointed his guardian. All that remained to him were a few small landed properties and his modest oil royalties.

This was just enough to enable him to complete his studies in a country where the rate of exchange was favorable. His choice fell on defeated Germany, and in the autumn of 1924 he arrived in Berlin.

At this time my mother was going to school in Berlin. Her name was Eva Karl and she, too, had recently come to the German capital after a journey at least as long as that of the young man from Isfahan.

My mother was born in Moscow.

Her grandfather, a German engineer, had been called by the Tsar to Russia to manage a rifle factory. During World War I the family was banished to Siberia, and when the Revolution broke out they fled to the West. My mother was then 11.

SHE was 16 and my father 21 when they met at a party and fell in love.

Fifteen months later they were married according to the Moslem rite. They remained in Berlin for a further two years so that my father might complete his studies as an economist, and then they set off for Persia.

There the former Cossack officer Reza Pahlevi had meanwhile overthrown the Kadshar dynasty and had had himself proclaimed Shah in 1925. For the tribal chiefs this was a severe blow, since Reza was convinced that Iran (as it was then called) could only be modernized by a strong centralised government.

The Bakhtiary rose against the new potentate shortly after my parents returned home. My father did not take part in the revolt, for at that time he was quite uninterested in politics. He and my mother withdrew to one of the villages that he had inherited, and there they awaited the outcome of these events.

Reza crushed the revolt with a bloody hand.

After he had defeated my uncle he sent them a telegram in which he referred to them as his "disobedient children" and urged them to accept their sins. Several of them accepted high office in his government.

I was born on my parents' tenth wedding anniversary, June 22, 1926.

I was given the name of Soraya, which means the Seven Stars, the constellation which in the west is called the Great Bear, the Plough, or the Dipper. In the Arabian world this constellation is regarded as a diadem of jewels.

APART from my pretty name my mother saw to it that in infancy I saw almost nothing of oriental origin. Eight months after my birth she took me to Berlin. There we spent half a year with my grandparents, until my father joined us.

It was high time.

[In 1933 a dangerous new dispute occurred between the Shah and the Bakhtiary over the tribe's income from the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. All Soraya's uncles were arrested; one of them, the Minister of War, died in gaol, and the eldest brother was condemned and shot. Soraya and her parents stayed in Berlin until 1937, when current regulations made it impossible to draw on the income from the Persian estates, and the family was forced to return to Iran.]

I cannot pretend that we were welcomed with garlands. My parents were treated as political undesirable; they could not leave the town of Isfahan without the permission of the police. But apart from this we were left in peace.

In Isfahan I went to school classes conducted by Fraulein Mentel, from the Rhineland. In the afternoon a Persian teacher came. I enjoyed the best of two worlds, and had an unusually fine childhood.

Holidays were spent at Garmuk, where my father owned a property. Almost every day I rode out to caves and oases. By the time I was nine I could shoot down a bird on the wing. Even today I can hold my own as a huntswoman with most men.

In 1944 my parents sent me to an English mission school for Persian children. As a result of the war I had had, I was ahead of my classmates and took my final examination at the age of 14 instead of 17.

Meanwhile, World War II was over, and my father had succeeded in making his estates into a more or less paying concern.

Early in 1947 my parents went to Switzerland, and I was sent to finishing school there.

This was a very happy period of my life. I became passionately fond of skiing and, more importantly, made numerous lifelong friends.

To page 58



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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers inquiries about antiques.

I would like some information about a cup and saucer I own. Both pieces are decorated in blue on a white background. The pattern depicts a tree. Inside the cup is a thin blue line which runs along the rim and there is a tiny flower at the bottom. A 12.8 98 and a cross with 6 are marked on the bottom in blue. — Mrs. J. Illingworth, Como, W.A.

The blue-and-white cup and saucer (right) are Berlin

porcelain, and bear a factory mark which was originally used by the celebrated Wegely factory (1751-1761). Because many later 19th-century examples are extant bearing imitations of the early mark, your attractive specimen would have to be inspected by an expert before an authoritative opinion could be expressed. The paste, or body, and glaze of the ware must be studied.



● Cup and saucer of Berlin porcelain, made at the Wegely factory.

● Derby porcelain vase.

My vase is 31in. high, has a brass base, and is hand-painted in rich colors. Beneath the two handles is a band of gold leaves and scrolls. — Mrs. C. Sims, Naragootie, S.A.

Your exquisite vase (above) is English Derby porcelain of the late period, made about 1820. The hand-painted floral panel and richly gilded fluted portions are characteristic of the late Regency period.



● Bloor Derby teaset.

Could you give me some information about my Crown Derby plate, cup and saucer, please? — Mr. K. M. Dale, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

Your beautiful teacup and saucer and matching dish (originally part of a tea service) are English Crown Derby. Your pieces (above) are Bloor Derby, made about 1825. Robert Bloor took over the management of the Derby factory in 1811.



● Edwardian coffee cup.

My six coffee cups are of very fine china, white inside and apple-green on the outside. They are set in filigree silver holders. On the holders are the marks of a heart with WB LD, an anchor in a shield, a lion passant, the letter M, and 1217. On the bottom of the cup is printed Hammersley & Co. Stoke-upon-Trent, England. — Mrs. J. Ewright, Maitland, N.S.W.

Your coffee cups and saucers are Edwardian. The cup-holders, which are silver, bear the Birmingham hallmark for 1909.

who has the whiter wash?



Mrs. Johnstone uses a copper



Mrs. Blair uses a washing machine

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BABY SORAYA with her parents. Her childhood was spent in Persia and Germany, and she went to a Swiss finishing school.

From page 56

We were a jolly lot of giggling girls. Of course, we all had crushes on this or that dancing partner; but somewhat more serious were the proposals of marriage which my parents were already receiving from certain Persians for me.

All these suitors came of old families, and one was even a member of the former dynasty. It was customary in those circles to "make sure" of a girl such as me at the earliest possible opportunity, for we are not numerous in Persia.

Marriage formed no part of my plans, since I wished to study art and also to learn several foreign languages. Therefore in the summer of 1950 I went to London to perfect my English.

At about the same time I became subject to strange premonitions. Deep in myself I felt that I was about to have an extraordinary experience. This feeling struck even me as so absurd that I did not dare mention it to anyone for fear I appear ridiculous. Yet the premonitions remained, and grew stronger, and soon enough events were really to occur which were to direct my life into utterly new channels.

ONE September day of 1950 my cousin, Gudars Bakhtiary, came to my room in London and said: "Can you spare me an hour, Soraya? I'd like to take a few more pictures of you."

"Again?" I said with sur-

prise. "You've already photographed me twice this week."

Gudars was attending the same language school as I. We were living with Aunt Chokat, his mother, in a small boarding-house near St. James' Park.

"There's something behind all this," I said. "You don't normally waste so much film."

My cousin gave an embarrassed smile and replied: "They wrote to my mother from Teheran, asking for the photographs."

"Who wrote?"

"Her sister, Furoug Safar. She said she only had very old photos of you. She wants some new ones."

This was most touching on the part of Furoug Safar, only I had no recollection of ever having met the lady. Why should she suddenly develop such an interest in one of her distant nieces?

At last Gudars came out with it.

"I believe she wishes to show the photographs to the Dowager Empress," he said. "She's a friend of hers, and perhaps Furoug Safar is thinking that you might make a suitable bride for the Shah."

He added that he had heard that the Shah, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, felt very lonely since his divorce from the Empress Fawzia. It was said that he was anxious to remarry as soon as possible.

"And how come that I should aspire for this honor?" I asked.

"Because Aunt Furoug Safar happened to have two

snapshots of you taken when skiing. She showed them to her friends. The Shah saw them, and now he wishes to see more."

I did not take any of this seriously. But two days later an express letter arrived from my father in Zurich:

"As you know, I promised to take you to Teheran with me this autumn. It may be that we shall have to leave before then. Yesterday my nephew Rostan arrived here

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TELLS

asked me, on behalf of the Shah, to present you at court as soon as possible. Since this invitation does not in any way obligate me, I accepted."

From then on, my cousins never had a chance of teasing me. The thought that I might become their target struck them as hilariously absurd, with the deepest of inquiries:

"Would it please Your Majesty to send us tomorrow to escort Your Majesty to the Royal Opera House, to the Garden? We have three excellent seats in the gods."

Meanwhile, my photos had been sent to Tehran, and a few days later Princess Shams, the Shah's daughter, arrived in London with her mother. They invited us to dinner at the Persian Embassy.

Shams was an elegant young woman of 33, pretty and amiable, and we got on well together. During the course of the meal she said:

"I hear that you and your father are soon to be coming to Tehran, Esfandiyari. Would it amuse you to spend a few days with me in Paris before that? Then we will all fly to Tehran together."

Without giving the matter much thought, I accepted the invitation. A young girl in my position could have done otherwise?

In Paris we stayed at the Hotel d'Alsace. For the first few days we visited the big fashion houses, and went frequently to the theatre. The conversation revolved principally about clothes and dogs, for Shams was a passionate dog-lover. Her people maintained that she loved her poodles more than her children.

ONE morning she began at last to talk of her brother. She told me how lonely he was and how he longed for domestic happiness. Then she said almost casually:

"Of course, it would be fine if the young girl such as you were willing to share Mohammed Reza's life. It still seemed to me too utterly improbable that I, of all people, should be chosen to be the Empress of Iran."

Instead of answering, I began to cry. This seemed to be the best time to take, for I had no wish at that moment to say anything which would imply an attitude on my part one way or the other. My upbringing made it impossible for me to make a promise to someone I did not know, even if the man were the Shah of Persia.

Princess Shams laughed with me. She was obviously relieved that she had at last taken the first fence. It even transpired that in her role of "lover's outsider" she was not nearly so disinterested.

"I've taken you to my heart," she said. "If you should marry my brother I would truly be to be your closest friend. You are the Empress Fawzia's, time you were very unhappy at court."

"Why was that?" I asked politely. "Fawzia preferred my sister Ashraf. The two were always together. Ashraf who was ultimately responsible for the break-up of Fawzia's marriage. I must warn you against my sister. She is an ambitious, scheming person."

I thus learned for the first time the deep dislike these two sisters bore each other. From the very beginning it was clear to me that the principal reason why Shams wanted to make me Empress was the thought by so doing to remove her own influence at court from the suppliant Ashraf.

Court life in Iran began to seem very complex business. Besides, I could not forget that only a few years ago my family had been caught in a bitter feud with the Shah.

I telephoned my father and said, "I don't know what I should do. I'm afraid that once we are in Tehran there'll be no turning back."

"That's not so, Soraya," he replied. "You will be quite free to make your own decisions."

These words helped to reassure me, and a little later we met my father in Rome. On October 7 we took the night flight to Iran.

A small, plump lady welcomed me to Tehran. This was Mrs. Furoug Safar, the woman who had "discovered" me. She took me to her brother's villa.

It had been arranged that I was to be presented at court the following day. But I had scarcely unpacked my suitcase and tidied myself up a bit before a call came through from the palace:

"Would it be possible for Miss

Esfandiyari to visit the Dowager Empress this evening? She has arranged a small dinner at which only the innermost family circle will be present."

Although very tired after the night flight, I obviously could not refuse. At about 7 o'clock I put on one of my new Paris dresses and made myself ready.

Curiously enough, I felt no sort of "stage-fright." Before I could consider what lay ahead I was being driven to the Dowager Empress' house with my father and Furoug Safar.

The old lady was awaiting me in a drawing-room. Apart from her, the Shah's brothers and sisters and a lady-in-waiting were present. They welcomed me amiably and for a quarter of an hour we exchanged small talk.

Then a servant announced: "His Majesty the Shah!"

We all got to our feet, including his mother, and Mohammed Reza appeared in the dress uniform of a general of the Air Force.

He embraced his mother while his sisters bowed. Then I was presented to him, and I, too, bowed.

It was all rather stiff. I noticed that the Shah addressed his mother in the formal second person plural, while his brothers addressed him as "Your Majesty." They spoke to each other in this fashion even when alone together, and perhaps it will cast some light on the whole atmosphere of the court when I say that never did the Shah and I address one another in the intimate second person singular.

When we went in to dinner the Shah beckoned me to sit beside him, though since we were not engaged this was a breach of protocol.

So far as I remember he questioned me closely about my studies in Switzerland and England. Then we talked about the country around Montreux and Lausanne which he knew as well as I did, for he, too, had been to boarding-school in Switzerland. I soon felt that he found me attractive, and I returned this feeling quite spontaneously.

After dinner we played games, and the whole family became somewhat more relaxed.

When we had got home my father

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SORAYA TELLS

asked me: "Well, what do you think of him?"
"I like him," I replied.
"Are you willing to marry him?"

"Do I have to make up my mind at once?"
"It would be better," my father replied. "The Shah requested just now that I ask you for your answer this very evening."

This was all far haster than I had expected, yet my sensation of pleasure did not leave room either for surprise or confusion. From one moment to the next this important step seemed to me the simplest thing in all the world. Without a second's hesitation I agreed to marry him.

Next morning my picture was in the papers, and three days later the official celebrations to mark our engage-

ment took place in the Imperial Palace. The wedding was announced for December 27.

What now filled my horizon was the figure of the Shah. I thought him handsome and extremely intelligent, and though it would be an exaggeration to speak of love at first sight there was, nevertheless, an affinity between us from the beginning. And this seemed to me the only thing that counted.

ALARGE villa was rented, into which my parents and I moved. My mother observed what was happening with somewhat mixed feelings as would any mother in her position.

From then on I saw the Shah almost daily, and with each meeting we grew more

intimate. We went riding together, and flying, for he was very proud of his sports plane, which he piloted himself. In the evenings his sisters gave small receptions and parties, and I was almost always invited to eat at the Imperial table.

Fabulous as it all may sound to my readers, closer acquaintance decreased rather than increased the fairytale atmosphere. For example, the food was not particularly good, and the cooks prepared the meals with neither imagination nor enthusiasm. So I told myself that one of my first actions would be to see that there were changes in the kitchens.

Furong Safar did not appreciate these meals, either. When we got back to my villa, usually at about midnight, the plump little lady's first question to me was always: "What have we got in the ice-box, Soraya?"

My cook often took pity on us and quickly prepared us a little midnight snack more to our taste.

Everything in life is relative, and by comparison with the hovels in which most of his subjects lived the Shah's houses might well appear palaces. By Western standards, however, they were more like large villas and not particularly elegant ones.

Since there is a superabundance of marble in Persia the old Shah had had his houses built of that material. For him splendor could be measured by the amount of marble and of mirrors. On the other hand, in his palace there was only a single bathroom, and there was no question of any form of central heating.

The young Shah, Mohammed Reza, lived in a modern villa opposite the Marble Palace, and its plumbing was of a better quality. But it was obvious that for years this house had not known a woman's touch. Many of the chairs were damaged, the upholstery and curtains torn, the kitchen quarters in a deplorable condition, and the servants' rooms mere primitive cells.

On the very first day of our engagement I asked the Shah as tactfully as I could: "Don't you think that your

house could do with a little renovation?"

"Why? Don't you like it?" he asked with astonishment.

I showed him the alterations I should like made, and we sent for an interior decorator from Paris by the name of Jansen. He came, he saw, and he planned, but when we received his estimate the Shah decided that the alterations could wait a while.

"Don't imagine I am offering you an easy life, Soraya."

That was not his only economy. He ordered that our wedding be celebrated as simply as possible. He was anxious to avoid any display and he even decreed that his sisters were not to buy new dresses for the occasion.

At that time I knew next to nothing about Persian politics, but I soon came to feel that this was a particularly critical period. A strange depression seemed to brood over the whole court, and the atmosphere was comparable to that which exists just before a terrible thunderstorm breaks.

One day when we were walking alone in the park, the Shah warned me:

"Don't imagine that I am offering you an easy life,

Soraya. The duties that must accept will be hard and wearisome. I hope that you have no illusions on that score."

Even then I realised that this man valued his throne and his country more highly than all else—more than his private life. But before I was able to give much thought to what my future was like to be I fell seriously ill with typhoid fever.

I had to stay in bed for a month, and so we had no alternative but to postpone the wedding.

The principal use I made of this period of enforced inactivity was to learn as much as I could about the country's political situation. The Shah's warning had puzzled me. Each morning I had all the newspapers brought to my bed, and my friends and relatives kept me informed as to what was going on behind the scenes.

IT all seemed to revolve about oil. The Anglo-Iranian Petroleum Company was then paying the Government an annual royalty of 15 per cent. That was not enough for a country as large as Iran, and this was one of the principal reasons for the mass of the people were so poor.

One-third of the people were without work. In the outskirts of Teheran I had seen countless ragged beggars and rachitic children half-naked among the cottages.

At just this time the American Saudi-Arabian Oil Co. had agreed to a division of a fifty-fifty basis. Many Persians were now demanding a similar contract with Anglo-Iranian, but the British refused to budge.

Then Mohammed Mossadegh

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● *Flattering two-piece suit is perfect for luncheons in town or informal evening outings.*

Materials — Villawool Calypso: Jacket, 33 balls; skirt, 22 balls; 1 No. 6 crochet hook; 5 buttons; ¼in.-wide elastic for waist.

Measurements — Jacket: To fit 34in. bust; length, 23½in.; sleeve, 15in. Skirt: Hips, 35in.; length, 24in.

Tension: 3 patts to 2in.
Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch.

PATTERN

One patt. consists of 2 d.c. worked into same st. A patt. is always worked into the first d.c. of patt. in previous row.

JACKET BACK

Using No. 6 hook, make a ch. of 71 (35 patts.), using 1 ch. for turning. Work 1 patt. into 2nd ch. from hook, then into every foll. alt. ch. to end of row — turn with 1 ch. and cont. working patt. until back measures 15in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at each end of next row and 2 sts. at each end of foll. row, keeping patt. in order. Keeping patt. straight, work until armhole measures 8½in. on straight. Finish off.

LEFT FRONT

Make ch. of 41 (21 patt.), using 1 ch. for turning, and work as back for 14in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Bust Dart: Work to last 2 patts. (4 sts.), turn, and sl-st. over next 4 sts., work to front edge. Rep. this 5 times, then work to end of row. Keeping patt. in order, work until side edge measures 15in.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge on next row and 2 sts. at armhole edge on following row, at the same time on neck edge dec. 1 st. every 2nd row 13 times. Keeping patt. in order, work until armhole measures same as back. Finish off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Make ch. of 39 (19 patts.), using 1 ch. for turning.

Work same as back. Inc. 1 st. each end every 6th row 8 times altogether (25 patts.). Work until sleeve measures 14½in.

To Shape Top: Cast off 4 sts. at each end of next row, then dec. 1 st. each end of every second row until 15 patts. rem. Finish off.

TO MAKE UP

Flat-sew shoulder seams. Using small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set sleeves in with smooth line. With right side of work facing, work 1 row of double crochet round all edges. With right side facing, work 1 row of half-treble round all edges. Work 5 loops for buttons and attach to right-front edge at even intervals from lower to V-neck front. Sew on 5 buttons.

SKIRT

Make ch. of 66, using No. 6 hook, using 1 ch. for turning.

Work 33 patts. (same as jacket). Cont. in patt. until skirt measures 18in. (or length required).

To Shape Sides: Dec. 1 patt. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row thereafter until 5 decs. have been completed each side. Work until skirt measures 24in. Finish off.

Make a second piece exactly the same.

TO MAKE UP

Using a small bk-st. and fine seam, sew up side seams. Press seams. Attach elastic on wrong side to waist, using a herringbone-stitch for casing.



SMART SUIT crocheted in white, above, has a slim-line skirt and collarless, button-through jacket with long sleeves.

HIPSTER SKIRT IN FLECKED WOOL

● *Gay and youthful hipster skirts, like the one shown at right, are tops for casual wear.*

Materials: 12 (14, 16, 18) balls "Panda" Carnival or La Scala; 2 pairs 12in. Nos. 7 and 8 needles; 6in. zip-fastener; stiffened lining; ¼in.-wide leather belt or ribbon tie; crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28, 30) in. waist; hips 34 (36, 38, 40) in.; length 22 (23, 23, 23) in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); d.c., double crochet.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 86 (90, 96, 100) sts. Work in st-st. for 4in. Make hem as follows: Using spare needle, pick up cast-on sts., then, holding both needles together, together 1 st. from each needle to end of row. P 1 row. Change to No. 7 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 16 (17, 17, 17) in., divide sts. for back opening as follows:

Next Row: K 43 (45, 48, 50) sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle. P 1 row. Cont. on these 43 (45, 48, 50) sts. working shaping as follows:

Next Row: K 28 (30, 33, 35) sts., sl. 1, p.s.s.o., k 13 sts. (all sizes). Work 5 rows st-st. Cont. to dec. 1 st. inside last 13 sts. every 6th row until dec. to 37 (39, 42, 44) sts. Work 5 rows st-st. Change to No. 8

needles and cont. in st-st. for 20 rows. Cast off loosely. Join yarn at centre back and work to correspond with other side. When decreasing, k 2 tog. instead of sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

FRONT

Work same as for back, omitting back opening and shapings. When work measures 21 (22, 22, 22) in. change to No. 8 needles and dec. as follows:

Next Row: K 8 (10, 8, 10) sts., * k 2 tog., k 2 (2, 3, 3) sts., rep. from * 4 times, k 2 tog., leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. in st-st. on these 24 (26, 29, 31) sts. for 19 rows. Cast off loosely. Join yarn to rem. sts., k 26 sts. (all sizes) and cont. in st-st. on these 26 sts. for 12 rows. Cast off loosely. Join yarn to rem. sts., k 2 tog., * k 2 (2, 3, 3) sts., k 2 tog., rep. from * 4 times, k 8 (10, 8, 10) sts. Cont. in st-st. on these 24 (26, 29, 31) sts. for 19 rows. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Sew up side seams. Work 1 row of d.c. round back opening and sew in zip-fastener. Cut stiffened belting 29 (31, 33, 35) in. long, stitch neatly to 26 centre sts., fold remaining waistband over the belting and stitch into position. Thread belt through double waistband and fasten in front.



PERT hipster to wear on picnics or to sporting events is knitted in stocking-stitch for smooth lines and has ribbon tie.

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PINEAPPLE PIE

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SORAYA TELLS

From page 60

had been elected to Parliament. He came from the Persian aristocracy; nevertheless, he felt deeply concerned for the people, and he encouraged to take arms against "the foreign oppressors." Echoes of his campaign reached me in my sickbed. Some of my friends made secret of their sympathy for the old fighting cock. They reminded me of the women at the court of Shah XVI, eagerly awaiting the revolution.

"Our home was no Buckingham Palace..."

It was clear to me that I was entering an explosive situation. My happy school days seemed an eternity away. I regretted nothing. With cheerful optimism I imagined myself eliminating, with science and goodwill, all the tensions of my life.

After a month I had sufficiently recovered to be able to get up, but I suffered a relapse, which left me weaker. I had been out of bed for just three days when, on February 12, 1911, I put on the wedding dress which Christian Dior had made and which had been waiting since December. I do not believe that I could have gone on through the exhausting celebrations at had I not been buoyed up by feelings of joy after the protracted period of waiting and hoping.

My dress was a splendid creation of tulle and silver tulle and it weighed close to 10 lb. I also wore a tiara and an emerald necklace which formed part of the Crown Jewels.

Toward 4 o'clock Princess Shams arrived in front of my home in a heated palace car. With an escort of lancers we went off through the snow-covered streets for the Marble Palace.

At the foot of the steps were standing four small attendants who were supposed to carry my train, but it was far too heavy for them. The ladies-in-waiting were quickly summoned, and with some difficulty they helped me up the stairs and into the Hall of Mirrors.

AFTER I had said "yes" in the lengthy formula that the Arabic ceremony requires the Shah and received the congratulations of the Corps Diplomatique and glanced at the wedding presents.

After a while I began to complain of the weight of my dress. Finally the Shah made a practical suggestion:

"Why don't we cut away the petticoats?"

A skillful lady-in-waiting cut off almost ten yards of material without my having to take it off. The fact that I was freed of all this weight was perhaps less to me than the consoling thought that my husband had been anxious to help me.

In any event I regained my courage, and no one noticed any alterations to my dress. Nor did any of the guests at the subsequent wedding breakfast observe that I was wearing a pair of thick woollen stockings against the cold.

Because of the political situation we had to do without our honeymoon in Europe. We spent the first few days in Teheran and then drove to a villa on the Caspian.

Three days after our return to the capital, while we were breakfasting together, an aide-de-camp came in and whispered something in the Shah's ear. He went pale and said to me in a toneless voice:

"My Prime Minister has been shot while attending divine service in a mosque. The murderers are members of the Fayadan."

The Fayadan were a sect of politico-religious fanatics. They regarded Premier Razmara as an anglophile.

One month later Dr. Mossadeq was elected Premier and on May 3 the oil industry was nationalised. The two most difficult years of my life were about to begin.

Like every newly wed wife I began by being less concerned about the outside world than I was about my husband and my home, and my new family. Our home was no Buckingham Palace. It consisted of 12 rooms.

The members of our court all lived in the town, and we did not even have a guest-room. When my parents visited us they stayed in a little house in the gardens which had been built for the Shah's daughter, Shanas, to play in.

Since I lacked the necessary financial resources to buy new furniture, I had the old pieces repaired and renovated as best I could.

It was in these surroundings that I began my apprenticeship as an Empress; and I soon discovered that there was a great deal more to it than the gracious waving of a handkerchief.

Within the first few weeks there came a day of national celebration, and I had to make a speech over the radio. I had never done such a thing before, but, nevertheless, they did not record my address. They took a chance, and I spoke "live."

The inevitable occurred. In the middle of my speech I fell over my words, and in a way that struck me as irresistibly comical. Thousands of people heard their Empress smothering her laughter.

Of course, in order to please me, people told me afterwards that it was a most amusing accident, but, nevertheless, I now realised for the first time just how important a part I had to play as Empress. I made up my mind that in future I must be much more careful.

My day began at nine. The Shah got up at seven and went to his office in the Marble Palace without waking me. I breakfasted alone and at about 10 Mohsen Garagzou, my major-domo, came to see me to discuss the next day's arrangements.

By this time my four ladies-in-waiting were usually seated in the drawing-room downstairs, ready to accompany me on my various official duties.

My first meeting of the day with the Shah was usually at lunchtime. If he could spare the time we would then have an outing together. One interest among others that we



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shared was our love of horses. But he frequently had to attend at military parades, and on such afternoons I received diplomats for tea.

As Empress I was automatically put in charge of the State Tuberculosis Homes and of the "Mother and Child" organisation. Both of these charitable organisations had originally been under the Empress Fawzia and had therefore been without supervision for many years.

It was high time that I took them in hand. I lost no time in having all the doctors who worked for either institution presented to me. From then on they came to see me once a week, to report.

Of all my duties those connected with social work were soon, quite obviously, the ones which most required my help, and these were also the tasks that appealed to me the most.

Dinner was served at half past seven. Almost every evening the entire family was present. After dinner we often watched movies or played bridge.

IN the beginning I felt an outsider at those gatherings. I have a vivid memory of how frequently in those days I felt the lack of that human warmth to which I had been accustomed in my parents' home.

Only later did I come to understand that a society of private individuals lives in quite a different way from a family at court who are always in a state of mutual rivalry. In such a family the struggle for influence and for status is permanent, and the frank and open warmth which I longed for was probably impossible, even though they were all most amiable in their attitude to me.

As I learnt with the passing years to understand these relationships better, I realised that its lack was not so much due to coldness as to something inherent in those very relationships themselves.

The only people whom I regarded as my real friends at that time were Aunt Furoug Safar and Dr. Ayadi, my physician.

When I was feeling depressed Aunt Furoug knew better than anyone how to put me in a good mood again. She was as wide as she was tall, always good for a laugh, and never minced her words. I therefore could scarcely believe my ears when one day over lunch, some six weeks after our marriage, the Shah said:

"I do not wish Furoug to come to court any more."



IN THE DESERT. The Shah enjoyed hunting and driving at hair-raising speeds over the arid Persian plains, and Soraya often went with him. This photograph is from her private records.

"But why?" I asked in amazement. "What has she done?"

"We suspect her of being a spy."

The very idea struck me as so ludicrous that I had to laugh. I said: "But that's absurd, Mohammed Reza. Who on earth is she supposed to be spying for?"

"Certain elements in Teheran."

And that was that. Furoug Safar was no longer allowed to visit me. I met her once or twice in secret, until that, too, was forbidden by the Shah.

I learned that it was his mother who had insisted that her former lady-in-waiting be banished in this manner. I believe she reproached my aunt for having launched me on my career, and now maintained that it was all a plot on the part of the Bakhtiari.

Princess Shams backed the Dowager Empress in this, and the two

women persuaded the Shah to listen to their arguments. This was quite easy for them, since in the first place he could not stand Furoug Safar, and secondly, because at that time he was jealous of anybody at all who was close to me.

For me this compulsory break was a severe blow. I suddenly found myself deprived of my closest friend, and I felt even lonelier than before.

Luckily a few days later a change of scene gave me other things to think about. On account of the heat the court moved, at an earlier date than arranged, to the summer residence at Sadabad, a mountain spa.

There the Shah and I went riding each day; we swam and played handball, and I watched him gradually becoming another man. Had he not inherited the Peacock

Throne he would surely have been a great sportsman.

He had all the virtues a sportsman needs. During all the years we lived together he hardly ever touched alcohol. One day the doctors advised him not to smoke more than ten cigarettes a day. From then on he smoked according to a time schedule of his own devising, and always consulted his watch before lighting a cigarette.

When riding at Sadabad he frequently spoke of his youth. He must have been very unhappy, for


his father kept him down in childhood. Eventually he was sent to Le Rosey College in Lausanne.

"I discovered in Switzerland what the word freedom meant," he told me.

When he came to the throne in September, 1941, the monarch adopted a new course. He dissolved his dynastic marriage to the Princess Fawzia, a marriage which his father had forced upon him. And he redistributed numerous estates which his father had annexed.

SORAYA

READ WHAT WASHING

 <p>HOOVER "We've tested Surf in our Keymatic and in our full range of washing machines. — definitely approve its use. Surf's suds are just right and rinse away most efficiently."</p>	 <p>GALA "We recommend Surf in our Galamatic and for all our machines. After rigid tests, clothes were found to be wonderfully clean and no scum or residue was left behind in the machines despite intensive use."</p>	 <p>TURNER "After highly detailed tests in our Research Centre we found that Surf gave clothes an outstandingly clean wash, without leaving any scum or harmful residue in any part of our Automatic machine."</p>	 <p>HEALING "Surf gave such clean results in recent washing tests that we have no hesitation in recommending its use in all our Healing Thor machines."</p>	 <p>WILKINS SERVIS "Every item in each 7 lb. load was washed wonderfully clean with Surf. Surf left the machine free of scum even after repeated wash-loads."</p>	 <p>MALLEY'S "Surf washed clothes spotless in our Malley's pool. Suds rinsed away quickly, leaving machine in perfect condition — no stain."</p>
 <p>LIGHTBURN "We recommend Surf, and as we want Lightburn owners to be proud of their washing results, we say, 'Use Surf.'"</p>	 <p>SIMPSON "Surf was outstanding in our recent lab. tests. Clothes were wonderfully clean, even by our high standards. After tests, our automatic machines were in showroom condition."</p>	 <p>KELVINATOR "Surf gives an exceptionally clean wash. Surf suds last through the whole wash, yet rinse away most efficiently. Left no scum deposit."</p>	 <p>POPE "We recommend Surf for our Automatic machines. After tests, Surf gave wonderful results at all wash temperatures."</p>	 <p>WESTINGHOUSE "After months of use in our automatic machines, we unqualifiedly recommend Surf's action is most efficient."</p>	



SURF
has been tested and approved by leading washing machine makers.

Surf in your wash cleaner than they've ever

After carrying out exhaustive tests, Australia's leading washing machine makers approved the use of Surf. They found that Surf gets clothes cleaner — even those badly soiled with ingrained oily dirt; rinses cleaner too, quickly, thoroughly. Again, those Surf suds which last through

LEADING WASHING MACHINE MAKERS

TELLS

The old Shah had been known for his violent temper. By contrast I never saw his son really lose his temper. He was a gentle, even a shy, man, and this was not invariably to his advantage. For example, he found it extremely hard to refuse a request. Similarly, he had a marked reluctance to telling high dignitaries that they were dismissed. He preferred to inform them of this through an intermediary. The psychological reason behind this was a sort of sensitivity on his part. He would have found it disagree-

able to witness the expression of disappointment on the dismissed man's face.

Sometimes he made himself positively disliked by behaving in this fashion. Thus it would happen that at a reception in the evening he would be particularly friendly toward a man who, the very next morning, would find that he was relieved of his appointment. The man's reaction would naturally be to accuse the Shah of being two-faced.

All the same, whenever he dismissed one of his advisers one could be quite certain that he had a very good reason for doing so.

I did not exercise as much influence over the Shah as some people believed.

When it was a question of internal matters to do with the court I naturally had an opinion

to express, and we discussed the political situation almost every day. Yet I was never any sort of "power behind the throne" and I only used what influence I possessed in moments of special crisis, as will be seen.

Sometimes the Shah found it difficult to make a decision and he then appreciated discussing the problem with me from all angles. When he had made up his mind, however, he was as hard as steel, even though he might thereby make many enemies. He was as fearless morally as he was physically.

One subject he never spoke of to me was the women whom he had known before my time.

His marriage to the Princess Fawzia was unhappy from the beginning. She had been brought up in the most extreme luxury and

she longed for the gay social life of Cairo.

The Shah's was a complex and many-sided nature, and yet the better I got to know him the fonder I grew of him.

At the same time, during this first visit to Sadabad, I became more aware even than before that I had married not only the Shah but also his entire family.

Unquestionably the head of the whole dynasty was Tadj Molouk, the Shah's mother. She was a proud woman who never forgot that it was her husband who had created this reigning family. The difference in age and background precluded real intimacy between us.

As far as I could make out, her ideas still remained entirely those of the harem world in which she had grown up. This does not mean

that she had no influence. On the contrary, I could not help but be struck by the fact that the Teheran court was fundamentally a women's court.

Although officially the women had no rights of any kind, in practice they knew a thousand tricks and dodges for getting their own way, and sometimes I had the sensation of living in thoroughgoing matriarchy, at the head of which was the Dowager Empress.

Yet it would be wrong to imagine that the ladies were involved in matters of high policy. For that their horizon was far too restricted. What interested them were petty court intrigues.

Nor could the Shah's sisters shake off the heritage of the past. Despite their apparent external emancipation they remained the daughters of Reza Khan, who had exacted total and unquestioning obedience.

As a child, Ashraff was neglected by her parents. Reza Shah preferred Shams, and spoiled her whenever he could. I would be prepared to swear that the following story is true. One day, when both the girls had become of marriage age, the Shah summoned them to his study. There he presented two young men to his daughters, with the remark: "These are your future husbands. I hope that they will make you happy."

One of the men was Ali Ghavan, son of a big landowner, and the other Ali Djam. Shams was to marry young Ghavan and Ashraff young Djam. On the evening before the double wedding, however, Shams went to her father and said: "I like Djam much better than Ghavan. Could we exchange husbands?"

"Very well," said the Shah. "It shall be arranged."

So at the very last moment Ashraff had to marry the man who was supposed to have become her sister's husband. Both these marriages ended in divorce.

The next development was in 1946, when Shams eloped to Egypt with a musician, Merdad Pahlbod. Since shortly after this the Empress Fawzia also disappeared, Ashraff suddenly became the first lady of the court. Of course she made full use of this opportunity in order to exert her revenge for slights that she had suffered in the past.

For the first time she could now play the principal part in Teheran. Her drawing-room became the centre of Persian society, and she well knew how to consolidate her position.

When Shams returned from exile

To page 66

MACHINE MAKERS SAY!



gets clothes cleaner
even, rinses cleaner too!

never build up. So your washing machine
works at top efficiency and is always left sparkling,
bathroom clean.

Best of all, Surf in your washer means that
your clothes are cleaner — cleaner than they've
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HAVE TESTED AND APPROVED SURF!



EMPRESS SORAYA takes it easy on the Caspian coast — another private photograph. She always enjoyed swimming, and both she and the Shah became enthusiasts for water-skiing.

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VEN1945A

From page 65

she found the place that had once been hers now filled by her sister.

This was a cause of perpetual chagrin to Shams. Hence the plan to regain the upper hand by introducing me, as a sort of Trojan horse, into the court, and it was for her yet another disappointment when I refused to play her game as she had hoped.

Of my sisters-in-law, I found Ashraff far more charming than Shams, and easier to get on with.

Shams only wanted my grace and favor, while Ashraff was after my position. But she was too clever to be my open enemy, and too attached to her brother to intrigue against me behind his back. So we remained friends as long as my marriage lasted.

The Shah's youngest sister, Fatima, did not remain in Teheran for long after our wedding, for she and her American husband went to live in California. Later she divorced him and married a Persian pilot.

I got on best of all with the Princess Shanaz, the Shah's 11-year-old daughter. He had sent her to boarding-school in Switzerland, but brought her home to Sadabad for that summer of 1951. It was obvious that the poor child had grown up without the love of her parents. This was the first time that she had seen her father in five years.

As the summer went on the Shah became more and more preoccupied with the mounting political crisis. Meanwhile I was busily planning how I could extend my charitable activities to the provinces.

I wished to build a series of creches and sanatoria where poverty was most acute, but I did not succeed in getting the State to finance these projects. All my efforts were torpedoed by certain people at the court who were ill-disposed toward me.

The most powerful of these was the 65-year-old Court Minister, Hussein Ala.

The Ala had been quite certain that the Shah would marry their daughter, and Mrs. Ala never got over her disappointment. She did not attend my wedding, and was the only wife of an important dignitary who never paid a formal call on me.

Another intriguer who complicated my life from the very beginning was a man from Switzerland by the name of Ernest Peron, the most mysterious figure I ever encountered at the court. Many people called him "the Persian Rasputin," and although this was certainly an exaggeration he did nevertheless play a sinister role in the Shah's circle.

So far as I could discover he had originally been a gardener, or perhaps a servant, at Le Rosey College, and when my husband finished his studies there he had this man brought to Teheran.

Despite his humble origins Peron was said to be my husband's closest adviser. He visited him each morning for a discussion.

No one could say precisely what it was he did. Like many self-educated men he posed as a poet and philosopher. At the same time he acted as a sort of intermediary between the Shah and the British and American ambassadors.

Shortly before my arrival in Teheran he had a mysterious accident of some sort, and from then on he walked with a limp. Many people maintained that he had been poisoned.

Peron died in 1961, and he took his secrets to the grave with him. It was char-

acteristic of the Teheran court that even I, as Empress, never really managed to unravel this man's relationship with the Shah.

The only person I really trusted, since Furoug Safar had been eliminated from the court, was Dr. Ayadi. As I was still suffering from the after-effects of my typhoid fever he came to see me daily at Sadabad. Then, one morning, he was suddenly not there, and I heard nothing from him.

I was worried, and I asked the Shah what had happened to my physician. Mohammed

Reza shrugged his shoulders and said placidly:

"I regret to say that we must henceforth dispense with Dr. Ayadi's services."

I gazed at him in bewilderment, and he added:

"Dr. Ayadi comes of a Baha'i family. His mother was a leading member of this sect. For his own safety it is best that he should not appear at court, at least for the time being."

In fact the Mullah Kashani, Iran's High Priest, had just launched another campaign against the Baha'is. Hundreds had been murdered and their houses set on fire.

This sect taught that a spiritual unity exists linking all the major religions. The orthodox priests periodically goaded the people into attacking the Baha'is.

"Of course, I regret these persecutions," the Shah said, "but in religious matters we are powerless. We must wait until the storm has blown over."

For me this was no consolation. Without Dr. Ayadi

to support me I thought I would be unable to endure the life at the court. Several other physicians were proposed, but I would not let them visit me unless it was absolutely necessary.

My health suffered in consequence. And then, in August, the Shah was struck down with appendicitis and had to be operated on at once. I sat by his bedside day and night, but as soon as he was better my doctors insisted that I go to Switzerland for a rest cure.

Since this was just the time when Shanaz was due to return to her school there, I decided to go with her, and we set out on September 12.

AT Zurich my mother was waiting for me. We fell into each other's arms and I believe that this was one of the few occasions in my life that I burst into tears.

"What's the matter with you, child?" she asked in alarm. "Why are you so tired and pale?"

She knew nothing of what had happened since my marriage. I had only written her a few noncommittal letters, for I was never sure in Teheran that the envelope might not be steamed open by unauthorised persons.

Now at last I could tell her all about my troubles, and my mother listened to me with astonishment. She had pictured the life of the Empress of Iran in altogether different colors.

Luckily I then had no idea that all I had experienced so far was merely the overture, and that my hardest trial still lay ahead.

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SORAYA TELLS

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We flee from
the revolution

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It's so important for growing children to have healthy, happy feet. That's why all Paddle designs are scientifically tested to ensure that they stand up to hard wear, yet still retain their shape, comfort and fit. The gentle, firm support of stylish Paddle shoes helps every boy and girl grow up ready for a happy, active life... with strong, healthy limbs. So for long wear, comfort and fit at a sensible price, send your children back to school in stylish Paddle shoes.

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What is the Paddle Action Test? A continuous process where healthy, active children do their best to kick the shoes to pieces. Paddle experts then examine the shoes... see that they stand up to hard wear, and retain shape, comfort and fit.

M5 (Kerry) — Imitation
mocc. with NERAC sole.
5-12, 51/11;
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Black & tan;
C, D, E fittings.



GM32 (Jan) 4-hole
tie wing-cap derby.
3-7, 59/11;
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Slazenger NERAC Sole — designed
specially for children's shoes. Proved
by 50,000 wear tests! Features
a unique non-slip tread pattern.



GM10 (Joy) 4-hole
tie overlay mocc.
3-7, 59/11;
71-111, 69/11.
Black & tan;
AA, B, C fittings.

ASK FOR THESE SHOES AT YOUR NEAREST PADDLE RETAILER



From page 18

The whole truth and nothing but

"What could I possibly do for crippled kids?" was the response he received.

When I first saw Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn was still Goldfish, and a grain store stood on Sunset Boulevard at the corner of Cahuenga. Cecil B. De Mille, looking for some place to produce "The Squaw Man," had rented a livery stable, founding the motion-picture capital, the wonderland that clothed dreams in flesh for millions of the world's inhabitants.

Life was simple, exciting, and,

most of all, fun. We worked hard and loved it. We used to borrow sugar, bake cakes for the folks next door, stop by each other's houses to gossip about the wonders of this bouncing new baby, the movie business, and the climate, and the everlasting sunshine.

Where is it now? Hidden by fog and smog.

A different odor used to hang over our town—the smell of fresh money. It poured from the four corners of the earth like the tide coming in. Money ruined many

of the stars, washed over them in a deluge, then left them high and dry when their few working years were over.

And how the stars had to work for their money.

Not so long ago David Selznick

To page 70

JAYNE MANSFIELD — she's kind, anxious to please, and willing to do anything except cover herself up, says Hedda.



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Two compartments, two doors, open up a multitude of fabulous ways to give your kitchen and your food a world of difference, in variety, in freshness and value. The brilliant new ASTOR '2 Temp.' makes ordinary refrigerators as outdated as the ice-chest. There's full size family storage in the 'Frost Free' section for all your day-to-day needs, plus the wonderful extra of a separate spacious 'Deep Freeze' section. Buy when food prices are low, store for months, serve fresh as the day you bought—just when it suits you. There's ample space for everything from poultry to peas! Add to this glamorous styling, the exclusive, yet wonderfully practical butter zone that lets you serve butter firm or easy-to-spread as you wish! Gliding roll-out shelves, a complete set of all trays tailored to fit, the gleaming lifetime service of genuine vitreous enamel. Here's a refrigerator you'll never have to de-frost, ASTOR design takes care of that.

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Page 67

Miss World chose **FAIRYWEB**

for *leg-loveliness*
during her
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Entirely of her own accord, "Miss World"
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So amazed with the quality, she returned
for extra supplies to take to Europe.

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6'11"

She likes the unbroken line of the bare leg
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She loves the fashion magic of "Fairyweb's"
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seams and shapely appearance.

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MESH**

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She chooses the bare-beauty "Fairyweb"
Micro-mesh 15 deniers when she needs
super super sheer elegance for that special
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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women. If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. to: The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, S.I.D., Sydney.

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F9717

F7021

F1138. — Ideal playtime overalls. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1½ yds. 54in. material, ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/.

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F7021. — Girl's pyjamas with tapered pants. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years (or 41, 45, 49, and 53in. lengths). Requires $\frac{3}{4}$ to 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.

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F2470. — Boy's cross-over dressing-gown. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1½ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/.

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F7550. — Child's snug jacket and slacks. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires: Jacket, 1½ to 1¾ yds. 36in. material or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 yd. 54in.; slacks, 1½ to 1¾ yds. 36in. material or $\frac{1}{2}$ to ¾ yd. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

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F3655

812 NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 812.—BOWLS FROCK Smart bow's frock cut out to make in white diamond design terylene or white drip-dry poplin. In terylene, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 58/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 61/6. In poplin, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/6. Postage 4/- extra for all sizes.

No. 813.—TRAYCLOTH AND SERVIETTE Willow design on traycloth and serviette set is clearly traced to embroider on green or white Irish linen. Place-mats, 3/6 each; serviettes, 2/- each. Postage 5d. for both.

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813

814



Boy-sized trousers Man-sized value

King Gee Cadets are made for boys—which speaks volumes of their strength and long-lasting qualities. They're tailored in fleecy-backed Sanforized* Bradmill cord, warm, smart and comfortable, with boil-proof elastic in the American-style waist. The colours are Blue, Olive, Bronze, and School Grey. Sizes: 22 to 32. Price 33/6 (prices vary slightly in South Australia).

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ASK AT ALL STORES

GODDARD'S... speciality in fine polishes for over 120 years.



In Queensland, Silver Dip is only available in the big 14-oz. bottle moderately priced at 9/4.



JEAN SIMMONS—
she stripped to the
waist for a scene in
"Spartacus."

The whole truth and nothing but

From page 67

was reminiscing about those tightly disciplined days with me: "I've called Jack Barrymore into my office for not knowing his lines; he was contrite and apologetic. I had to speak to Leslie Howard, who was embarrassing Vivien Leigh by not being prepared for the scene. But you never had to speak a second time. They recognised their fault and corrected it." Garbo was never late. She appeared on the set at 9 a.m. sharp, made up and ready to work and

no nonsense. But she was patience itself if an older member of the company had trouble remembering lines.

She was considered demanding when she wanted to know who would produce, who co-star, who direct.

Now we have Elizabeth Taylor picking up more than £375,000 for "Cleopatra" and getting herself proposed for a seat on the board of directors of 20th Century-Fox by a disgruntled stockholder.

We have Mr. Brando collecting

more than a million dollars for "Mutiny On The Bounty," overtime for delay in filming.

But the real catastrophe was the studios invited was the death of glamour, which had filled the air we breathed. The stars were asked to stop wearing the golden glow of gods and goddesses and look like plain folks, as heavy apple pie and lawnmowers.

You couldn't pick up a magazine without coming across publicising shots of Betty Grable out marketing, Bette Davis washing dishes, Alice Faye changing nappies.

Nobody had ever seen a picture of Dietrich hanging out the wash or Jack Barrymore in a life-size father layout. We were busy bringing stars down out of the sky, setting our own throats.

Realism strangled the dream stuff, and it's slowly strangling Hollywood. I see very little hope unless glamor is given its rightful place again.

There was a moment when the film moguls could have had other gilt-edged guarantees of money by the billions if they had the sense to see it.

The early runners of the television industry came on their knees to Hollywood and begged movie men to help them.

Oh, but the studio heads were too smart for that! They could have held television in the palm of their hands. Instead they jettisoned it. "Who's going to stay home and watch a little box?"

They sneered: "What have we got—women wrestlers and dog races? It's a fad like yodelling. It can't last. Movies are better than ever."

Expatriates

But Rome and Madrid have been the temporary movie capitals of the world. Tokyo, London, Paris all compete for the stars. Soaring costs in Hollywood prompt more production overseas.

Then, too, the big screen demands the real locations; you no longer paint a mountain on a piece of glass and make it look like the Rockies.

So pictures like "Lawrence of Arabia" and "Ben-Hur" are made anywhere except in Hollywood.

William Holden won't leave home from Switzerland for reasons of taxes; those cartoon characters Tom and Jerry, are refugees too. They were made at Calverton before the animation studios were shut five years ago. Now Tom and Jerry are drawn in Italy, and Popeye is a Yugoslav sometime. Walt Disney remains one of the all-Americans.

If the handful of stars still left to us disappears, who will replace them?

Who's in sight to give Hollywood the color and excitement that it needs to live? Where are the newcomers to be discovered and how can they be trained? The answers, so far as the eye can see, are Nobody and Nowhere.

The movies have virtually nothing at the top except the names that were shining in the ten years ago—Bob Hope, Bette Lancaster, Cary Grant, James Wayne, Jimmy Stewart, and the rest politely called "middle-aged."

I believe the only possible solution for the movies (and television for that matter) is a recognition of the eternal values of talent, excitement, and glamour. Audiences are starved of all these.

The End

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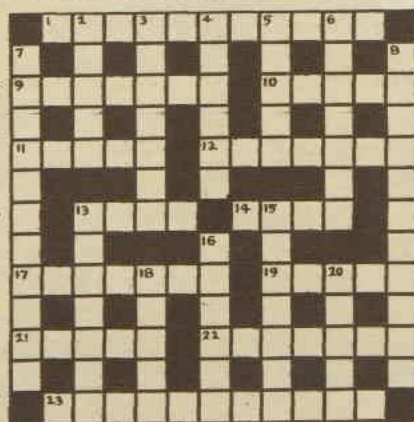
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

The three visitors from space surface as copies of Mandrake. The captain of the boat is speechless until the real Mandrake follows and they begin to get to the bottom of the mystery. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
1. He may get into hot water because of his product (6-5).
 2. Extend beyond the proper limits above the regular track (7).
 3. Early (5).
 4. I with a magician make a copy (5).
 5. Sovereign (7).
 6. Detriment in usual ossification (4).
 7. Fruit refuse in wine-making (4).
 8. Seed fir (anagr., 7).
 9. Greek letter for a start (5).
 10. Malt crushed for brewing is inside (5).
 11. Blackberry filled with cut up lamb (7).
 12. Announcement often made for the sake of customs (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Greek letter symbol of end (5).
2. Disparages faulty recipe in fruits (11).
3. Liberality with a big S (7).
4. With three horses harnessed in line, one behind another (6).
5. Said of anchor just lifted from the ground in weighing (5).
6. Pertaining to intestines (7).
7. A minor transformation (6, 2, 3).
8. Open to non-clerical (7).
9. Hard as a mad ant (7).
10. Line indicating places of equal pressure (6).
11. Of birth, in South Africa (5).
12. Christian name of a living famous Spanish painter (5).



Solution of last week's crossword

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1963

Yes—even this kind of dirt!



* Taken from the famous Handy Andy Kindergarten Cleaning Test Commercial — now on TV

Handy Andy shifts dirt like nothing else can!

In Stafford, Brisbane, sixteen kiddies were invited — yes, *invited!* — to make a mess of their kindergarten wall. And *what* a mess they made, with grease, jam, finger-paint — even mud pies. The kiddies went home, and the dirt was allowed to dry hard. The object? To test Handy Andy with ammonia, the *white* liquid that shifts dirt like nothing else can! Just a little Handy Andy in water and — *whoosh!* All that dirt was wiped off in next to no time. For all your tough cleaning chores try white Handy Andy, the first liquid cleaner to combine powerful cleaning agents with ammonia. Shifts dirt like nothing else can!



HANDY ANDY

Now in a bright, new, easy-grip bottle



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